THE

LITERARY MUSEUM;

OR,

A SELECTION OF

SCARCE OLD TRACTS:

VIZ.

1. The right Renoumyde Ladies, tranſlated from Boccace.
2. A delicate Diet for dainty-mouthed Droonkardes, by Gaſcoyne.
3. Poems of Spenſer, not in any Edition.
4. Peacham's Period of Mourning, in Six Viſions.
5. Specimen of a New Edition of Ben Jonſon.
6. Ceremonies uſed for healing the King's Evil, conſecrating Cramp Rings, &c.
7. On Lydgate's Travelling into France.
8. The New Arcadia, by Belcher.
9. Downe's Roſcius Anglicus; or, Theatrical Hiſtory, &c. &c.

XXIII

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR.

1792.

C 18,

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS, BOARDS.

To J. P. KEMBLE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING made my acknowledgments, in their respective places, to the several Gentlemen who favoured me with materials for the following Miscellany, yourself excepted, I take the liberty now to thank you for the use of HEYWOOD's *King Edward the Fourth*, from your very curious collection; and, as you are generally known to unite the elegant Antiquary with the accomplished Actor, to inscribe to you this Volume; adapted, I presume, to the taste of both those characters.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

F. G. WALDRON.

Jan. 2, 1792.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"ANTIQUITY, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reaſon, but from prejudice. Some ſeem to admire indiſcriminately whatever has been long preſerved, without conſidering that time has ſometimes co-operated with chance."

Johnſon's Preface to Shakſpeare.

This remark may be moſt pertinently applied to *Literary Rarities*, and their *Amateurs*; many ſuch curioſities being unthought-of and unknown, "except to antiquaries, and collectors of books; are ſought [only] becauſe they are ſcarce, and would not have been ſcarce, had they been much eſteemed."

Ibid.

However juſt this obſervation may in general be, ſome ſcarce books, in print or MS. may, for their own intrinſic merit, or from ſome adventitious circumſtance, be excepted from the common obloquy; and the ſearchers after them not claſſed with thoſe, who buy books merely becauſe they were printed with **Black Letter**, or in the Fifteenth Century.

Time, unreſiſted by chance, has conſigned works which would now be thought ineſtimable to, it is feared, irretrievable oblivion; and chance, counteracting the operation of time, has preſerved, and unexpectedly reſtored, invaluable rarities.

It is not meant to be ſuggeſted, that this collection contains many, if any, ſuch very prizeable articles; ſince, what is moſt ſcarce may not be thought very good, and what is undeniably excellent, not eſteemed ſufficiently rare.

Should the *matter* in ſome of the elder pieces be found unworthy of regard, the *antique words, phraſes*, and mere *orthography*, may aſſiſt the critical reader of Shakſpeare, and other early writers; whoſe language has become obſolete, whoſe text has been depraved, and whoſe alluſions are forgotten; in aſcertaining meanings, correcting errors, and illuſtrating obſcurities.

Particular reaſons having deferred the publication of the intended *New and Improved Edition of* BEN JONSON; and the learned Editor thereof, P. WHALLEY, L.L.B. being lately deceaſed, the public is reſpectfully informed, that the Work is entirely completed, has been purchaſed by, and is in poſſeſſion of the Compiler of this Miſcellany; and, as ſoon as the neceſſary arrangements can be made, will be put

to

to preſs, with every improvement that may in the mean time be ſuggeſted: Communications for which purpoſe will be thankfully received, and carefully attended to, by the Proprietor of the Copyright,

FRANCIS GODOLPHIN WALDRON.

January 2, 1792.

N. B. The purchaſers of the firſt four numbers of *The Literary Muſeum*, &c. may have the *Additions* now firſt publiſhed to complete the Volume, ſeparately, price One Shilling; and a few *Odd Numbers* may alſo be had by thoſe who want to perfect their ſets, at One Shilling each.

CONTENTS.

A DEDICATION, on *New-Year's-Day*, by "Henry Parcare, Knyght, Lorde Morley," to King Henry 8th. of "John Bocasse, his booke intitlede in the latyne tunge *De preclaris mulieribus*; that is to say in Englyshe, Of the Ryght Renoumyde Ladyes;" with a translation of the Preface thereto; and a Specimen of the Work; from *an ancient manuscript*, in the possession of the Editor, and an Introduction from "A DEFENCE OF THE FEMALE SEX." containing, together, 16 pages.

This translation was unknown to Mr. Walpole. See his "*Royal and Noble Authors*," Second Edit. Vol. I. p. 92.

An uncommonly-rare Tract, by George Gascoigne, Esq. called, "A DELICATE DIET FOR DAINTIE-MOUTHDE DROONKARDES," printed 1576; of which only *one copy*, in the possession of George Steevens, Esq. is supposed to be extant.

A small collection of dispersed Poems, by SPENSER; not in any Edition of his Works.

Peacham's *Period of Mourning*, disposed into Six Visions; from the 4to Edition, 1613.

A Specimen (containing 64 pages) of a proposed New Edition of *The Works of* BEN JONSON.

The Ceremonies used for Healing the King's Evil; from the Edition of 1686, and for *Consecrating Cramp Rings*; from a MS. in the possession of the Editor.

"*Onne mie Maister* LYDGATE, *his travellynge ynto Fraunce.*" A Poem, written three hundred and sixty years since. Communicated by B. N. of Nottingham.

"*The New Arcadia*;" a Poem. By W. Beltcher.

A Dramatic Piece, called, THE KING IN THE COUNTRY; taken from Heywood's "*King Edward the Fourth.*"

Occasional Effusions, on His MAJESTY'S *Illness, and Happy Recovery**. By the Editor.

Downes's *Scarce Theatrical History*, called ROSCIUS ANGLICANUS; with *Additions*, by the late Mr. Thomas Davies, and the present Editor: and an Original Letter, by *Garrick*, in extenuation of faults pointed out to him in his own acting.

* The reader is requested to observe that the lines on his Majesty's illness and recovery, however they may chance to be placed in this volume, should be read in the following order.

"By Winter's chilling breath, &c."
"Prais'd be our God, &c."
"When Phœbus sets, &c."
"Nature in Tears, &c."

"De Preclaris Mulieribus,

That is to ſay in Englyſhe,

Of The Ryghte Renoumyde Ladyes."

Tranſlated from "BOCASSE,"

AND

Dedicated to KING HENRY VIII.

BY

"HENRY PARCARE, *Knight, Lord Morley.*"

From a Manuſcript on Vellum,

Which appears to have been the Preſentation-Copy to that Monarch.

LONDON,

Printed for the EDITOR, and Sold at No. 62, *Great Wild-Street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; by Meſſ. EGERTON, *Whitehall*; Meſſ. COX and PHILLIPSON, *James-Street, Covent-Garden*; R. RYAN, No. 351, *Oxford-Street*; H. D. SYMONDS, No. 20. *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and W. RICHARDSON, under the *Royal-Exchange*. 1789.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

"De Preclaris Mulieribus,

That is to say in English,

Of The Knyghte Renomyde Ladyes."

Translated from "De Claris"

AND

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[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

INTRODUCTION,

FROM

"*An Eſſay in Defence of the Female Sex.*"

Written by *a Lady*, and Publiſhed in 8vo. 1696.

I Shall not enter into any diſpute, whether men, or women be generally more ingenious, or learned; that point muſt be given up to the advantages men have over us by their education, freedom of converſe, and variety of buſineſs and company. But when any compariſon is made between them, great allowances muſt be made for the diſparity of thoſe circumſtances. Neither ſhall I conteſt about the pre-eminence of our virtues; I know there are too many vicious, and I hope there are a great many virtuous of both ſexes. Yet this I may ſay, that whatever vices are found amongſt us, have in general both their ſource, and encouragement from them.

The queſtion I ſhall at preſent handle is, whether the time an ingenious gentleman ſpends in the company of women, may juſtly be ſaid to be miſemployed, or not? I put the queſtion in general terms; becauſe whoever holds the affirmative muſt maintain it ſo, or the ſex is no way concerned to oppoſe him. On the other ſide I ſhall not maintain the negative, but with ſome reſtrictions and limitations; becauſe I will not be bound to juſtifie thoſe women, whoſe vices and ill conduct expoſe them deſervedly to the cenſure of the other ſex, as well as of their own. The queſtion being thus ſtated, let us conſider the end and purpoſes, for which converſation was at firſt inſtituted, and is yet deſirable; and then we ſhall ſee, whether they may not all be found in the company of women. Theſe ends, I take it, are the ſame with thoſe we aim at in all our other actions, in general only two, profit or pleaſure. Theſe are divided into thoſe of the mind, and thoſe of the body. Of the latter I ſhall take no further

notice, as having no relation to the preſent ſubject; but ſhall confine myſelf wholly to the mind, the profit of which is the improvement of the underſtanding; and the pleaſure is the diverſion, and relaxation of its cares and paſſions. Now if either of theſe ends be attainable by the ſociety of women, I have gained my point. However, I hope to make it appear, that they are not only both to be met with in the converſation of women, but one of them more generally, and in greater meaſure than in men's.

Our company is generally by our adverſaries repreſented as unprofitable and irkſome to men of ſenſe, and by ſome of the moſt vehement ſticklers againſt us, as criminal. Theſe imputations as they are unjuſt, eſpecially the latter, ſo they ſavour ſtrongly of the malice, arrogance, and ſottiſhneſs of thoſe, that moſt frequently urge them; who are commonly either conceited fops, whoſe ſucceſs in their pretences to the favour of our ſex has been no greater than their merit, and fallen very far ſhort of their vanity and preſumption, or a ſort of moroſe ill-bred, unthinking fellows, who appear to be men only by their habit and beards, and are ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from brutes but by their figure and riſibility. But I ſhall wave theſe reflections at preſent, however juſt, and come cloſer to our argument. If women are not qualified for the converſation of ingenious men, or, to go yet further, their friendſhip, it muſt be becauſe they want ſome one condition, or more, neceſſarily requiſite to either. The neceſſary conditions of theſe are ſenſe, and good nature, to which muſt be added, for friendſhip, fidelity and integrity. Now if any of theſe be wanting to our ſex, it muſt be either becauſe nature has not been ſo liberal as to beſtow them upon us; or becauſe due care has not been taken to cultivate thoſe gifts to a competent meaſure in us.

The firſt of theſe cauſes is that, which is moſt generally urged againſt us, whether it be in raillery, or ſpight. I might eaſily cut this part of the controverſy ſhort by an irrefragable argument, which is, that the expreſs intent, and reaſon for which woman was created, was to be a companion and help meet to man; and that conſequently thoſe, that deny

deny them to be ſo, muſt argue a miſtake in providence, and think themſelves wiſer than their creator. But theſe gentlemen are generally ſuch paſſionate admirers of themſelves, and have ſuch a profound value and reverence for their own parts, that they are ready at any time to ſacrifice their religion to the reputation of their wit, and rather than loſe their point, deny the truth of the hiſtory. There are others, that though they allow the ſtory, yet affirm, that the propagation, and continuance of mankind, was the only reaſon for which we were made; as if the wiſdom that firſt made man, could not without trouble have continued that ſpecies by the ſame or any other method, had not this been moſt conducive to his happineſs, which was the gracious and only end of his creation. But theſe ſuperficial gentlemen wear their underſtandings like their clothes, always ſet and formal, and would no more talk than dreſs out of faſhion; beaux that, rather than any part of their outward figure ſhould be damaged, would wipe the dirt off their ſhoes with their handkercher, and that value themſelves infinitely more upon modiſh nonſenſe, than upon the beſt ſenſe againſt the faſhion. But ſince I do not intend to make this a religious argument, I ſhall leave all further conſiderations of this nature to the divines, whoſe more immediate buſineſs and ſtudy it is to aſſert the wiſdom of providence in the order, and diſtribution of this world, againſt all that ſhall oppoſe it.

To proceed therefore, if we be naturally defective, the defect muſt be either in ſoul or body. In the ſoul it can't be, if what I have heard ſome learned men maintain, be true, that all ſouls are equal, and alike, and that conſequently there is no ſuch diſtinction, as male and female ſouls; that there are no innate ideas, but that all the notions we have, are derived from our external ſenſes, either immediately, or by reflection. Theſe metaphyſical ſpeculations, I muſt own require much more learning and a ſtronger head, than I can pretend to be miſtreſs of, to be conſidered as they ought: Yet ſo bold I may be, as to undertake the defence of theſe opinions, when any of our jingling opponents think fit to refute them.

Neither can it be in the body, (if I may credit the report of learned phyſicians) for there is no difference in the organization of thoſe parts, which have any relation to, or influence over the minds; but the brain, and all other parts (which I am not anatomiſt enough to name) are contrived as well for the plentiful conveyance of ſpirits, which are held to be the immediate inſtruments of ſenſation, in women, as men. I ſee therefore no natural impediment in the ſtructure of our bodies; nor does experience, or obſervation argue any: We uſe all our natural faculties as well as men, nay and our rational too, deducting only for the advantages before mentioned.

Let us appeal yet further to experience, and obſerve thoſe creatures that deviate leaſt from ſimple nature, and ſee if we can find any difference in ſenſe, or underſtanding between males and females. In theſe we may ſee nature plaineſt, who lie under no conſtraint of cuſtom or laws, but thoſe of paſſion or appetite, which are natures, and know no difference of education, nor receive any byaſs by prejudice. We ſee great diſtance in degrees of underſtanding, wit, cunning, and docility, (call them what you pleaſe) between the ſeveral ſpecies of brutes. An ape, a dog, a fox, are by daily obſervation found to be more docile, and more ſubtle than an ox, a ſwine, or a ſheep. But a ſhe ape is as full of, and as ready at imitation as a he; a bitch will learn as many tricks in as ſhort a time as a dog; a female fox has as many wiles as a male. A thouſand inſtances of this kind might be produced; but I think theſe are ſo plain, that to inſtance more were a ſuperfluous labour; I ſhall only once more take notice, that in brutes and other animals there is no difference betwixt male and female in point of ſagacity, notwithſtanding there is the ſame diſtinction of ſexes, that is between men and women. I have read, that ſome philoſophers have held brutes to be no more than meer machines, a ſort of divine clockwork, that act only by the force of nice unſeen ſprings. without ſenſation, and cry out without feeling pain, eat without hunger, drink without thirſt, fawn upon their keepers without ſeeing them, hunt hares without ſmelling, &c.

Here

Here is cover for our antagoniſts againſt the laſt argument ſo thick, that there is no beating them out. For my part, I ſhall not envy them their refuge, let them lie like the wild *Iriſh* ſecure within their boggs; the field is at leaſt ours, ſo long as they keep to their faſtneſſes. I ſhall only add that if the learneded he of them all can convince me of the truth of this opinion, he will very much ſtagger my faith; for hitherto I have been able to obſerve no difference between our knowledge and theirs, but a gradual one; and depend upon revelation alone, that our ſouls are immortal, and theirs not.

But if an argument from brutes and other animals ſhall not be allowed as concluſive, (though I can't ſee why ſuch an inference ſhould not be valid, ſince the parity of reaſon is the ſame on both ſides in this caſe,) I ſhall deſire thoſe, that hold againſt us to obſerve the country people, I mean the inferior ſort of them, ſuch as not having ſtocks to follow huſbandry upon their own ſcore, ſubſiſt upon their daily labour. For amongſt theſe, though not ſo equal as that of brutes, yet the condition of the two ſexes is more level, than amongſt gentlemen, city traders, or rich yeomen. Examine them in their ſeveral buſineſſes, and their capacities will appear equal; but talk to them of things indifferent, and out of the road of their conſtant employment, and the ballance will fall on our ſide, the women will be found the more ready and polite. Let us look a little further, and view our ſex in a ſtate of more improvement, amongſt our neighbours the *Dutch*. There we ſhall find them managing not only the domeſtick affairs of the family, but making, and receiving all payments as well great as ſmall, keeping the books, ballancing the accounts, and doing all the buſineſs, even the niceſt of merchants, with as much dexterity and exactneſs as their, or our men can do. And I have often hear'd ſome of our conſiderable merchants blame the conduct of our country-men in this point; that they breed our women ſo ignorant of buſineſs; whereas were they taught arithmetick, and other arts which require not much bodily ſtrength, they might ſupply the places of abundance of luſty men now employed in ſedentary buſineſs; which would be a mighty profit

to

to the nation by ſending thoſe men to employments, where hands and ſtrength are more required. Beſide that it might prevent the ruin of many families, which is often occaſioned by the death of merchants in full buſineſs, and leaving their accounts perplexed, and embroiled to a widow and orphans, who underſtand nothing of the huſband or father's buſineſs, occaſions the rending and oftentimes the utter confounding a fair eſtate; which might be prevented, did the wife but underſtand Merchants accounts, and were made acquainted with the books.

I have yet another argument from nature, which is, that the very make and temper of our bodies ſhew that we were never deſigned for fatigue; and the vivacity of our wits, and readineſs of our invention (which are confeſſed even by our adverſaries) demonſtrate that we were chiefly intended for thought and the exerciſe of the mind. Whereas on the contrary it is apparent from the ſtrength and ſize of their limbs, the vigour and hardineſs of their conſtitutions, that men were purpoſely framed and contrived for action and labour. And herein the wiſdom and contrivance of providence is abundantly manifeſted; for as the one ſex is fortified with courage and ability to undergo the neceſſary drudgery of providing materials for the ſuſtenance of life in both; ſo the other is furniſhed with ingenuity and prudence for the orderly management and diſtribution of it, for the relief and comfort of a family; and is over and above enriched with a peculiar tenderneſs and care requiſite to the cheriſhing their poor helpleſs offspring. I know our oppoſers uſually miſcall our quickneſs of thought, fancy and flaſh, and chriſten their own heavineſs by the ſpecious names of judgment and ſolidity; but it is eaſie to retort upon them the reproachful ones of dulneſs and ſtupidity with more juſtice. I ſhall purſue this point no further, but continue firm in my perſuaſion, that nature has not been ſo niggardly to us, as our adverſaries would inſinuate, till I ſee better cauſe to the contrary, than I have hitherto at any time done. Yet I am ready to yield to conviction, whoever offers it; which I don't ſuddenly expect.

DEDICATION.

To the moſte high, moſte puyſaunte, moſte exellent and moſte chryſten Kynge, my moſte redoubtede ſovereygne lorde Henry theighte by the grace of Gode of Englonde, Fraunce & Irelonde Kynge, Defender of the Feythe, & in erthe undre Gode, ſuppreme heede of the Churche of Englonde and Irelonde. Your moſte humble ſubjecte Henry Parcare, Knyght, lorde Morley deſyreth thys Newe Yere with infynyte of yeres to your Imperiall Maieſte, helthe honoure and vyctory.

IN the tyme the hoole worlde was obediente to the Romaynes, moſte victorioufe and graciouſe ſovereigne Lorde, not onely by armes they were renoumede above all other naciones, but alſo in eloquens and goode lernynge, as it apperethe by thyes oratours and poetes in the greate Auguſtus days; that is to ſaye, Varro, Tullius Cicero, Virgill, Orace and Ovyde, with divers others. And all thoughe that thoſe that enſuyde frome oone Empoure to another were exellently lernede, as bothe the Plynys, Marciall, Quyntilian & Claudian, and ſuche other; yet why it was ſo, that they coulde never attayne to thes afore reherſyde, neither in proſe nor yet in verſe, is to me a greate wonder. For as muche as they ſawe the workes of the other, whiche as my reaſone gevythe me ſhoulde have rather cauſede theym to have bene in ſcience above theym then inferiours to theym. For why, if one that gothe aboute to buylde a palace, if he ſe another whiche lykethe hym well, it ſhal be noo greate maſtrie, if he ſpye a faulte in his examplar to amende it in hys worke. And why thys ſhulde not be, truely I can geve noo reaſone to the contrary; for ſo it was that evere as the greate Empyre of Rome decayde in deedes of armes, ſo dyd it in learenynge.

In ſo muche, that whether it were by the ſtraynge nationes, that they were mynglede with all, or otherwiſe, at the laſte theimſelfs that accomptyde all other nationes barbarouſe, ponely the Greakes excepte, by the ſpace of ſex or ſevene hundrithe yeres were as barbarouſe as the beſt. Thys contynuynge ſo longe a time, that in proceſſe aboute the yere of our lorde God a thouſand foure hundrith, in the time of the flowre and honoure of prynces, kynge Edwarde the thyrde of that name, holdynge by ryghte the ſeptre of thys imperiall realme, as vour Grace nowe dothe, there ſprange in Italy three excellente clerkes. The fyrſt was Dante, for hys greate learnynge in hys mother tunge, ſurnamyde dyvyne Dante. Surely not withoute cauſe. For it is manyfeſt, that it was true whiche was graven on hys tumbe, that hys maternal eloquens touchede ſo nyghe the pryke, that it ſemyde a myracle of nature. And for becauſe that one ſhuld not thynk I do feyne, I ſhall ſett the wordes in the Italiane tunge, whiche is thys.

Dante alegra ſon minerva obſcura.
De arte & de intelligentia nel au ingenio,
Le elegantia matna aioſe al ſcengo.
Que ſe tient pour miracol de natura.

The next unto thys Dante was Frauncis Petrak, that not onely in the latyne tunge, but alſo in ſwete ryme is ſo extemyde, that unto thys preſent tyme, unnethe is ther any noble Prynce in Italy, nor Gentle man withoute havynge in hys handes hys Sonnettes & hys Tryhumphes & his other Rymes. And he wrote alſo in the latyne tunge certeyn Eglogys in verſys, and another booke namede Affrica, & of the Remedyes of bothe Fortunes, with dyvers Epiſtles and other Workes whiche I over paſſe.

The laſt of thies three, moſt gratiouſe ſovereigne Lorde, was John Bocas of Certaldo, whiche in lyke wyſe as the tother twayne Dante and Petraccha were moſte exellent in the vulgare ryme, ſo thys Bocas was above all others in proſe, as it apperythe by hys hundrith tayles, and many other notable

notable workes. Nor he was noo leſſe elegaunte in the proſe of his oune tunge, then he was in the latyne tunge, wherin as Petrak dyd wryte clerkly certeyn volumes in the latyne tunge, ſo dyd this clerke. And firſt of the Fall of Prynces, of the Geonelogye of the Goddes. And emonge other, thys Booke namede De Preclaris Mulieribus. That is of the Ryght Renomyde Ladies. Whiche ſayde booke as in the ende he wrytethe, he dyd dedicate the ſame to quene Jane in hys tyme quene of Naples. A prynceſſe enduede with all vertues wyſdome and goodenes. And for as muche, as that I thoughte, howe that your hyghnes of youre accuſtomede mekenes and pryncely herte woulde not diſdayn it, ſo dyd I imagyne, that if by chaunce it ſhulde cum to the handes of the ryght renomyde and moſte honorable Ladyes of your Highnes moſte tryhumphaunte courte, that it ſhulde be well acceptyde to theym to ſe and reede the merveloufe vertue of theyr oune ſexe to the laude perpetuall of theym. And albeit as Bocas wrytethe in hys proheme, he menglyſſheth ſum not verey chaſte emongſte the goode, yet hys honeſte excuſe declarethe that he dyd it to a goode entent, that all Ladyes and Gentlewomen ſeynge the glorye of the goode may be ſteryde to folowe theym, and ſeynge the vyce of ſum to flee theym. Whiche ſaide worke, my moſte noble and gratiouſe ſovereyne Lorde, as farr as it gothe, I have drawne into our maternall tonge, to preſente the ſame unto your imperiall Dignyte this newe yeares day. Praynge to Chryſte Jheſu to teche that right chriſten hande of yours to batell agaynſte your auncyente Ennemyes, that they may knowe, that he whiche is the way and the truethe helpythe your Exellencye in your truethe. So that they may fall and youe to ryſe in honour victory and fame, above all kynges that is hathe bene or ſhal be. Amen.

PREFACE.

THE preface of thexellent clerc John Bocaſſe, of his booke intitlede in the Latyne tunge, *De Preclaris Mulieribus*, that is to ſay in Englyſhe, *Of the Ryghte Renoumyde Ladyes*. Wherin he dothe excuſe hymſelf why emongſte theym that were moſte vertuouſe and honorable women, he dothe often put in theym that were vicyouſe.

There be of the olde auncyent wryters, and alſo of late of right famouſe clerkes, that have brevely wrytten the lyffes of the illuſtriouſe noble men. Emonge others the ryght exellent poete Frauncys Petrark my maiſter hathe endyted and gathrede theyre actes in a compendiouſe volume, and well worthy, for to thentent that they myghte be above others by theyr notable and hardy acts. They not oonely put to thyr ſtudy, but alſo their ſubſtaunce & their bloode, when the oportunyte of tyme ſemyde theim ſo for to do, to noone other entente, but to deſerve therby of theyr poſteryte a name and fame for ever. Surely, I have not a litle mervelyde of theym that have thus wrytten, why they have not ſomwhat touchede the gloriouſe actes of women, when it is evydente, that dyvers and ſundry of theym have doone ryghte notable thynges. And if men by theyr ſtrength and other worthy ways have deſervede to have ſuch prayſe and commendation, how muche more ought thoſe women to be prayſede becauſe that they be naturally weike and feble, and theyr wyttes not ſo quycke as mens wyttes be, if they have doone ſuche famous actes, whiche ſhulde be harde for men to do. And for that entente, they ſhulde not be defraudyde therof, it came into my mynde that of thoſe that have deſervyde prayſe to put theym in oone volume, not oonely theym that by vertue have deſervede it, but alſo thoſe that by expreſſe ande knowne evyll doynge be ſpoken of unto thys day. Nor I wyll not that the Reder ſhall thynke it [in] congruente that I do compare Medea and Sempronia with Lucres and Sulpicia, all thoughe I have mynglede theym with

with thies moſte chayſte wyfes. My mynde is nothynge that ways. Nor agayne not ſo ſtrayte, that I wolde touche noone other but ſuche, and in a larger ſenſe with the patiens of the gentle reder to put theym with the other. For why, emonge the Scipions, and the Catons, and the Fabrycians, moſte noble vertuouſe men, is numbrede wyle & crafty Hanyball, falſe and trayterouſe Jugurta, the blody and tyranouſe Scilla & Marryus, and the covetouſe Craſſus. And other whiche I do [not] well call to mynde that I have redde of. But I have thus ſett theis together to thys entente, that in lokynge and redynge of the goode, it may ſtere the reders to goodenes; and to theym that be evyll to gyve theym a bytte, whereby they may withdrawe theymſelfs frome ſo evyll condiciones and ways. And I have ſo ratyde this my worke that it ſemythe I have ſumwhat hydde of the evyll of theym, and emonge the hyſtoryes, and in ſum place put in ſum thynges joyouſe and pleaſaunte, not withoute gevynge ſum ſharpe prycke to theym, to counſeill theim to flye frome vyce. So that I doo hoope, that with thys commyxtion ſum utylyte and profyte ſhall cum of the ſame. And for becauſe that men ſhulde not ymagyne that I ſhulde but touche ſuch to brevely for theym that knowe not well the hyſtoryes, I have drawne theyr lyfes oute in a lengthe, nott doubtynge but to pleaſe aswell the men, as the women thereby.

I wyll not alſo forgete to tell youe, that emonge all thies women whiche were but panymes (our fyrſte mother Eve ſett aſyde) I havynge intencion to wryte the exellent glory that the noble women in tyme paſſyd have obteyned, it ſemethe to me that it is not incongruente to begynne at the commune mother of us all.

"De

"De Preclaris Mulieribus,

That is to ſay in Englyſhe,

Of The Ryghte Renoumyde Ladyes."

The FYRST CHAPITRE.

Of Eve our Fyrſte Mother.

EVE than that moſte auncyent mother, as ſhe was the fyrſt of all women, ſo is ſhe decorate with woundres exellent prayſys. For ſhe was not as other be brought forthe into this lacrymable vale of myſery in whiche we be borne in to labour and to payne, nor ſo formyd, nor as we ſhulde ſay ſhapyn with that hammar, nor cryinge and bewaylynge hyr cumynge into the worlde as the maner of all that be borne is, but after that ſorte that never ſyns happned any to be ſo creatyd as ſhe was. For when that moſte wiſeſt and beſt worke maiſter had creatyd Adam of the ſlyme of the earth with his propre hande, and in the felde whiche after was callede *Damaſcene*, had tranſlatyd hym into the gardyn of delycys, bryngynge hym unto a pleaſaunte and ſoft ſlepe, the craft onely to hym knowne of hym that ſlept, he brought hyr forth rype of age, as well gladde of that mery place ſhe was in, as alſo of the ſight of hyr huſbonde, immortal and lady and quene of all thynges, and of hyr wakynge huſbonde felowe and make, and by hym namede Eve.

What

What more bryghtnes happned to any that ever was borne. And beſydes this we may right well imagyne that of beauty ſhe was incomporable. And albeit this gyft exellent of beautie by age or by ſum ſodeyn fever in mydle age gothe ſoone away, yett for as muche as emongſte women, this is accomptyd for a moſte exellent gyft, and many of theim emongſte women have therby, by theyr unwyſe iudgement obteyned fame everlaſtynge, as in thoſe that folowe ſhall to youe appere, yet thys woman as well by this beauty as by hyr wondrefull begynnynge paſſed theim all. And thus ſhee made cytezyn of paradyſe whyle ſhe ther had with hyr huſbonde ADAM the fruicyon of that pleaſaunt place, the ungracyouſe enemy to mankynde envyouſe of hyr joye, perſuadyde hyr, that in brekynge one thynge to hyre forboden, ſhe ſhulde ſoone aſſende to hygher felicyte and glorye. To whiche perſuaſione, when ſhee by greate lyghtnes more then behovyde hyr for us, ſhe gave credyte unto itt, with hyr ſweete flatterynge ſuggeſtion ſhe drew hyr huſbonde to folowe hyr way. And thus they bothe taſtynge of the tree of the knowledge of goode and evyll, and eatynge of the fructe forboden, they not onely theimſelfs, but all theyr poſteryte depryvyde from reſte, quyetnes and eternyte, into labour and myſerable deathe, and frome that delectable country into this dolorouſe worlde, full of brears, brembles and thornes.

For when that bryght light in whiche they went in was goone from theym, and they clothyde was departyde from theyr maker, and frome the place of delyte as outelaws expulſed into the vale of *Ebron*, it folowede that this exellent woman with thies offenſes knowne over all, was the fyrſt (as it is thought) that with hyr huſbonde founde the ways to dygge and eare the earth. And beynge after experte of the paynes of berynge of children, and of the ſorowes for the death of hyr children and nevows, ſufferynge as well heate as colde, and ordeyned (at laſt) to dye, with thies inconveniencys lyvyde unto an extreme age.

The

The SECONDE CHAPITRE.

Of *Semiramis* the Quene of the *Aſſyryens.*

THE famouſe Semiramis was the aunſyent quene of the Aſſiryens, but of what kinred ſhe came of the longe tyme hathe put it in oblivione. But beſides thoſe olde faynede tales, the aunſyent hiſtoryens wryteth her to be the doughter of *Neptunus* whiche was the ſonne of *Saturne*, and by the errour of the gentyles accompted to be God of the See. And all thoughe it be not convenyent to be belevyde, yet it is an argument that ſhe was procreate of noble parentts.

This ſaide lady was maryede to the ryghte noble *Ninus* kynge of the *Aſſiryens*, and of hyr conceyvyde a ſonne callede *Nynus*. Nowe this *Nynus* havynge conquerede all *Aſya*, ande at the laſte the countrye of *Bacherys* addyd to his domynyone, with the ſhote of an arrowe was ſlayne, levynge behynde hym hys wyfe but verey yonge, and his onely ſonne *Nynus* afore expreſſyd. Thynkynge it unmeate to put the governauns of the hoole *Oryent* to ſoo yonge and tendre a chylde of age, ſhe was of ſo hyghe and noble a hert, that thoſe countreys that hyr ferſe huſbounde by armes hadde ſubdued and coartyd to ſerve, to take upon hyr to rule and governe theym all. For as it were with a wyſe ſubtyle womans craft ſhe reteyned to heyr the greate hoſte of hyr greate huſbonde. Now ſhe was not muche unlyke to hyr yonge ſonne, neither of face nor yet of ſtature, and to this theyr ſpeche was not unlyke the one of the tother, whiche beynge a greate forderynge to brynge to paſſe hyr purpoſe, ſhe adornynge as well hyr owne heede as hyr ſones with a bonet, as it were muchelyke to thoſe that the greate prynces weere in theyr ſolemne tryhumphes, the *Aſſyryens* not beynge acuſtomyde with ſuche manner of bonnetts, ſhe ſo wroughte to thentent the novelte therof ſhuld not be noo mervell that all the Aſſyriens ſhuld were bonnetts after that ſorte. And thus the wyfe of the ſumtyme noble *Nynus*. favnynge hyr bothe his wyfe and his chylde, with a merveloufe diligence maynteyned the kyngly dignyte and the knyghtly

A DELICATE DIET,

for daintie mouthde

DROONKARDES.

Wherein the fowle abuſe of common Carowſing, and Quaffing with hartie draughtes, is honeſtlie admoniſhed.

By GEORGE GASCOYNE, Eſquier.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones. Aug. 22. 1576.

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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

A DELICATE DIET,

for daintie mouthde

DROONKARDES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This tract has become so extremely scarce, that it is supposed there is but one copy of the original edition remaining; which is in the possession of George Steevens, Esq. who kindly favoured the present editor with the use of, and permission to reprint it.

For accounts of the Author, and his works, see Hawkins's Origin of the English Drama, 1773, Vol. 3; Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 1775, Vol. 2. page 138; Biographia Dramatica, 1782, Vol. 1, page 183; &c.

To the right Worſhipfull his ſynguler good friend, Lewes Dyve of Broomeham, in the Countie of Bedforde, Eſquyer, George Gaſcoigne wyſheth continuance of Gods favour.

SYR, you maye poſſibly condempne me of greate ingratitude, who (having combred the whole worlde with my thryftleſſe workes) have yet never remembred to preſent you with any of them: And in deede your great friendſhippe woulde rather challenge at my handes, the preheminence of ſuche pleaſures, togeather with the redoubling of greater good wyll, as God ſhall pleaſe to enable mee.

But Syr, when my wanton (and worſe ſmelling) Poeſies, prefumed fyrſt to peark abroade, they came forth ſooner than I wyſhed, and much before they deſerved to be lyked. So that (as you maye ſithens perceyve) I was more combred with correction of them, then comforted in the conſtructions whereunto they were ſubject. And too make amendes for the loſt time which I miſbeſtowed in wryting ſo wantonlie: I have of latter dayes uſed al my travaile in matters both ſerious and Morall. I wrote firſt a tragicall commedie called *The Glaſſe of Government:* and now this laſt ſpring, I tranſlated and collected a worthy peece of worke, called *The Droomme of Daomes daie*, and dedicated the ſame to my Lord and Maiſter: And I invented a *Satyre*, and an *Ellegie*, called *The Steele glaſſe:* and *The complaint of Phylomene.* Both which I dedicated to your good Lord and myne, *the Lorde Greye of Wylton:* Theſe works or Pamphlets, I eſteeme both Morall and Godly: whereof although I preſented you no Coppies, yet am I not therein ſo blamefull as unhappy. Surely I muſt needes alledge that I had verie fewe Coppies thereof my ſelfe: and yet of thoſe fewe, I had one readie to have ſent you, the laſt time that my brother *John Dyve* was in the Cittye.

But

But at the very inſtant of his departure, it was not redie: So that I fayled thereby of my determynation, and remayne at your curteſie for the acceptance of this juſt excuſe, whereunto I hope the rather to perſuade you, by preſenting this ſmall pamphlet called, *A delycate Diet for Droonkards*, unto your name and patronage; the which I beſeech you to accept as a pawne and token of my contynuing good wyll, I knowe you, and the world hath alwayes eſteemed you, for a paterne of Sobryetie, and one that doth zelouſly deteſt the beaſtlie vyce of droonkenneſſe: This ſmall worke is therefore ſo much the meeter to bee dedicated unto you: I preſent it, both for that reſpecte, and for mine owne diſcharge: and therewithall the Coppies of the workes before named: I dyd often reveale*, but never prevayled, in the errande which my brother *John* commytted to my ſollycytyng when wee laſt were together. I praye you accept my good wyll in all things: and ſoone after Mighelmas (by Gods leave) I wyll ſee you. The God of our Forefathers continue his mercye and grace to us all, now and ever.

From my lodging in London,

the 10. of Auguſt, 1576.

Your bounden and aſſured

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

* *Quere*, travaile.

A DELICATE DIET

FOR

DRONKARDES.

WHYLES I travayled in Tranſlation, and collection of my *Droome of Doomesdaye*; and was buſyed in ſorting of the ſame (for I gathered the whole out of ſundry Pamphlets:) I chaunced at paſſage, to eſpye one ſhorte Epiſtle, written againſt Dronkenneſſe. And though the reſt of ſuch Treatiſes, as I founde in the ſame Coppie, dyd carrye none expreſs name of theyr ſeverall Aucthours: yet this Epyſtle was therein entytuled:

An Admonition of Saint AUGUSTINE *the Biſhoppe, for the eſchewing of Droonkenneſſe.*

Which Epiſtle, both for the credite of the Aucthour, and for the tytles ſake I thought good to peruſe: fynding the ſame compendious, and eloquent, as the ſame Aucthour dyd commonlye wryte.

But when I had throughly conſidered it, and therewithall had ſome conſideration of the huge enormyties, and ſhames which daylie followe that ſinne: yea, when I had fullye adviſed mee, howe commonlie it is nowe a dayes exerciſed amongſte us: and how ſlylie it ſtealeth into this Realme through continuall cuſtome of cheering, and banquetting: I thought it ſhoulde not be unprofitable, nor any way unpleaſaunt (unleſſe it be to ſuch as cannot abyde to heare of vertue, for feare leaſt they might be aſhamed of their vyce) to adde ſome Aucthoryties and examples for the more ſpeedy extyrpation of this monſtrous plant, lately crepte into the pleaſaunt Orchyardes of Englande.

And

And ſurely it is time (yea more then tyme) that we ſhoulde foreſee, and learne to avoyde, thoſe Mermaydes of myſchiefe, which pype ſo pleaſantly in every Potte, *that men be thereby allured to ſayle into the Ilandes of all evyll. And there (being juſtly deprived of Gods grace,) are tranſfourmed into moſt ougly ſhapes of brute Beaſtes.

And leaſt I ſeeme over ſodainly to leape into my matter, and over raſhly to rayle before good proofe of reproofe, let mee ſet downe this for my generall propoſition, *That all Droonkardes are Beaſtes*: yea, let mee not ſhrinke to affyrme that not onely, all common Droonkardes are Beaſts, but even the wyſeſt councellour, the graveſt Philoſopher, the cooningeſt Artificer, the ſkylfulleſt wryter, and the moſt perfect of all ſortes and Eſtates, if they chance at any time to bee infected, and contamynate with this Beaſtly vice, ſhall be, (in that dooing) very Beaſtes alſo.

Mary, as there are on earth ſundrye ſortes of Beaſtes, ſo ſeemeth it that this Sorcereſſe *(Drinke)* doth alſo in her transformed Crewes, obſerve a wonderfull varyetie: For ſome men delyghting in her onely for pleaſure, and good fellowſhip, (as they terme it) doo no furder exceede then into a certaine jocunde myrth, and dallyaunce: and yet therein alſo they chaunce moſt commonly to geve no ſmall cauſe of offence. Then, this ſorte of Droonkards, I can beſt compare unto Apes, whoſe previſhe propertie, is to bee delyghted with everie fonde toye, and tryfle: and whoſe buſie nature can ſeldome or never be exercyſed, without hurt or dommage.

Another ſort of men, ſtepping a foote further, doo fall unto brawlyng and quarrellyng: not unlyke to the Beares and Boares of the Forreſt, whoſe chiefe delyght conſiſteth in pertycular combat with theyr owne kind.

Another ſort (of a more malicious nature) wyll lye in wayte (in theyr droonkenneſſe) to entrap their companions with ſome diſceypt. And ſuch I accoumpt (for all theyr cunning) transfourmed into Foxes, and wyly Wolves. What ſhoulde I ſpeake of the Lecherous Droonkarde, who (lyke a Goate) wyll ſpare neyther Sex, Age, Kyndred, nor companion,

* *Quere*, Porte.

nion, in the fylthy heate of his lewde concupyſcence. Or of the prowde Droonkarde, whiche (Peacock like) doth jet in every ſtreete: Neyther aſhamed to ſhew his vyle vanytie, nor yet never abaſhed, tyll hee fall downe in the channel, as the Peacocks pride is abated when he looketh towardes his feete.

To conclude, they are all eyther hoggiſhly dronke, and then lye vomitting and belching with great griefe, and greater offence, or elſe they become Aſſes, and ſluggiſhly conſume in ſleepe, that Golden tyme which is lent us to uſe and beſtowe to the honour of God, and for our owne avayle.

So that, (as I ſayde) I dare take in hande to defende this propoſition, that *All Droonkards are Beaſtes*. And ſince God hath made none other ſo notable difference between Man and Beaſt, as that he hath endewed the one, and deprived the other of reaſon and underſtanding; I thought meete both to tranſlate the foreſayde Epiſtle, and alſo ſomewhat of myſelfe, to wryte as an Invectyve, againſt this ſo perryllous a Theefe, which ſo robbeth and deſpoyleth men of the moſt precious Jewell and treaſure whiche God beſtoweth upon them. And to beginne with the Epiſtle of *S. Auguſtine*, the wordes thereof are theſe.

ALTHOUGH, MY DEERLY BELOVED, I hope that you through the grace of Chriſt, wyll feare Droonkenneſſe, as you feare the pit of Hell: and that not only you wyl drinke no more then is convenient, but alſo that you wyll not compell or allure any other to drinke more then wyll ſuffiſe: yet ſhall you take in good part this councell of mine, becauſe it can not be choſen, but that ſome will be necligent, and are not able to keepe themſelves ſober. But you which doo alwayes banquette ſoberlie, and temperately, take not this as ſpoken to your reproche: for it is neceſſarie that we do ſometimes rebuke dronkardes.

Then whereas (welbeloved brethren) Droonkenneſſe is a great evyll, and an odious ſin unto God: yet is it ſo growen in uſe, with many menne through the whole world: that with ſuch as wyll not underſtand Gods commaundements, it is now taken to be no great ſinne: ſo that they mock and ſcoffe in their banquettes, at ſuche as can not beare many

Cuppes,

Cuppes, and are not aſhamed to bynde men by an envious knotte of friendſhip that they ſhall drink more then behoveth.

But he which compelleth another man to make himſelfe dronken by often bybbing: it were leſſe evyll for that man, if he ſhould wounde his fleſhe with the ſworde, then that he kyil his ſoule by droonkenneſſe: And becauſe our bodyes are earthly, even as when there hath beene ſome over greate daſhe or glut of raine continuing long, the earth is ſoaked and reſolved in myre, ſo that no tyllage can be made in the ſame: In lyke maner our fleſh being made droonken, can neyther receive the ſpirituall tyllage, nor yet the bread and foode, which is neceſſarie for the ſoule. And as all men doo deſyre to have ſufficient and competent ſhowres of rayne in their fieldes and cloſes, ſo that they maye bee able both to exerciſe tyllage, and to enioye the plentie of their fruites and encreaſe: ſo in this field they ſhoulde drinke but ſo much as behoveth: leaſt by exceſſe and droonkenneſs, the verie earth of their body, (being as it were turned into a verie Fenne and Quagmyre) may better ſerve to breede Woormes and Serpentes of vice and ſinne, then it ſhoulde bee able to bringe forth the fruits of charitie. For all Droonkardes are even ſuch as Fennes and Mariſhes ſeem to be in al reſpects: you are not ignoraunt (welbeloved) what groweth in Fens: for whatſoever groweth therein, bringeth forth no fruite, therein breede Serpentes and ſundrie kinds of Worms, which doo bring more horrour and dread, then encreaſe of victual: Even ſuch are Dronkardes, being fyt for no profite, or commoditie: for oftentimes in theyr droonkenneſſe they know neither themſelves, nor any body elſe: neither can they goe, ſtande, nor ſpeake any thing that pertayneth unto reaſon: yea, oftentimes they are not aſhamed to cramme up their ſtomacks, even to vomitting, and quaffe (out of al meaſure) by Cuppes of aſſiſe and meaſure: then he which can get the upperhande, deſireth praiſe of his fowle and filthye faulte. But they which delight therein, doe goe about wonderfully to excuſe themſelves, ſaying: I ſhoulde uſe my friend but uncurteouſly, if as often as I byd him to my houſe,

I gave him not as many Cuppes as hee would call for: But let him be no friende of thine, which wyll make thee his enemie, & which is enemie both to thee & to himſelfe: if thou make both thyſelf & another man droonken, thou maiſt have that man thy frend for a tyme: but thou ſhalt have God for thy perpetual enemie.

Then conſider wiſely, whether it bee commaunded that thou ſhouldeſt ſeparate thy ſelfe from God, to ioyne in league with a Droonkard.

And to-conclude, do thou neither compel any man to drink, nor binde any man by oathes to drinke: but leave it unto his choyſe to drinke as much and as lytle as hee lyſteth: that if he wyll needes make him ſelfe droonken, he maye periſhe alone, and not both of you bee caſt away. Let thoſe which bee incontinent and prodigall in bybbing, conſider with themſelves, if they be not to be iudged worſe then brute Beaſtes: for wheras brute Beaſtes wyll drinke no more then that which ſhall ſuffiſe them, they wyl yet drink fowre tymes more then behoveth: and that which might have ſerved to refreſhe theyr bodies three or fowre dayes, with reaſonable contentacion, they ſtrive to ſpend, and rather to caſt it away in one daye: yea, woulde to God that onely the drinke were caſt away, & not they themſelves alſo ſhoulde periſhe: But if we eſchew this at any tyme, peradventure the Droonkards are offended, and do murmure againſt us. Well, though there want not ſuch as wyll be ſo offended at us, yet by Gods grace there wyll be many which (hearing this holeſome counſell) ſhal be delivered from this ſo grevous an enormitie & ſinne: and they alſo which are moved & angrie with ſuche as ſpeake againſt their yoake-fellowe, & lemmane droonkenneſſe, and let them geve mee leave to pronounce this ſentence with open mouth: That whoſoever delighteth in droonkenneſſe, And doeth not earneſtlie repent and amende the ſame, but doth remaine in his droonkenneſſe, without contrition and reformation, ſhall doubtles periſhe for ever and ever: for the holy ghoſt doeth not lye by the holy Apoſtle, ſaying: *The Droonkardes* ſhall not enheryte the kingdom of God: And therefore as many

as bee Droonkardes, ſhall doo better, not to be offended with you, but with themſelves: and let them with the helpe of God, ſhake them ſelves out of the dyrte of dregges, or out of the fylthe of droonkenneſſe, whiles there is yet place and time to repent: and make al the haſte that they can (by Gods helpe) to ryſe againe. For droonkenneſſe (even like unto hell) whomeſoever it overcommeth, (unleſſe worthy repentaunce do folow, and amendment alſo beare it company,) it doeth ſo ſtoutlie challenge them unto it ſelfe, that it ſuffreth them not (at al) to returne out of the darke pytte of hell, unto the light of Charitie, or ſobrietie.

Wherefore (brethren) whyles I put you in minde of theſe thinges, I doo abſolve and diſcharge my ſelfe before God: and whoſoever contempneth to heare mee, and is prone and prompte to bybbing, or wyll ſweare & compel other men at his banquets to drinke, ſhal be guiltie at the day of iudgement both for himſelfe, and for other men: Yea, and (that which is more abhominable) ſome of the Clergie which ought to forbid this, doo them ſelves alſo conſtraine many to drinke more then is expedient for them. Well, let them begin to amend and correct them ſelves, and then let them chaſtiſe others, that when they come before the Tribunal ſeate of Chriſt, they encurre not the danger of puniſhment for other mens droonkenneſſe, but rather that they may deſerve to attaine everlaſting rewarde, whyles they amende themſelves, and cauſe* not to chaſtiſe & correct others alſo.

And this above al things I beſeech you, and by the dreadful day of iudgment, I coniure you, that as often as you banquette among your ſelves, you doo baniſhe and ſpew out of your Feaſts and meryments, (even as it were the poyſon of the Devyl himſelfe) that filthy cuſtome, whereby three and three doo uſe without all meaſure, to drinke eyther againſt theyr wyls, or at the leaſt without any appetite to drinke: for that unhappy and miſchevous cuſtome, doth yet ſmell of the ſmoake of Paganiſme: and whoſoever uſeth it, or ſuffreth it eyther at his owne table, or any other company, let

* *Quere*, ceaſe.

let him not doubt, but that he maketh him ſelfe a ſacrifice to the Devyll, ſynce therefore proceedeth that not only the body is weakened, but alſo the Soule is thereby wounded and ſlaine: Wherefore, I beſeech God of his mercie, that he vouchſafe to enſpire you with ſuch grace, that this ſo ſhamefull and lamentable an evyl and wickedneſſe, maye become ſuch an horrour unto you, as that you ſuffer it never to be committed, but that you convert that to helpe and refreſh the poore, which ſhoulde have bene caſt away in ſuperfluous droonkenneſſe. And this by the helpe & grace of our Lorde Jeſus Chriſt, who with the Father and the holy ghoſt, lyveth and raigneth God, world without ende. *Amen.*

Hytherto the words of S. *Auguſtine*, in ſuch ſort as hee wrote the ſayde Epyſtle: whereunto I meane nowe to adde this ſhort Treatiſe following, to the ſame ende and purpoſe that the ſayde *Auguſtine* dyd wryte the ſame Epyſtle: And yet doo confeſſe a trueth, It is commonlye ſeene, that as in all activities, or common ſortes of exerciſes, wee ſtraine curtſie, and refraine to ſhewe our cunning, immediatly after that any excellent man hath dealt in the ſame before us: leaſt thereby wee might ſooner detect our owne weakneſſe, then better & amend the doings of others: (yet when *Apelles* was preſent, meaner Painters woulde not preaſe to take penſyl in hande: neither would *Marſias* wel vaunt of his gaine in commendation, by ſtriving to warble upon the Harpe, which *Apollo* had erſt layde aſyde) ſo it may ſeeme no leſſe wonder, that I being a ſimple wryter generally, and perticularly (for Divinitie) altogeather unſkylfull, woulde preſume to take pen in hande, after ſo holy a Father as *Auguſtine*, ſo profoundly ſtudied, and ſo well adorned with ſkyll to endight, both pleaſantly, and pythily.

But for that my purpoſe and enterpriſe is not to contend in cunning, but rather to conſent in doctrine, not to ſtrive in curioſitie, but to agree in uniformitie, nor* to hunt for perticular prayſes, but to labour for a generall profite, therfore I am bold (in ſo honeſt a cauſe) to doo my beſt: Beſeeching theReader, neither to regard the unpleaſauntneſſe of my Style, nor the nakedneſſe of my ſimplicitie: but only to conſider the

* *Quere*, not.

neceſſity of my reprehenſions, conſtrained by the extremitie of this beaſtly vice, which *Auguſtine* in his tyme dyd ſo ſharply rebuke.

And ſurely if our common cuſtome therein practiſed, dyd not much more exceede in the ſuperlative degree, then the ſhortneſſe of this his Epiſtle before rehearſed, doth miniſter occaſion of further treatie, I coulde have bene better contented to have kept ſcilence, then thus to have ſowed a patche of Chamlette, in a garment of Satten: One comfort (I muſt confeſſe) I have conceyved, that I can ſpeede no worſe in this ſmall travayle, then a number of learned & Godly teachers have done before mee. Who calling and crying dayly againſt this horrible, & beaſtly cuſtome, have the deafe eare turned unto their ſpirituall admonitions, and are conſtrayned (with great griefe of minde) to leave this ſwyniſhe ſorte of people, wallowing in the dyrt & myre of their moſt execrable droonkenneſſe. Such is the very nature and property of ſinne generally (but of this ſinne eſpecially) that where it once getteth the maiſtry and upperhand by continuall cuſtome, it hardneth the hart, blindeth the eyes, amaſeth the underſtanding, bewitcheth the ſences, benoometh the members, dulleth the wyts, provoketh unto beaſtlyneſſe, diſcourageth from vertuous exerciſe, maketh lovely to ſeeme lothſome, haſteneth crooked age, foſtereth infirmyties, defyleth the body openly, & woundeth the ſoule unſeen.

This is that *Circe*, or *Medea*, which can Metamorphoſe, & transforme men into ougly miſhapen monſters, yea, the gallaunteſt peeres, into ſenceleſſe Stocks, and mightieſt Monarkes into brute Beaſtes. For was not *Noah* [Geneſis 9.] (even the choſen ſervaunt of God) through this beaſtly vice, ſo Metamorphoſed, that he lay in his Tent uncovered, and ſhewed thereby the ſecreets which ſhame and nature forbyd us to diſcloſe? But what puniſhment fell uppon his yongeſt Sonnes poſteritie therefore? even a perpetual bondage & ſervitude, and in lyke manner, what ſhoulde wee accoumpt *Loth* and his Daughters [Geneſis 19.] but Beaſts, who in theyr droonkenneſſe, committed abhominable inceſt

in

in the ſight of God? Or what prevayled unto *Sampſon*, [Judges 16.] the marveilous force & ſtrength wherewith God had bleſſed him, to overcome ſo many enemies in battayle, (when wallowing in concupiſcence, which is a conſent to this lothſome vice) he bewrayed unto *Dalyla* the ſecreets of Gods miſteries, and ſo became a mocking ſtocke unto his enemies? of a mighty Champion, he became a mylkſop: of a Giant a Gnat, and of a Patrone & defendor, a Babe & a weakling, ready to crave defence of others: ſuffering his eyes to be plucked out of his head, and his body to be led about as a common ſkorne and paſtime for the *Philiſtines*.

Holofernes, [Judith 12, 13, 14.] in all the pompe of his pride, and in the very middeſt of his huge boaſt* and armie, (being brought droonk a bed) left his head in pawne with thoſe whome he thought to have ſubdued, & ſo diſcomforted his ſouldiors by the ſoddaine terror of his death, that the poore Cittizens of *Bethulia*, (whoſe people they earſt determined to have devowred) could nowe boldly yſſue out of their walles, & put them to ſhameful flight and ſlaughter: O wonderful exchange, the ſtoute Chaptaine which in his owne blynde imaginacion, thought hymſelfe ſtrong enough, (with his hoſte) to have ſubdewed the whole world, was (through the ſhamefull defect of this beaſtly vyce) conquered in the middeſt of all his force by one weake womans hande: I might rehearſe ſundry famous examples out of the holy ſcripture, ſufficient to terrifie and withdraw any Chriſtian mind, from this horrible and beaſtly abhomination.

But as I have partly begonne with the beſt & principal authority, ſo wyl I yet recite ſome examples out of Heathen Aucthors, who wrote of the ages paſſed, and then conſequently deſcend unto our owne age preſent: in which this enormity doth ſo farre exceede that (if dead men might be called againe) the Forefathers ſhould not want ſufficient cauſe to wonder at our impudencie, who having not the cloked excuſe of ignoraunce, and lacke of inſtruction, which the Heathen might (after a ſort) aledge in defence of their defects, are not aſhamed to proceede, & to ſurpaſſe all ages, in ſo lothſome and beaſtly a tranſgreſſion: whereas in all

Morall

* *Quere*, hoaſt.

Morall vertues, we can nevertheleſſe be content to come farre behind them.

Alexander the *Macedonian*, who by his valiaunce & prowesſe, in leſſe then twelve yeeres, conquered & ſubdued, *Illiria*, now called *Slavonia*, the Cittie of *Thebes*, with the Territories and Countreyes adioyning: yea al *Greece*, *Aſia*, *Perſia*, and *India*, with the Eaſt parts of the whole world: being ſetled in peaceable poſſeſſion of his dominions, gave himſelfe over unto vanity & pleaſures, and at the laſt to exceſſive droonkenneſſe: whereby hee became ſo odious unto his people generally, that they privily conſpired his death, & executed the ſame: So that they having reſpect to the excellencie of his ſinguler vertues, and therewithall weying that his overthrowe came chiefly by this deteſtable vice; I can not better terme him then a mighty man transfourmed into a brute Beaſt.

Apitius not contented to diſtemper his owne body continually with wine & delicate fare, and after much & great conſumption thereof, to find an hole in his bags, as bigge as five hundreth fowre ſcore & three thouſand, fifty and fowre pounds ſterlings, did yet infect the whole City of *Rome*, with poiſon of the ſame abomination: which in times paſt had bene a perfect Myrror of temperance to other Nations: but in the ende he beaſtly & moſt ungodly, dyd wilfully drink poyſon, and deſtroyed himſelf, fearing leſt the remnant of his ſubſtaunce would not miniſter ſufficiently unto the plot forme or foundation which he had layd in this abhominable bybbing, banquetting, & quaffing, and what ſhall I name this man, but a beaſtly *Metamorphoſer*, both of himſelf & of others?

Lucullus a famous Romane, both for learning and ſkyl in Martial feats, after a nomber of great victories, & exceding Fame got by temperaunce in iuſtice, and pollitique government, dyd geve him ſelfe over unto ſuch an Epicures lyfe, and ſoonke ſo deepe into the gulfe of this odious enormity, that in th' end he loſt his wyts and memory, & with all his ſubſtaunce was lyke a chylde, committed unto the charge & direction of others: and was not this a playne *Metamorphoſis?*

What

What ſhould I rehearſe the Hiſtories of *Lucius Verus*, *Marcus Bibulus*, *Sergius*, and ſundry other *Romaines?* who wallowing and delyghting in this beaſtly vice, Metamorphoſed themſelves moſt monſtruſly.

For we muſt not thinke that the auncient Poettes in theyr moſt famous works, dyd dyrectly meane as the lytterall text of theyr Fables do import: but they dyd Clarkly in figures, ſet before us ſundry tales, which (being wel marked) might ſerve as examples, to terrifie the poſteritie from falling into ſundry vanities, and peſtilent miſgovernments: and therupon they feigned that *Medea*, *Circe*, and ſuch other coulde Metamorphoſe & transforme men into Beaſtes, Byrdes, Plantes, and Flowres: meaning thereby, that whoſoever is ſo blinded in ſenſuality, that forgetting his intellectuall reaſons, & the better part of his underſtanding, he follow the appetite and concupiſcence of nature, he ſhal without doubt transforme him ſelf, or be transformed from a man to a Beaſt, &c. For what greater imperfection can we alledge in the moſt brute and ſavage Beaſts, than to follow ſenſuall appetyte, unto al vaine apparaunce of delyghtes? Nay, rather we muſt confeſſe that Beaſts doo by a natural enſtincte obſerve a certaine mediocritie, in many thinges whiche doo by extremitie turne into vice: The Beaſts and Cattell, with Fowles, Fiſhes, and other ſuch creatures, voyde of reaſon: doo yet covet or deſyre the acte of generation, but onely at certaine times prefixed, when nature doth thereunto kindle and provoke them. But men who challenge a perfection above all other creatures, doo beaſtly and more then beaſtly, and abhominably delight therein, (naye, provoke & pamper the dayly exceſſe therof) to the weakning of their bodies, offending of their devout & wel diſpoſed brethren, & high diſpleaſing of almighty God. The Beaſts, &c. never or ſeldome do ſurcharge theyr ſtomacke with more meate then they maye welle diſgeſt, but men doo cramme them ſelves with Cates, untyll they be conſtrained to vomitte: Beaſtes, when they are ſtirred or provoked to wrath and angre, doo yet preſently paſſe over the mallice, without entent of revenge: But men can reteyne a mallice, yeeres & ages: whereby the deſtruction of ſundry worthy famyllies hath enſued. And now to touch our purpoſe

poſe more perticularly: Beaſts are ſatisfied with drinking once or twiſe a day at ordinary and accuſtomed howres, but men are not aſhamed to ſyt bybbing, quaffing, and toſſing of pottes, whole daies and nyghtes: So that a iuſt accoumpt of their lyves being called, they maye ſeeme eyther borne to do none other thing, or elſe to have ſo guilty miſpent their time, that the moſt brute and ſenceles Beaſtes, are able to accuſe them of ſundry huge enormities. By theſe and ſundry other reaſons, I thought not impertynent to name this deteſtable vice of droonkenneſſe, the *Circe* or *Medea*, which Metamorphoſeth, & transfourmeth men into moſt ougly and monſtrous ſhapes & proporcions: wherof I have brought foorth ſome examples out of holy ſcriptures, and others ſome out of the Heathen Aucthors, which wrote the factes and governmentes of the famous *Romaines*. But now if we conſider our own age (yea our owne Nation) the verye chiefe cauſe which made me preſume to adde this ſmal treatiſe, unto the Epiſtle of S. *Auguſtine*, we ſhal find by too true experience, that we doo ſo much exceede al thoſe that have gone before us, that if they might ſeeme as men transfourmed into Beaſts, we ſhal rather appeare as Beaſts miſhapen & chaunged into Devyls. And in this accuſation, I doo not onely ſummon the *Germainēs* (who of auncient tyme have beene the continual Wardens of the Droonkards fraternitye and corporation,) but I would alſo cyte to appeare our newfangled Englyſhe men, which thinke ſkorne to leave any newe faſhion (ſo that it be evyll) untryed or unfollowed. For now a dayes what Marchaunt, what Artificer, nay, what botcher, or boongler, in any occupation, can be contented to envite his friende to dynner, or ſupper, unleſſe he doo his beſt, to geve him a Cup of *Magis* (as they terme it) and beguile both the Coffer of their ſtore, and the treaſure of theyr ſoule, with counterfeyte names to cloake theyr beaſtly inventions: Wherin I note the vyce ſo much the more daungerous, ſince they cannot denye, that they are dayly thereof both admoniſhed and reproved by ſundry learned & godly Teachers and Preachers: who painfully and zealouſly doo exhort them from this Quaffing, Carrowſing, and toſſing of Pots.

But

But what amendment followeth in many of us? ſurely I tremble to wryte it, and it greeveth mee ſufficiently to thinke theron, that in ſteede of reformation, they ſcoffe and taunt amongſt them ſelves, in theyr banquets, ſaying: *Friendes we are forbidden to Quaffe, or to Carowſe, and therfore let us uſe none other drynking but a harty draught:* And having thus (in theyr owne frantike imaginations) cloaked theyr devylliſhe & damnable intent, they proceede untyll this new founde harty draught, bee found five tymes worſe then theyr former Quaffing & Carowſing: O groſſe blindneſſe of harte: can impudent men thinke ſo to deceyve the almightye God, which ſeeth the ſecreets of al harts? no ſurely, *For hee which dwelleth in heaven ſhall laugh them to ſcorne: yea, the Lorde ſhall vexe them in his ſore diſpleaſure.* [Pſal. 2.] Let us but conſider this one thing: in what civyll Realme or dominion, where the people are taught and exerciſed in the commandementes and counſels of God (England onely excepted) ſhall we ſee the unthriftye Artificer, or the labourer, permitted to ſyt bybbing and drinking of Wine in every Taverne? or what woman (even amongſt the droonken *Almaines*) is ſuffred to followe her Huſbande unto the Alehouſe or Beerehouſe? But it were folly to ſtand ſo much upon theſe meane perſonages, who for lacke of wytte or good education, maye eaſily be enclyned to thinges undecent. I would (for God) that our gentrie, and the better ſort of our people, were not ſo much acquainted with Quaffing, Carowſing, and drinking of harty draughtes, at many mery conventions: would God that we learned not (by the foreleaders before named) to charge and coniure each other unto the pledge, by the name of ſuch as we moſt honour and have in eſtimation: *Befor your Maiſtreſſe and my beloved Wife, pledge me this cupfull, &c.*

Ah las, we Engliſhe men can mocke & ſcoffe at all Countreyes for theyr defectes, but before they have many times muſtred before us, we can learne by lytle and lytle to exceede and paſſe them al, in all that which (at firſt ſight) we accoumpted both vyle and vyllanous: The *Spaniſh* codpeece on the bellye: the *Italyan* waſte under the hanch bones:

the *French* Ruffes: the *Polonian* Hoſe: the *Dutch* Jerkin: and the *Turkie* Bonnet: all theſe at the firſt we deſpiſed, & had in deriſion. But immediatly *(Mutate opinione)* we doo not onelye reteyne them, but we do ſo farre exceede them: that of a *Spaniſh* Codpeece, we make an Engliſh footeball: of an *Italyan* waſt, an Engliſh Petycoate: of a *French* ruffe, an Engliſh Chytterling: of a *Polonian* Hoſe, an Engliſh bowgette: of a *Dutch* Jerken, an olde Engliſh Habergeone, and of a *Turkie* bonnet, a Copentank for *Caiphas:* In lyke manner we were woont (in tymes paſt) to contempne and condempne the *Almaines* and other of the low Countreyes, for theyr beaſtly drinking and quaffing. But nowe a dayes (although we uſe it not dayly lyke them, for it ſeemes that they are naturally enclyned unto that vyce) yet, when we doo make banquets and merymentes, as wee terme them, we ſurpaſſe them very farre: and ſmall difference is founde betwixt us and them, but only that they (by a cuſtome rooted amongſt them, & become next Coſen to nature as beforeſayd) doo dayly wallow in a groſſe maner of beaſtlines, & we think to cloake the filthineſſe therof by a more honorable ſolemnitye, & by the cleanly tytle of curteſie. The *Almaines* with their ſmal Reniſh wine are contented: or rather then faile a cup of Beere may entreate them to ſtoupe: But we muſt have March beere, dooble dooble* Beere, Dagger Ale, Bragget, Reniſh wine, White wine, French wine, Gaſcoyne wine, Sack, Hollocke, Canaria wine, *Vino greco: Vinum amabile*, & al the wines that may be gotten: Yea wine of it ſelfe is not ſufficient, but Suger, Limons, & ſundry ſortes of Spices, muſt be drowned therin. To miniſter mater unto our vaine delights & to beguile our ſelves with the baite which dronkenneſſe doth therein lay for us. And all this muſt be covered with the cleanlye name of curteſy, & friendly entertainment.

But geve mee leave *(O Droonkards)* to aſke you this queſtion, if by this curteſy, and friendly entertainement of yours, a friend which is conſtrayned thus to pledge you, doo chance to ſurfeyte, & to fal thereby into ſuch diſtemper, that he

* *This duplication of the word* dooble *ſeems to have been only an error of the preſs; but, that the tract might be faithfully reprinted, it is retained.*

he dye thereof: what kind of curteſie ſhall we then accoumpt it? or what friendſhip can be found in ſuch entertainment? yea, if he eſcape ſurfeyting or daunger of death, (which is ſeldome avoyded in them that uſe drinking unmeaſurably) yet if his former good fame & credyte be thereby ſo much touched, that his graveſt friends take iuſt occaſion to reprehend him, & to withdrawe theyr good wyls from him: ſhall hee not have iuſt cauſe to condempne this curteſy as counterfayt, and curſe this feyned friendſhip? At the leaſt, though his worldly friendes wynke, and temporall death forbeare him a whyle, let him yet not thinke to eſcape the iuſt iudgement of God, who puniſheth the abhomination of iniquitie, unto the third & fowrth generation. And in theſe three poynts, eſpecially have I conſidred the enormity of this ſinne: For that it weakeneth and endaungereth mans body dayly, it impayreth his credite openly, and woundeth his ſoule ſecreetly. So that for mine owne perticular opinion, I could wyſhe that (*Italian* or *Spaniard* like) we dyd altogether baniſhe from our banquets, the common curteſy of drinking one to another at all: not that I would ſeeme thereby to condempne it (of it ſelfe) if it be but temperately uſed, but becauſe I finde that the pleaſauntneſſe of the drinke, and the infirmity of our nature doo beget one draught upon another, ſo that beginning with curteſie, we ende with madneſſe and beaſtlyneſſe. And well wrote hee which ſayd, that the firſt Cuppe quenched thyrſt, the ſeconde enduced myrth, and rejoyſing in hart, the thyrd voluptuouſneſſe, the fowrth droonkenneſſe, the fifth wrathfulneſſe, the ſyxt contenciouſneſſe, the ſeventh furiouſneſſe, the eyght ſluggiſhneſſe, and the nynth, extremitie of ſyckneſſe. But with us, nyne draughts: yea, nyneteene draughts: nay, ſomtime nine & twenty doo not ſuffice. And whereas the Forefathers gave no further warrant, then for the ſecond draught, and ſeemed to thinke that (paſſing further then that) concupiſcence ſtraight waies crept in, we ar not abaſhed to breake their boundes, & make concupiſcenſe but a tryfling fault in compariſon of our beaſtly exceſſe. For fyrſt to ſpeake of ſickneſſe

neſſe and infyrmities, what knoweth he which taketh the Cup in hand to drink unto another, whether he have as much delyght to pledge, as he hath to drinke unto him? or whether the conſtitution of his body, wyll ſo well awaye with exceſſive drynking, as his owne wyll? then muſt it follow, that if the Pledger be not of lyke diſpoſition, the Bryncher is guyltie of alluring unto ſinne:

And if he were as forwardly diſpoſed as hee, yet at the leaſt hee muſt bee guyltie in ſtyrring him to continuaunce thereof: In lyke manner, if the Pledger bee inwardlie ſicke, or have ſome infyrmitie, whereby too much drinke (or drynking, when nature doeth not deſyre it) doo empayre his health, and ſhorten his lyfe, then doeth the Bryncher ſeeme to bee guyltie of his death: Yea, though he bee of a luſtye dyſpoſition and conſtitution of body, (conſidering the ſundrie ſickneſſes which growe uppon ſurfeytes) the Bryncher doth at the leaſt, put a naked Sworde in a mad mannes hande: and is culpable both of his owne tranſgreſſion, and of his fellowes faulte: this is then one braunche of this droonken curteſie.

But to ſpeake of empayring the credite both of himſelfe, and his companion, what greater ſhame can bee ſhewed, then to weaken reaſon and underſtanding, which are the pryncipall gyftes that we receyve of God? to leeſe the power, to guyde or governe our hãndes? feete? tongue? and other members, whiche are lent us of God, to ſerve him with honour? to bleare our eyes? puffe up our face? and to caſt our heayre? which are the ornamentes of nature, to bee uſed unto the glorye of our creatour? to buylde a kingdome for luſt and concupiſcence? to chaſe vertue from our company? to bewraye ſecreetes? to become our enemies ieſting ſtocke, and our friendes cauſe of lamentation? to ronne headlong into every peryll, to begyn lyke Apes, & to ende lyke Aſſes? to geve occaſion of ſtrife lyke wrathfull Boares, and to yeelde unto the ſlaughter lyke weaklings and Calves? To conclude, I knowe nothing that maye more impayre mans credite, then of a reaſonable ſoule to become a brute

&

& ſenceles Beaſt: and this is the ſecond braunche of this curteſie & friendſhip which we uſe in drynking and Quaffing: Nowe finally to prove that it woundeth mans ſoule, is evident, in that almighty God hath as well by his Prophets, as alſo by his Apoſtles, ſo often and ſo manifoldly reproved & forbydden the ſame. And we muſt fyrmely beleeve, that whoſoever doth wyttingly tranſgreſſe the counſels or commandements of almighty God, conteined in his holy word, doth manifeſtly wound and hurt his own ſoule: in that he doth aggrevate his original imperfections, & render himſelfe more and more culpable of Gods iudgementes. For the Prophet *Eſai* in his fowrth Chap: hath theſe words: *Wo be unto them that ryſe up early to folow droonkenneſſe:* now this word *(Wo)* in the holy Scriptures is commonly taken for a greevous curſe and threatning: but the Prophet doth proceede more plainly, ſaying: *In their feaſtes are Harps and Lutes, Tabrets, Pipes, & wine: but they regard not the Lord, and conſider not the operation of his handes: therefore commeth my folke unto captivity, becauſe they have none underſtanding: their glory is famiſhed with hunger, and their multytude (or plentye) dried up with thyrſt: therfore gapeth hell* (ſayth he) *and openeth hir mouth marvailous wyde, that their glory, multitude, and wealth, with ſuch as reioyce therein, may deſcend into it:* And againe in his xxviii. Chapt. ſpeaking of the prowde Poteſtates, he ſayth: *Wo bee unto the crowne of pryde, even unto the droonken people of Ephruim, whoſe great pompe is as a flowre, &c.* And ſpeaking againſt falſe Judges and Teachers, he ſayth: *They are out of the way, by reaſon of wine, yea, farre out of the waye, through ſtrong drinke.* And *Salomon* in his Proverbs hath ſundry paſſages againſt this lothſome vyce: as in the xx. Chap. he ſayeth: *Wine maketh a man ſcorneful, and ſtrong drinke cauſeth a man to be unquiet: who ſo delighteth therein ſhall not be wyſe.* And in the xxxi. Cha. he ſayth.

O Lamuel, it is not for Kings, it is not for Kings (I ſaye) to drinke wine, nor Princes ſtrong drinke: leaſt they by drinke-

ing

ing forgette the Lawe, and pervert the iudgement of all poore mennes chyldren: The Prophete *Amos* in the ſixt Chapter, reproving the Princes of *Iſraell*, for wallowing in vayne delyghtes, reckeneth up the abhomination of a Droonkard in theſe words: *They drinke wine in Bowles* (ſayth he) *and annoynt themſelves with chiefe oyntmennts, but no man is ſorie for the affliction of* JOSEPH. *Micheas* alſo in his ſeconde Chapter, taunting and reprooving the chyldiſhneſſe, and ignoraunce of the people, ſayth: *If a man lye falſely, ſaying, I wyll propheſie to thee of wine, and ſtrong drinke, that were a meete Prophet for this people.*

And the Prophete *Abacuc* in his ſeconde Chapter, ſeemeth to ioyne the prowde man and the Droonkard together, where he ſayeth: *Yea in deede the prowde man, is as hee that tranſgreſſeth by wine, therefore ſhall he not endure: becauſe hee hath enlarged his deſyre as the hell, and is as death:* And in the end of the ſame Chapter he ſayeth: *Woo bee unto him that geveth his neyghbour drinke: thou ioyneſt thy rage, and makeſt him droonken alſo, that thou mayſt ſee theyr privities: thou arte fylled with ſhame, for glorie: drinke thou alſo, and bee made naked, the Cuppe of the Lordes right hande, ſhall be turned unto thee, and ſhamefull ſpewing ſhal be for thy glorie.*

But to conclude this propoſition, although I myght heere alledge, very many other textes of holy Scriptures, which doo expreſſedly reprove this lothſome abhomination, I thinke it ſufficient to recyte the wordes of *Paule*, in the ſixt Chapter of his fyrſt Epiſtle to the *Corinthians*, where (amongſte ſundrye other vyces) hee pronounceth playne ſentence againſt Droonkardes, ſaying: *That they ſhall not inheryte the kingdome of God:* And in his fyfth Chapter to the *Galathians*, and to the *Epheſians*, hee repeateth (in manner) the ſelfe ſame wordes. This is then the thyrde branche of the fruites which grow by this beaſtly vyce, even the wrath of God, and loſſe of the heavenly habitation. Nowe if theſe auᶜthorities, examples, counſels, and commandements, ſeeme not ſufficient to terrifye us from falling into this ſwyniſh and filthye abho-

abhomination, I can doo no more, but praye unto God, that ſome better learned, and more eloquent then I, maye (by aſſiſtance of his holy ſpyrite) be made able to ſet downe ſuch wholſome leſſons for the avoyding thereof, that the exceſſe and cuſtome of the ſame, maye generallye throughout all Chriſtendome, and eſpecially heere in England, be reformed. And the plagues and puniſhmentes by him threatened and pronounced (by his clemency and mercy) may be withdrawne and remytted: So that in all cleaneſſe and pureneſſe of hart, we maye praiſe his name: To whome with the Sonne and the holy Ghoſt, bee all dominion, power and glory, nowe and for ever. So bee it.

FINIS.

The following Stanzas, ſuppoſed to have been written by *Gaſcoigne*, are taken from a Collection of Poems by ſeveral perſons, intitled *The Paradice of Daintye Devices*, Publiſhed by *H. Dizle*, 4to. 1592.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE WORLD.

WHAT is this world? a net to ſnare the ſoule,
A maſſe of ſinne, a deſert of deceipt:
A moment's joy, an age of wretched dole,
A lure from grace, from fleſh a loathſome baite.
Unto the minde a canker worme of care,
Unſure, unjuſt, in rendring man his ſhare.

A place where pride ore-runnes the honeſt minde,
Where rich men joyne to rob the thriftleſs wretch:
Where bribing miſtes doo blinde the judges eyen,
Where paraſites the fatteſt crummes doo catch.
Where good deſertes which chalenge like reward,
Are over blowen with blaſtes of light regarde.

And

And what is man, duſt, ſlime, a puffe of winde,
Conceiv'd in ſinne, plaſte in the worlde with greefe:
Brought up with care, 'till care hath caught his minde,
And then till death vouchſafe him ſome releefe,
Day, yea nor night, his care dooth take an end,
To gather goods for other men to ſpend.

Oh fooliſh man that art in office plaſt,
Think whence thou camſte, and whither thou ſhalt goe:
The hautye okes ſmall windes have overcaſt,
When ſlender weedes in rougheſt weather growe.
Even ſo pale death oft ſpares the wretched wight,
And woundeth you, who wallowe in delight.

You luſtie youthes who nouriſh high deſire,
Abaſe your plumes which makes you look ſo big:
The Collier's cut, the Courtier's ſteed will tire,
Even ſo the Clarke the Parſon's grave doth dig:
Whoſe hap ſo is, yet here long life to winne,
Dooth heap God wot, but ſorrowe upon ſinne.

And to be ſhort, all ſortes of men take heede,
The thunder boltes the loftie towers teare,
The lightning flaſh conſumes the houſe of reede,
Yea more, in time all earthly things will weare,
Save only man, who as his earthly time is,
Shall live in woe, or els in endleſſe bliſſe.

THE END.

DISPERSED POEMS,

By SPENSER;

NOT IN ANY EDITION OF HIS WORKS:

AND NOW FIRST COLLECTED,

1792.

" Loe here I let you ſee my olde uſe of toying in Rymes, turned into your artificial ſtraightneſſe of Verſe, by this *Tetraſticon.* I beſeech you tell me your fancie, without parcialitie.

See yee the blindefoulded pretie God, that feathered Archer,
Of Lovers Miſeries which maketh his bloodie Game?
Wote ye why, his Moother with a Veale hath coovered his Face?
Truſt me, leaſt he my Loove happely chaunce to beholde.

Seeme they comparable to thoſe two, which I tranſlated you *ex tempore* in bed, the laſt time we lay togither in Weſtminſter?

That which I eate, did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for thoſe many goodly matters leaſt I for others."

This, ſubſcribed, as cuſtomary with *Spenſer*, IMMERITO, is in the firſt of " *Three Proper, and wittie familiar Letters: lately paſſed betwene two Vniverſitie men:* [i. e. *Edmund Spenſer* and *Gabriel Harvey*] *touching the Earthquake in Aprill laſt, and our Engliſh*

reſourmed

reſourmed Verſifying. With the Preface of a well willer to them both. Imprinted at London, by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Thames Streate, neere unto Baynardes Caſtell. Anno Domini. 1580. *Cum gratia & priviligio Regiæ Majeſtatis.*"

4to. B. L.

In Hughes's edition of *Spenſer*, 1715, the letter this is extracted from is the ſecond in "*Letters between Mr. Spenſer and Mr. Gabriel Harvey.*" Vol. 6, p. 1751; but the entire paſſage, verſe and proſe, here printed, is omitted: indeed they are all abridged, falſified, and mangled, in that edition, to a degree not to be conceived, but by thoſe who ſhall compare them with edition 1580.

"*Iambicum Trimetrum.*

Unhappie Verſe, the witneſſe of my unhappie ſtate,
Make thyſelfe fluttring wings of thy faſt flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love, wherſoever ſhe be:
Whether lying reaſtleſſe in heavy bedde, or elſe
Sitting ſo cheerleſſe at the cheerfull boorde, or elſe
Playing alone careleſſe on hir heavenlie Virginals.
If in Bed, tell hir, that my eyes can take no reſte:
If at Boorde, tell hir, that my mouth can eate no meate:
If at hir Virginals, tel hir, I can heare no mirth.
Aſked why? ſay: Waking Love ſuffereth no ſleepe:
Say, that raging Love dothe appall the weake ſtomacke:
Say, that lamenting Love marreth the Muſicall.
Tell hir, that hir pleaſures were wonte to lull me aſleepe:
Tell hir, that hir beautie was wonte to feede mine eyes:
Tell hir, that hir ſweete Tongue was wonte to make me mirth.
Nowe doe I nightly waſte, wanting my kindely reſte:
Nowe doe I dayly ſtarve, wanting my lively foode:
Nowe doe I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth.
And if I waſte, who will bewaile my heavy chaunce?
And if I ſtarve, who will record my curſed end?
And If I dye, who will ſaye: *this was, Immerito?*"

This

This is in the first of "*Two other very commendable Letters, of the same mens writing: both touching the fore said Artificiall Versifying, and certain other Particulars: More lately delivered unto the Printer. Imprinted at London, by H. Bynneman, dwelling in Thames streate, neere unto Baynardes Castell. Anno Domini.* 1580. *Cum gratia & privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.*" — — 4to. B. L.

annexed to the other "*Three.*" It is the first letter in Hughes's collection, but the verses here printed are there omitted. In the original typography the U and V are used indifferently for each other.

The following also, omitted by Hughes, occurs after

— — — *Deus illum aliquando reducat. &c.*

"Plura vellem per Charites, sed non licet per Musas. Vale, Vale plurimùm, Mi amabilissime Harveie, meo cordi, meorum omnium longè charissime."

And the letter concludes thus.

"Per mare, per terras,
Vivus, mortuusq;
Tuus Immerito."

The "*Iambicum Trimetrum*" was reprinted with this title, "*An Elegie in Trimeter Iambicks.*" in "*A Poetical Rapsodie,*" by *Fra. Davison.* the first edition of which was, I believe, in 1602; see *Bibl. Pearsoniana*, No. 1868. the copy I shall quote from is in the edition dated 1608; Mr. Warton has also reprinted it in his "*Observations on the Fairy Queen of Spenser,*" 1762, Vol. 2. P. 245, under the title of "*Loves Embassie, in an Iambicke Elegie,*" from the 4th. edition of *Davison*, printed in 1621; the date of the 3d. edition, unless it be one of the abovementioned, I am unacquainted with.

In *Davison* the second and third lines are thus, properly, divided.

Make thy selfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying thought,
And fly forth, &c.

In line 8, for

— — my mouth can eate no meate:

Daviſon reads,

— — — my mouth can taſte no foode:

and in line 18, for

— — — — wanting thy timely mirth.

he reads.

— — — wanting my timely mirth.

In the firſt line of Mr. *Warton*'s copy the pronoun *my* is wanting. The reſt is correct, according to *Daviſon*.

" To the right worſhipfull, my ſingular good frend, M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes.

Harvey, the happy above happieſt men
I read: that ſitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes Stage, doeſt note with critique pen
The ſharpe diſlikes of each condition:
And as one careleſs of ſuſpition,
Ne fawneſt for the favour of the great:
Ne feareſt fooliſh reprehenſion
Of faulty men, which danger to thee threat.
But freely doeſt, of what thee liſt, entreat,
Like a great Lord of peereleſſe liberty:
Lifting the Good up to high Honours ſeat,
And the Evill damning evermore to dy.
For Life, and Death is in thy doomefull writing:
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin: this xviij. of July: 1586.

Your devoted frend, during life,

Edmund Spencer.

This is at the end of "*Foure Letters, and certaine Sonnets, eſpecially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abuſed: &c. impr. by I. Wolfe.* 1592." 4to.

" To

"To W. Jones on his tranſlation of a treatiſe on Nobility, by Nenna. 1595.

Whoſo will ſeek by right deſerts to 'attaine
Unto the type of true nobility
And not by painted ſhews & titles vaine
Derived far from [buried] anceſtrie.
Behold them both in their true viſnomy
Here truly pourtray'd as they ought to be
And ſtriving both for terms of dignity
To be advanced higheſt in degree;
And when thou doſt with equal inſight ſee
The odds 'twixt both, of both then deem aright
And chuſe the better of them both to thee,
But thanks to him that [well] deſerves behight
To Nenna firſt that firſt this work created
And next to Jones that truly it tranſlated.

Edm. Spencer."

Theſe Verſes were printed from a Manuſcript copy of them; the editor having never met with the Book they are, he imagines, prefixed to: the words *buried* in the fourth line, and *well* in the antepenult, are not in the MS. but have been ſupplied to complete the meaſure, in which *Spenſer* is rarely defective.

"Upon the Hiſtorie of George Caſtriot, alias Scanderbeg king of the Epirots, tranſlated into Engliſh.

Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie ſo vaunt,
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
And old Heroes, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes and fild their childrens eares?
Who rapt with wonder of their famous praiſe,
Admire their ſtatues, their Coloſſoes great:
Their rich triumphal Arcks * which they did raiſe,
Their huge Pyramids †, which do heaven threat ‡.

Lo

* "Triumphant Arcks." Spenſer's *Ruines of Rome*. St. 7.

† "Now flouriſhing with fanes, and proud piramides." Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Song 13.

‡ "And their ſky-threatning towres." *Faerie Queene*. 5. 10. 23. "That with his tallneſſe ſeemd to threat the ſkye." *Idem*. 1. 7. 8.

See

Lo one, whom later age hath brought to light,
Matchable to the greateſt of thoſe great:
Great both by name, and great in power and might,
And meriting a meere triumphant ſeate*.
The ſcourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, ô Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

Ed. Spenſer.

This is prefixed to "*The Hiſtorie of George Caſtriot, ſurnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie, Containing his famous actes, his noble deedes of Armes, and memorable victories againſt the Turkes, for the Faith of Chriſt. Compriſed in twelve Bookes: By Jaques de Lavardin, Lord of Pleſſis Bourrot, a Nobleman of France. Newly tranſlated out of French into Engliſh by Z. J. Gentleman. London, imprinted for William Ponſonby*, 1596." folio.

Theſe verſes on *Scanderbeg* were reprinted in the Appendix to *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, P. 144; and in Mr. Neve's "*Curſory Remarks on ſome of the ancient Engliſh Poets*," 8vo. 1789, P. 24 ſeq. in which latter work the following illuſtrations of the word *meere* are inſerted.

* a *meere* triumphant ſeate.] i. e. abſolute.

"I am a *meere* gentlewoman." Dekker's *Satiromaſtix*.
"—— things rank and groſs in nature
"Poſſeſs it *meerely*." *Hamlet*.

The antique *Babel*, Empreſſe of the Eaſt,
Upreard her buildinges to the threatned ſkie:
And Second *Babell* tyrant of the Weſt,
Her ayry Towers upraiſed much more high.
But with the weight of their own ſurquedry,
They both are fallen†, that all the earth did feare,

See alſo *Idem*. 3. 9. 45. *Ruines of Rome*. St. 4 and *Ruines of Time*. St. 60.

"Upreard her buildings to the threatned ſkie."
Verſes to Lewkenor. infra.
"Ne proude high Towers that preaced to the Skie."
Sackvile's *Buckingham*. St. 41.

† "With her own weight down preſſed now ſhe lies."
Ruines of Time. St. 11.

And

And buried now in their own aſhes ly,
Yet ſhewing by their heapes how great they were,
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre *Venice*, flower of the laſt worlds delight,
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceedes in policie of right.
Yet not ſo fayre her buildinges to behold
As ~~Tis~~ *Lewkenors* ſtile that hath her beautie told.

Edw. Spencer.

This is prefixed to "*The Commonwealth and Government of Venice, Written by the Cardinall Gaſpar Contareno, and tranſlated out of Italian into Engliſh, by Lewes Lewkenor Eſquire, London, imprinted by John Windet for Edmund Mattes, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Hand and Plow in Fleetſtreet, 1599.*" 4to.

Theſe verſes to Lewkenor have been reprinted in Warton's *Obſervations on the Fairy Queen*, Vol. 2, P. 246. and in the Appendix to *The Sad Shepherd*, 1783, P. 143.

"*Certaine verſes of* Mr. Edm. Spenſer's.

A tranſlation made *ex tempore* by Mr. *Edm. Spenſer* upon this diſtich, written on a Booke belonging to the right honorable *Richard Earle* of *Corke*, &c.

Nulla dies pereat, pereat pars nulla diei,
Ne tu ſic pereas, ut periere dies.

Let no day paſſe, paſſe no part of the day,
Leſt thou doe paſſe, as dayes do paſſe away.

Verſes upon the ſaid Earles Lute.

Whilſt vitall ſapp did make me ſpring,
And leafe and bough did flouriſh brave,
I then was dumb and could not ſing,
Ne had the voice which now I have:
But when the axe my life did end,
The Muſes nine this voice did ſend.

E. S."

The

The foregoing are annexed to "*A View of the State of Ireland, Written dialogue-wiſe betweene Eudoxus and Irenæus, By Edmund Spenſer Eſq. in the yeare* 1596. *Dublin, Printed by the Society of Stationers.*—— M.DC.XXXIII." Folio.

"*By* SPENCER.

Phillis is both blithe and young;
Of *Phillis* is my Silver Song:
I love thilk Laſs, and in my Heart
She breeds full many a baleful Smart.
Kids, cracknels, with my earlieſt Fruit,
I give to make her hear my Suit;
When *Colin* does approach o'erjoy'd,
My Hopes, alaſs! are all accoy'd.
Were I not born to love the Maid,
Yet ſhe calls Miracles to her Aid.
When ſtormy Stou'rs had dreſs'd the year,
In ſhivering Winters wrathful Chear:
Phillis, that lovely cruel wight,
Found me in a dreerie Plight;
And Snow-balls gently flung at me,
To wake me from my Lethargie.
Fire I ween there was ypent
In all thoſe frozen Balls ſhe ſent:
For, Ah! woe's me, I felt them burn,
And all my Soul to Flames I turn.
Ah! *Phillis*, if you'd quench my Fire,
Burn your ſelf with as fierce Deſire."

This is in "CHORUS POETARUM: or, *Poems on Several Occaſions.* By the Duke of Buckingham, the late Lord Rocheſter, Sir John Denham, Sir Geo. Etheridge, Andrew Marvel, Eſq. *The famous Spencer*, Madam Behn, And ſeveral other Eminent Poets of this Age. *Never before Printed.* London: Printed for Benjamin Bragg, at the White-Hart, over againſt Water-Lane in Fleet-ſtreet. MDCLXIXIV." 8vo. Dedicated to Sir *Fleetwood Sheppard*, by *Charles Gildon.*

I do

I do not believe theſe lines to be *Spenſer*'s; but, finding them in print under his name, I thought it improper to omit them: the date of the Miſcellany they are in is evidently erroneous; but, from an annexed advertiſement of "*Miſcellaneous Letters & Eſſays*, &c. ſaid to be *lately Publiſh'd*, which *Letters*, &c. are dated 1694, we may conclude it to be the ſame, or the following year.

The following is extracted, with corrections, from the Appendix to "THE SAD SHEPHERD:" &c. 8vo. 1783, p. 144 ſeq.

To Peacham's MINERVA BRITANNA are prefixed the following Stanzas, thus addreſſed.

TO MASTER HENRY PEACHAM.

A VISION UPON THIS HIS MINERVA.

Methought I ſaw in dead of ſilent night
A goodly Citie all to cinders turned,
Upon whoſe ruines ſate a Nymphe in white,
Rending her haire of wiery gold, who mourned
Or for the fall of that faire Citie burned,
Or ſome deare Love, whoſe death ſo made her ſad:
That ſince no joye in worldly thing ſhe had.

This was that *Genius* of that auntient *Troy*,
In her owne aſhes buried long agoe:
So griev'd to ſee that *Britaine* ſhould enjoy
Her *Pallas*, whom ſhe held and honour'd ſo:
And now no litle memorie could ſhow
To eternize her, ſince ſhe did infuſe,
Her Enthean ſoule, into this Engliſh Muſe.

E. S.

Whether or not theſe initials mean *Edmund Spenſer*, remains to be enquired into.

I have ſeen no other edition of this work of Peacham's but the one I tranſcribed theſe Stanzas from; which is dated 1612: yet is there in it (p. 44.) this expreſſion, and marginal note;

"Then pardon *Soveraigne. *Regina Elizabetha.*"

and Queen Elizabeth died March 24, 1603. If the verſes be Spenſer's, the edition they are prefixed to muſt either have been a good deal delayed in its publication, or it is a ſecond one, with additions, ſince he read the work; for Peacham's firſt verſes therein are addreſſed, "To my dread Soveraigne James, King of Great Britaine, &c." there are others to the Queen (Anne), Princeſs Elizabeth, Henrie Prince of Wales, and Charles, Duke of York (afterwards King Charles I.), who was not ſo created till about the year 1605, or 1606; and Spenſer died, if we can depend on tradition, in 1598, or, at lateſt, 1599. See his Life by Hughes, Birch, Church, and Upton.

It may be thought that theſe initials E. S. ſtand for *Edward Sharpham*, whoſe Comedy of *The Fleire* was entered on the Books of the Stationers' Company, May 9, 1606; or that they may ſignify *Edmond Scory*; there being verſes prefixed to Drayton's Heroical Epiſtles, 1605, ſigned *E. St. Gent.* which, in the folio edition, 1619, are ſubſcribed *Edmond Scory, Knight.*

Peacham, in his *Compleat Gentleman*, 1622, p. 95, 6. ſpeaking of celebrated poets, particularizes *M. Edmund Spenſer*; but mentions no other to whom the initials E. S. could belong.

The inſertion of this "*Viſion*," merely on account of the ſignature, may be thought an act of Supererogation; but, in one who has that veneration for Spenſer which I profeſs to have, and who would reſcue the ſmalleſt fragment of his writing from oblivion, it is no more than duty: and that the Stanzas in queſtion were written by him, I think there is both external, and, which is infinitely more ſatisfactory, internal evidence. In the firſt place the very title of the verſes is ſimilar to thoſe of three of Spenſer's ſmall poems; viz.

"Viſions of the World's Vanitie."
"The Viſions of Bellay." and
"The Viſions of Petrarch."

which

which were publiſhed in a collection of ſome of his "diſperſt" pieces, called COMPLAINTS, in 4to, 1591. Secondly, One of the entries mentioned by Mr. Steevens, is "a booke, called, The Second Book of Songes or Ayres, of twoo, foure, and five Partes, with Tribletures for the Lute or Orpherion, with the Viol-de-gambo. Compoſed by John Dowland, Batchelor of Muſick, and Lutaniſt unto the moſt famous Chriſtian the IVth. by the Grace of God, king of Denmark, Norway, &c." The entry is dated July 16, 1600.

The verſes in Peacham's *Minerva*, P. 74, (reprinted in the Appendix to *The Sad Shepherd*) on the neglect into which Dowland had fallen, muſt have preceded his being raiſed above it, by his appointment to the king of Denmark's ſervice, with whom he went to Denmark, and there died: which brings the matter in queſtion ſo near to Spenſer's time, that, allowing for thoſe who complimented the Author of the *Minerva* with verſes on it, to have read it in MS. the preparing of above two hundred cuts; and other neceſſary or accidental delays before the publication; (during which time the verſes on the Stuart family might have been prudently added) it certainly muſt be granted that it is *poſſible* for the VISION to have been Spenſer's.

Thirdly, as to the *probability, that*, I conceive, muſt depend on the internal evidence, i. e. the verſes themſelves; and I think whoever ſhall be pleaſed to compare this *Viſion* with Spenſer's RUINES OF TIME (the firſt poem in the Collection called COMPLAINTS), and with his FOWRE HYMNES, 4to. 1596, for the conſtruction of the ſtanza in each, and the ſimilarity of thought and expreſſion in the firſt ſix ſtanzas of the former, will alſo grant that I have no ſlight reaſons for my ſuppoſition. To prevent the trouble of referring, the following parallels are brought into one point of view.

" —— fate

" ———— ſate a Nymphe in white,
Rending her haire of wierygold, who mourned."

Viſion.

" A Woman ſitting ſorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie gold."

Ruines.

" ———— who mourned,
Or for the fall of, &c.
Or ſome deare Love"

Viſion.

" Which did the loſſe of ſome dere love lament."

Ruines.

" That ſince no joye in worldly thing ſhe had."

Viſion.

" Ah! what delight (quoth ſhe) in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature have?"

Ruines.

" This was that *Genius* of that auncient *Troy*"

Viſion.

" Or th' auncient *Genius* of that Citie brent"

Ruines.

" In her owne aſhes buried long agoe"

Viſion.

" And have in mine owne bowels made my grave"
" And lye in mine owne aſhes."

Ruines.

" Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine aſhes buried low doſt lie."

Faerie Qucene. 3. 9. 33.

To theſe may be added a line from the Verſes on Lewkenor.

" And buried now in their own aſhes lie."

I believe there needs no more on the ſubject, unleſs it be to beg the reader's pardon for having ſaid ſo much about *fourteen lines only*; but, admitting that they are Spenſer's (to apply an expreſſion of Garrick's, in a prologue on Shakſpeare, to our great dramatiſt's beloved poet), I would *loſe no drop of that immortal man!*

F. G. W.

THE PERIOD OF Mourning.

Disposed into five VISIONS.

In Memorie of the late Prince.

TOGETHER

With Nuptiall Hymnes, in Honour of this Happy *Marriage*

betweene the Great PRINCES,

FREDERICK

Count Palatine of the RHENE,

AND

The Most Excellent, and Aboundant President of all VIRTVE and GOODNES

ELIZABETH

onely Daughter to our Soueraigne, his MAIESTIE.

Also the manner of the Solemnization of the Marriage at White-Hall, on the 14. of *February*, being Sunday, and S^t. *Valentines* day.

By *Henry Peacham*, M^r. of Arts.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. S.* for *Iohn Helme*, and are to be sould in Saint Dunstanes Churchyard in Fleetstreet. 1613.

LONDON,
Reprinted for the EDITOR, and Sold at No. 62, *Great Wild-Street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; by Messf. EGERTON, *Whitehall*; Messf. Cox and PHILLIPSON, *James-Street, Covent-Garden*; R. RYAN, No. 351, *Oxford-Street*; H. D. SYMONDS, No. 20. *Pater-Noster-Row*; and W. RICHARDSON, under the *Royal-Exchange*. 1789.
[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

To reprint the writings of *Chaucer*, *Spenſer*, *Shakſpeare*, or *Milton*, now entitles an editor to no other praiſe than that which reſults from a careful collation of ancient copies, and an intelligent illuſtration of the text. To revive the almoſt-forgotten lines of their minor contemporaries, as it is an arduous, is (it is preſumed) not an immeritorious taſk: this has been attempted in the preſent inſtance, in conſequence of an opinion, that the Poetry is, in many places, far above mediocrity; and, with the claſſical and hiſtorical notes of the author, well worthy of preſervation.

The few trifling obſervations printed in Italics are by the preſent editor.

To the Right Honourable and truely Noble-Minded, Sir JOHN SWINNERTON, Knight, Lord Maior of the Citie of London, Sir THOMAS MIDDLETON, and Sir IOHN IOLLES, Aldermen, his Brethren.

Right Honourable and Worthy Senators.

IT was an auncient cuſtome, no whit diſcommendable, among the *Ethiopian* Princes, amid their Feaſts and Royall Banquets, to haue the head of a dead man laid in Earth, preſented the firſt to the Table; in abundance of Mirth to put them in minde of *Mortalitie*. Though I haue euer beene a ſworne enimie to Superſtition, I ſeeme to imitate them thus farre, who vnſeaſonably at the ſolemnitie of this Royall *Marriage*, offer againe to view the Image of our dead deere and neuer to be forgotten *Prince, Henrie*. Affection is liable to none account, and this Sorrow, to ſound harts can neuer come out of ſeaſon, yet thus much for myſelfe; My loue to his excellent vertues, and perſon, to whom I was ſo many wayes engaged, drew, ſome while ſince theſe teares to their head, which encountring with a contrary paſſion of Ioy, for the happy *Marriage* of his Moſt-like *Siſter* the *Princeſſe* my moſt gracious Lady; like fire and water (ſtriuing for prædominancie) I was enforced to make both way euen to mine owne preiudice. What I haue done, my Honourable Lord, in regard of the fidelity the *Citie* hath euer borne to the *State*, the true hartie loue you carry in your owne particulars to his *Maieſtie*, and the Progenie Royall, and laſtly that you are knowne out of your Noble and owne Naturall inclination to goodnes, to fauour all Learning and Excellencie, whereby beyond your prædeceſſors you gaine a double Honour, I humbly offer vp to your Honourable protection: expecting onely Time and Occaſion wherein I may really manifeſt how faſt I am tyed in Zeale and dutifull Affection to ſo worthy a *Maior*, and ſo Honourable a *Citie*.

Your Honours

and Worſhips, truely deuoted

Henry Peacham.

Ad Avthorem, in Periodum eius, fœliceſq; *Frederici* Comitis *Palatini* Rhenenſis, et *Elizabethæ* Sereniſſimæ Principis Hymenæos.

FLebilibus mirâ quod miſces arte triumphos
Carminibus, miror iure Poema tuum:
In tanto dolor an luſus quis vate requirat?
Tam bene qui iungis gaudia cum lachrymis.
Mortuus HENRICVS vitam, plangente CAMŒNA,
Viua canente ſoror, ne moriatur habet.
Obſtupui fateor fieri hæc contraria ſomno
Credo equidem Muſam ſed vigilâſſe tuam
Vel tu bicipiti hæc cepiſti inſomnia Monte,
Fonte caballino, vel benè merſus eras.

A. S.

To the MUSE.

GOE Muſe, that like *Endimion* did'ſt but dreame
Of Golden dayes in thy Diſpairefull Night;
And ſtood'ſt like *Tantale* in a Siluer-ſtreame,
That fed thy longing with a falſe delight:
Ope thy dull eyes, and while that others weepe,
Say, what thou ſaw'ſt, ſince thou haſt beene aſleepe.

And yet had'ſt beene, had not (Oh Brighteſt Faire)
Chaſt *Cynthia* with her fauours wakened me,
And His deere Loue, whoſe loſſe I ſhaddow here,
Enforc'd a taſke of lateſt Pietie:
Elſe better farre, we had beene ſilent ſtill;
And ſlept vnſeene vpon a peacefull Hill.

THE PERIOD

Of Mourning.

I.

Viſion.

I Saw (methought) from *Cambers* hilly ſhore,
A goodly Arke, as euer eye beheld;
Whoſe Sayles were Silke, and Tackle twined Oare,
That ſeem'd reflected, glorioufly to guild
The waue around, while thouſand colours faire,
Kept time aloft with euery little ayre.

She *Archôn* hight, for that ſhe had no Peere,
And could command the *Ocean* with her might:
In whom the Hopes of many thouſands were,
But chiefly of the Muſe, and Martiall ſprite:
Braue Man of warre ſhe was, from *Britaine* bound,
For new diſcoueries all that might be found.

And going out, ſhee did beguile the way,
With ſound of Trumpet, Shawmes, and Cornet ſhrill,
That fil'd the ſhore, and ſeem'd to charme the Sea;
(For windes were ceas'd, and waues were calme and ſtil.)
Such peales of Thunder, then anone were ſent,
As if ſhe would haue torne the Firmament.

But

But ſodainely the Day was ouercaſt,
A tempeſt hurles the billowe to the Skye,
That Cables brake, and hauing ſpent her Maſt
Shee fell on Rocks; herewith I heard a cry
Of dying men; who periſhed on the ſhelues,
Saue ſome, that knew to ſwim, and ſaue themſelues.

Which when I ſaw, a ſtreame of Teares I ſhed,
And ſaid (O GOD) who did commit the ſinne,
That ſuch a Treaſure ſhould be buried
In loweſt Graue, as it had neuer bin?
A fraught wherein we ſhared euery one,
And by whoſe loſſe three Kingdomes are vndone.

II.

VISION.

I Saw a Palme, of body tall and ſtraight,
Vpon whoſe braunches Crownets did depend;
But for the top, were kept a cumbrous waight
Of three more great: inovgh to force it bend,
(For little wot we managing of Realmes,
The howerly cares and charge of Diadems.)

And euery bough did bloome with fruitfull ſtore,
Wherein all kindes of ſinging Birds did build,
Melodiouſly reioycing euermore
In his deere aide, by whom they were vpheld:
And hither oft, the ſhepheard would repaire,
If heate did ſcortch, or cloude accloie the Aire.

But at the roote, a fearefull Serpent lay,
(Whoſe many miſchiefes Time forbids me tell,)
That vndermin'd the Body night and day,
That laſt, it downe with hideous fragor fell,
To griefe of all; mine eye did neuer ſee,
More hopefull Bloſſomes, or a fairer Tree.

III.

III.

VISION. *

A Wood there was, along the *Stygian* Lake,
Where *Night*, and euerlaſting *Horror* dwell,
Herein a Caue, two hollow Rockes did make,
From whence a Brooke as blacke as *Lethe* fell:
A common roade led thither, with deſcent
So ſteepe, that none return'd that euer went.

It was an vncouth Dungeon, darke and wide,
Where liuing man nere was, or light had ſhone,
Saue that a little glimmering I eſpi'de
From rotten ſtickes, that all about were throwne:
The Boxe and banefull Eugh-tree grew without,
All which a ſtinking ditch did moate about.

Within, there hung upon the ragged wals
Sculs, ſhirtes of maile, whoſe owners had been ſlaine
Eſcotcheons, Epitaphes of Funerals;
In bottles teares of friends, and Louers vaine:
Spades, Mattockes, models, boltes and barres for ſtrength,
With bones of Giants of a wondrous length.

Beneath, all formes of Monuments were ſeene,
Whoſe ſuperſcriptions were through age defac'd,
And owners long agoe conſumed cleane
But now as coffers were in order plac'd,
Wherein inditements lay, charmes, Dead-mens wills
Popes pardons, pleas, and Potheearies bills.

In mid'ſt there ſat a meagre wretch alone,
That had in ſorrow both his ei'n outwept,
And was with pine become a Sceleton:
I aſk'd him why that loathſome Caue he kept,
And what he was: my name (quoth he) is *Death*
Perplexed here, for *Henries* loſſe of breath.

HENRIE

* *This is much in* Spenſer's *manner.*

HENRIE the good, the great, vnware I hit
With deadly dart before the timely day,
For at one neere him while I leuel'd it,
That ſent more ſoules then I my ſelfe away,
Or feare, or fate the arrow did miſguide
That he eſcap'd, and Nobleſt *Henry* di'd.

With that, he bade me to retire in haſt,
For neuer any came ſo neere his dore,
And liu'd: here-with mine eye aſide I caſt,
Where ſtood a glue-pot, Canes and quiuers ſtore,
And on a ſhelfe, lay many ſtinking weedes,
Wherewith, I gheſſe, he poiſon'd arrow heads.

By doubtfull tracks away through Brake and Breere,
I left the Wood, and light at laſt did view,
When *Death* I heard accuſed euery where,
As Theife and Traytor, of the vulgar crew,
For this miſdeed, he ſware againſt his will;
For who knew *Henry* could not meane him ill.

IIII.

VISION.

I Saw erewhile, conducted forth by *Fame*
A Carre Triumphall, all of maſſie Gold,
And *foure fierce Lyons yoaked in the ſame,
The which a Virgin, louely to behold,
With gentle raine did guide and ſhow the way,
She ‡*Vna* hight, none elſe they would obay.

A warlick Impe within was ſet on high,
Who *Phœbus*, in his glorious armes out-ſhone,
Ydrad of all for awfull Maieſtie,
Yet louing, and more loued liued none;
Hight *Philocles*, whom Fame did thus addreſſe
To high deſignes, which few or none could gheſſe.

But

* Three of England and that one of Scotland. ‡ Vnitie.

But oh vncertaine ſtate of all below,
And feeble ſtay whereon our hopes doe reſt!
While that I gazed rauiſh'd with the ſhow
And heart did leape for ioy within my breaſt,
From Heauen I ſaw deſcend a fiery wand
And all to blacke was turned out of hand.

Carricks white Lions in a field of Red,
His golden Garbes as *Cheſters Palatine*,
The *Corniſh* Beaſaunts ſeldome quartered,
Rothſay with that braue Coate of *Leoline*,
Which one-day might in field of *Mars* haue flowne,
Before his Herſe were mournfull ſtreamers ſhowne.

The gallant Steede that did diſdaine the bit,
And ſhooke with angry hooſe the hollow ground,
His Riders loſſe lamented ouer it:
The Souldiour with his Drumme and Trumpets ſound,
That beate the March, and blew the furious charge,
Were turn'd to Singers timing of his *Dirge*.

The fiery ſpirit whoſe aſpiring flame
Brake out enkindled at his glorious light
Grew dimme and damp'd, as dying with the ſame;
The gentle Heart in mourning melted quite,
His Friends and louers *(We)* did weare his blacke
*Within the Breaſt, while others on the Backe.

But in the while we haue related this,
The corps was gone and euery thing was paſt,
That there remained nothing but his *Miſſe*,
Which when I ſaw mine eyes to Heauen I caſt,
And ſaid, Oh let me neuer liue I pray,
To feele the griefe of ſuch another day.

* "*But I have that within which paſſeth ſhew.*" *Hamlet.*

V.

VISION.

I Lay to reſt by thoſe two Siſter-ſtreames,
That ſtriue with each as ſeemeth by their haſt,
Who to her ſpouſe ſhould take the ſtately *Thames*,
(For both into his boſome fall at laſt;)
Where, one I heard as *Thracian Orpheus* ſing,
With beaſt and bird about him liſtening.

Come Woods (quoth he) and Waters lend your ſound,
And help vs to bemone our *Dions* death,
Come euery Plant that growes vpon the ground,
Your fruit or ſauours to his Herſe bequeath,
Come purple Roſes, pureſt Lillies turne
Your Beauties blacke, and help a while to mourne.

Come *Albion* Muſes, come ſweet *Philomel*,
Report this newes among thy mournefull ſtraines,
To greenie Groues the Death of *Dion* tell,
Ye Shepheards fill here-with the fruitfull plaines,
At Morne and Euen, and ſay, with *Dion* dead,
All Muſicke and our Merry daies are fled.

Come *Albion* Muſes, come ye ſiluer Swannes,
Sing dying and die ſinging on the bankes
Of *Iſis* flood, come wood Muſitians
Surround him ſleeping in your painted rankes,
Leaue wanton *Naiads* treading of your rings
And teach your eyes to ouerflow the ſprings.

Come *Albion* Muſes bid *Menalcas* ſit
With broken reede beſide his aged Oke,
And ſolitary there ſome dittie fit
That mought to teares infernall *Dis* prouoke:
Eternall ſilence dwell on Dale and Hill,
And Heards vnkept goe wander where you will.

Come

Come *Albion* Muſes, come with Eccho mourne
In hollow rockes and vales, for *Dion* gone,
Who (like his lips) ſhall neuer more returne,
A gratious anſwere call'd by you vpon:
Die flowers, and fall ye fruit vnripe from Trees,
And ceaſe your toile (the ſweeteſt gone) ye Bees.

Come *Albion* Muſes, neuer Dolphin wept
More kindly, caſt by *Neptune* on the ſhore,
Or *Memnons* Bird with greater ſorrow kept
Auroras ſonne, whom ſtill ſhe weepeth ore,
Or groue with plaints of *Philomele* rung
When Plough-man had bereft her of her young. *

Galliope more woefull did not ſeeke
Her Loued *Homer* all about the Sea,
Or *Venus* on her deere *Adonis* cheeke
More kiſſes heaped as he dying lay,
‡As *Albion* now who (mother-like) in vaine,
Would, ſpight of Nature, weepe him backe againe.

If in a garden but the Mallow die,
The Daiſie, Dill, or Roſe, it liues agen,
And ſhooteth yeerely from his bed on high,
But we endu'de with Reaſon who are men,
Much fairer, ſtronger, if we once doe fall,
No more on Earth our being haue at all.

Much more he would haue ſaid but that with griefe,
His voyce did faile and hand began to ſlacke,
Wherewith approached firſt of Beaſts the chiefe,
Who in their kindes bewailed *Dions* lacke:
The Birds aboue, in trees were ſet aloft,
Each chattering in his note as Nature taught.

* *The laſt image in this ſtanza is particularly beautiful and tender.*

‡ As *Albion*] Than *Albion &c. would have been better.*

None for precedence ſtroue, that they forgat,
As ill befitting penſiueneſſe of heart,
But as they came in Loving league they ſat,
And each to each his ſorrow did impart:
For griefes doe grow by many bearers weake,
That elſe the backes of one or two would breake.

Three *Lyons* white full bitterly did groane,
And waile his abſence whom they loued deere,
Aloofe the **Heliconian* Horſe did moane,
For as the reſt he could not come ſo neere.
The *Lynx*, the *Buſle*, and the *Talbot* true,
Did (as they could) their vtmoſt ſorrow ſhew.

The *Greyhound*, *Griffon*, *Tiger*, and the *Goate*,
Two gallant *Dragons* greene, and one of Red,
Thc *Vnicorne* in his faire Ermine-coate,
The *Roebucke*, *Bore*, and *Bull*, for combat bred:
The *Leopard*, *Wiuerne*, *Munkey*, and the *Beare*,
The *Tiger*, *Cat*, and *Porceſpine* were there.

Of Birds, I ſaw the *Eagle* ſharpe of ſight,
Th' *Arabian Phœnix*, and the *Peacocke* gay,
The towring *Falcon* for the Kings delight,
The *Chough*, the *Rauen*, and dainty *Popingaie*,
The *Swanne* with *Pheaſaunt* fetch'd from *Phaſis* flood,
And *Pellican* ſoare wounded with her brood.

With others numberleſſe both wilde and tame,
By flockes that hither in a Moment flew,
But as I neere to this aſſembly came,
Their order, kindes, and cullors for to view,
The Man, the Muſicke, Bird, and Beaſt were gone,
I left to mourne diſconſolate alone.

VI.

*Noble perſonages of the land whoſe Creſts theſe are.

VI.

VISION.

I Was conducted by a louely childe,
Whoſe haire outſhone the brighteſt burning gold,
Of ſweet aſpect as Maid, and modeſt milde,
Vnto that place where certainely is told,
The ſoules of ſuch as here had liued well,
Diſroab'd of Earth in happineſſe doe dwell.

It was *Eliſium*, a deſightfull plaine,
Where *Zephyre* makes an euerlaſting Spring,
And Fruits, and Flowers, doe all the yeere retaine
Their taſt and beauties, ſweeteſt Birds doe ſing
In Laurell ſhades, where cooleſt ſiluer brookes
Diuorce their courſes by a thouſand crookes.

Within there was a Theater of gold,
Rais'd on a mount in ſemi-circle wiſe,
Which ſtately columnes ſtrongly did vphold,
That by aſcent did ouer other riſe,
And railde betweene with Chriſtall lights that ſhone
Againſt the Sunne like Rockes of Diamond.

Not *Scaurus* Scæne might with this ſame compare,
That eightie thouſand could at one time hold,
Nor that of *Pompey*, nor that wounder rare
**Veſpaſian* reard, nor that with pouldred gold
Which *Nero* as with ſand, I read, beſtrew
And ſeel'd ‡ with ſilke of ſtarry gilt in blew.

Three rowes it had where Princes onely ſat,
To view their worldly miſeries foregone,
Their Kingdomes changes and to contemplate
Their happineſſe in full fruition:
Theſe liued well, or for the Faith were ſlaine,
Or younglings were who neuer ſaw their raigne.

Each

* Marti. Epigr. Lib. 1. Epiſt. 1. Barbara pyramidum, &c.

‡ ſeel'd] *i. e.* ciel'd, *as we now ſpell it; from Ciel, the French for Heaven.*

Each were in order rancked as they dy'd,
The formoſt, Heire apparants of our land,
Whoſe deaths were by *Impreſas* ſpecifide,
So ſweetly limn'd as by an Angels hand.
**William* firſt *Henries* ſonne did giue a ſea
Enrag'd, aboue was written, *Caſt away.*

The ſonne of *Stephen* Prince § *Euſtace* next did ſit,
Who gaue a braunch of bitter Hellebore,
Diſpayre's not holpe was ſcored ouer it.
†*Henry* the ſonne of ſecond *Henry* bore
A *Phaeton*, with this, *Too ſoone I clime*,
A King and Rebell in my Fathers time.

Appeared then, in Armes, a goodly Prince
Of ſwarthy ¶ hew, by whom there hung a Launce
Of wondrous length, preſerued euer ſince,
Hee overthrew at Poiteirs *John* of Fraunce:
A *Dial* his deuice, the ſtile at *One*,
And this, *No night and yet my day is done.*

By

* Hee was drowned at 17 yeeres of age, comming into England out of Normandie, and with him his brother *Richard*, and *Richard* Earle of Cheſter, and his brother *Otwele* the Princes Tutor, the Counteſſe of *Perch*, the Kings daughter named *Mary*, and his Neece the Counteſſe of Cheſter, with many young Noble-men and Knights, to the number of 160 perſons.

§ *Euſtace* being angry with his Father *Stephen* for making peace with *Henry* Duke of Normandie departed from him, at Bury ſitting downe to dinner fell mad vpon the receiuing of the firſt morſell.

† *Henry*, eldeſt ſonne of *Henry* the ſecond, borne in London, was crowned in his Fathers life time, to the quiet of the Realme as it was thought, but he rebelled in Normandie, whoſe part there took againſt his Father, *Lewis* King of Fraunce, *William* King of Scots, *Henry*, *Geoffrey*, *Iohn* his ſonnes, *Robert* Earle of Leiceſter, *Hugh* Earle of Cheſter, &c. Hee fought againſt his Father, and after dyed of a Feuer, deſiring forgiueneſſe: his Father ſent him his Ring in token he had forgiuen him, which he humbly kiſſed. He dyed at Martell, and was buried at Roane, his body wound in thoſe linnen clothes hee was annointed King in.

¶ *Edward* the blacke Prince, firſt ſonne to *Edward* the 3. ſome make his name rather from the black dayes Fraunce endured by him, then from his Countenance.

Was it not from the black armour which he wore?

By him I ſaw in white a comely *youth,
Vpon whoſe breaſt appear'd a gaping wound
(That would haue mou'd a heart of Flint to ruth)
Wherewith the place was ſmeared all around.
A withered crimſon Roſe by him was fixt,
His word, *The laſt*, as ſonne of *Henry* fixt.

A little lower ſat two ‡ beauteous Impes
Of ſmyling cheere, as freſh as flower in May:
Not *Tyndaris* faire twinnes, *Pierian* Nimphes,
Or *Myrrha's* Boy ſo louely faire as they:
Theſe were the Brother-Princes that in bed
The Tyrant ſlew and left vnburied.

One had a Pillow with his crowne thereon,
His Mot, *The Price of my eternall reſt:*
The other gaue a Vulture ceaſing ‖ on
The heart of *Titius*, with, *The Tyrants breaſt.*
§ Prince *Arthur*, this, aboue an Orange flower,
Though ſeemes the fayreſt yet the fruit is ſower.

The

* Prince *Edward* who was ſlaine at Tewkſbury: King *Edward* the firſt ſmote him on the face with his Gauntlet, afterward hee was moſt cruelly ſlaine, being runne through the breaſt with an arming-ſword: His mother Queene *Margaret* at the ſame time being taken priſoner, and ſlaine, *Iohn* Duke of Somerſet, *Courtney*, E. of Deuonſhire, the Lord *Wenlocke*, &c.

‡ King *Edward* the fift, and *Richard* his Brother, taken out of Sanctuary: Murdered in the Tower: The liuely pourtracture of theſe Princes came to my hands limned in a Manuſcript which was written by *Anthony* Earle *Riuers* their Vncle, and giuen to King *Edward* the fourth; and this was the firſt booke that euer was Printed in England (as Maſter *Cambden* told me) this being the ſame that the Earle gaue the King, bound in greene Veluet, &c.

‖ *ceaſing.*] i. e. *ſeizing, or perhaps preying.*

§ Prince *Arthur* maried *Catharine*, Daughter of *Ferdinando* king of Spaine. By this deuice the Author ſeemes couertly to ſhew a diſtaſt of our Princes matching with Spaine.

The laſt ſat our late HENRY on a Throne
By one degree rais'd higher then the reſt;
About whoſe brow an heauenly glory ſhone,
And certaine beames appeared from his breaſt,
Which who ſo did with neerer eye admire
Were ſtriken blinde, or had their hearts on fire.

Where when I ſaw that Brow, that Cheeke, that Eye,
Hee left imprinted in *Eliza's* face,
That louely cheere and gracefull Maieſtie
In hopefull CHARLES that take their ſecond place.
With Ioy ſurprized to my home before
I bad returne, wee cared for no more.

FINIS.

A* EPICEDIVM

of the Author.

STay Royall Body ere thou go'ſt
To ſleepe in Mothers armes the duſt:
And let our Teares diſtilling faſt,
Embalmne the Louely Limmes the laſt,
Whom Heauen ſo deere while here did hold,
It tooke both Modell and the mold
From Nature, leaſt there might remaine,
A hope to haue his like againe:
HENRIE too too forward Roſe,
HENRIE terror to his foes,
HENRIE Friendes and Fathers ſtay,
HENRIE Sunne-riſe of our Day,
HENRIE Loadſtar of the Arts,
HENRIE Loadſtone of all harts.
But now our bud hath bid the froſt,
And Britaine, warlike *Arthur* loſt:
Friendes and fathers want their ſtay,
And ouer-clouded is our day,
This ſtarre is fallen from our ſight,
And loſt with all our compaſſe quite.
Oh loſſe of loſſes, griefe of griefe,
Beyond compaſſion or reliefe!

* The difference between an *Epicede* and *Epitaph* is (as *Seruius* teacheth) that the *Epicedium* is proper to the body while it is vnburied, the *Epitaph* otherwiſe; yet our Poets ſtick not to take one for the other: it hath the Etymon from ἐπὶ δαῖς, which is *curaro inferias*, ſaith *Scaliger:* in Poet.

†But was our young *Iosias* shot
From *Babell*, *Ægypt* ward or not?
His Iourney scarsly yet begunne,
Or was this deede by Heauen done?
The cause were Earths all Horrid crimes,
Hatch'd in these faithlesse fruitlesse times:
'Tis sinne hath drawne the deluge downe
Of all these teares, wherein we drowne,
Wherein not onely we are drent*,
But all the Christian continent;
Yea vtmost climes and coastes vnknowne,
Whereto his winged Fleete is flowne,
Whose Pilot while the Maister sleepes,
Is sounding of the Northerne deepes,
Encounting Icie Mountaines, Coasts,
Rak'd vp in Snowes, or bound with frosts:
Who saue the Deitie diuine,
Could say the depth of his designe?
As when a Comet doth amaze,
The world with it's prodigious blaze,
While in some pitchie night, from North,
Sword-brandisht flames it shooteth forth,
All ghessing what it might it portend,
Or where th'effect would fall i'th'end,
So when this youth in Armor shone,
He was with terror look'd vpon,
Which way mought turne his sword or launce,
To Turke, to Spaine, to Rome, or Fraunce:
But this a Meteor was, no Starre,
Imperfect mixt as glories are;

Though

† Kings 2, Cap. 23. Ver. 29.
* *Drent*, i. e. *drown'd*.

Though *Belus* terme himſelfe a God,
And *Commodus* beare *Hermes* rod;
Marcellus call in thunder downe,
From Heauen, an artificiall crowne,
Clearchus in his charge beare fire,
Auguſtus clepe the Sunne his Sire,
Domitian his owne Mother ſcorne,
To ſay of *Pallas* he was borne,
Yet all are *Adams* earthy weake,
Adord like Idols till they breake;
Become the ſcorne of Time and Fate,
And obiects of the meaneſt Hate.
By *Bodkins greateſt *Cæſar's* dead,
A Shepherdeſſe take *Cyrus* head,
A Weaſils bite kils *Ariſtide*,
And Lice did puniſh *Herods* pride:
Blinde Times aſcribing theſe to be
Th'effects of Fate or Deſtinie
Ineuitable; mocking vs
With th'Atomes of *Democritus*.
The Soule of this which World we call,
Or Influence Cœleſtiall,
'Tis no *Ægyptian* Iron Line,
But prouidence of Power Diuine;
Whoſe high *Ideas* are beeings,
And all Eſſentiall formes of things,
Diſpoſing of all here below,
Whoſe ends himſelfe doth onely know:
Who made a cord of ſeuerall ſinne,
To whip vs out, or hold vs in.

* "*When he himſelf might his quietus make*
"*With a bare bodkin*".——HAMLET.
Bodkin is the old word for *a dagger* or *poniard*.

That what *Rome* of her *Titus* ſaid
May to late *Henry* be applied;
That he for his owne good is gone,
But for our full affliction:
For whoſe deare loſſe, oh let the Towers
Of each heauen-daring crime of ours
Be caſt to ground, as *Carthage* were,
When ſhe her Princes death did heare:
And to expreſſe her ſorrow more,
Her wals with blacke quite couer'd o'er.
Or with th' Ægyptians let vs mourne
Tenne times ſeauen days about his Vrne:
Or ſtrow his Herſe with bud and bloome,
As *Thetis* her *Achilles* Tombe:
Or crowne his Aſhes left to vs,
As they did of *Demetrius*:
Or hang, with *Athens*, Laurell by,
In ſignall of his Victory,
Triumphing* ouer Sinne and Death,
Wherewith wee ſtruggle ſtill beneath;
That happy thus, why (fooles) doe wee
With vaineſt vowes ſollicite thee?
Teares after teares to Heauen ſend,
That ſhould vpon our ſelues deſcend?
But rather let thee quiet reſt,
Where thou perpetually art bleſt:
Then farewell *Henry* heauenly Iemme,
Adorning new *Hieruſalem*;
Farewell thy Britaines broken Shield;
Farewell the Honor of the Field;

Farewell

* Triúmphing] *In our elder writers we always, I believe, find this, and its radical word accented on the ſecond ſyllable.*

Farewell the Joy of King and Mother;
Farewell *Eliza's* deareſt Brother;
Farewell the Church and Learnings prop;
Farewell the arme that held me vp;
Farewell the golden dayes of mirth;
Farewell the beſt-beſt§ Prince of earth;
Farewell. Perforce I ceaſe to mourne,
For tears mine Inke to water turne.

To the buried Prince.

* As from each angle of the Vault
Wherein thou lyeſt, a line is brought
Vnto the Kingly founders heart;
So vnto thee, from euery part,
See how our loues doe runne by line,
And dead, concenter in thy Shrine.

An

§ Beſt-beſt] *In Spenſer we read "An old old man."*

*Hee alludeth to that famous worke of *Henry* the ſeauenths Chappell, ſo contriued, that from every window in the ſame, in the Foundation, a line was laid to the Kings Graue, and in the ſame to his heart, as hee ordained it in his life.

XXIII
C 18

An Elegiacke EPITAPH vpon the vntimely death of the hopefull Prince HENRIE, &c.

Written by the Author, at the time of his DEATH.

WHO ere thou art that paſſeſt by,
And canſt not read for weeping eye
Our interrupted Lines, or ſpeake
For ſighes, that ſwollen hart would breake;
Imagine Heauens and Earth reply,
Our Hopes are fal'n, and here they lye:
For Griefe her ſelfe is ſtricken dumbe,
To ſee this worthieſt worthies toombe,
And Earth to hide from mortall ſight
The worlds ſole wonder and delight,
The richeſt Iemme ere *Nature* wrought
For prizeles forme, of pureſt thought,
For chaſt deſire, for Churches zeale,
For care and loue of common weale;
For manly ſhape, for active might,
For Courage and Heroique ſprit,
For Loue of Armes and Heauenly Arts,
For Bounty toward all beſt deſerts:
That euen by Teares of yet vnborne,

His

His marble will be waſh'd and worne:
For liuing we, though deadly ſhot,
Stand at the gaze but feele it not.
Oh neuer land had ſuch a loſſe

But certaine ſoule thou art but gone,
To thy new coronation;
Thy preſence Heauen, thy ſtate a Throne,
Thy Carpet Starres, to tread vpon,
Full glory for a Crowne of gold,
But ſhining this accurſed mold.
For awfull Scepter, or thy Rod,
A palme; thy friends, the Saints of God:
When Paraſite, nor Spangled groome,
With Courtiers vaine accloy thy roome;
Where Siſters, Friends, thy comming greete,
With Himnes and Halleluiahs ſweet.
That from the height of bliſſe aloft
Thou view'ſt methinkes our Manſion oft:
Braue *Hampton*, checking Heauen with ſtate;
Or *Richmond*, thy belou'd of late,
And bid'ſt Adiew theſe heapes of clay,
Cares reſtles roomes, Innes for a day.
Oh that the Heauens deny it me,
Here loathing life, to follow thee!
But till my death I weare my dayes
In zealous teares, and in thy praiſe;
Since I may neuer liue to ſee
A *Prince*, or *Henrie*, like to thee.

* *A line wanting in the original.*

FINIS.

SEQVENTIA

Doctiſsimi Amici Carmina, Lachrumarum coronidem, ob elegantiam, & Autoris ſingularem in Principis defuncti Pietatem, & Amorem, meritò adpoſuimus.

POST NENIAS

ΤΩ͂Ν Γ'ΑΛΕΜΙΖΟ'ΝΤΩΝ ad Funus diù diù Britannis Lugendum!

HENRIC. BRIT. PR.

& Deliciarum.

Βο'ΣΠΟΡΕ, σεῖο γόων, ΚΑΜΟΡΙ͂Θ'Α τε, σεῖο πένυσμαι,
Τῶν δ'ἀποδημήντ☉, τῶν προπέροιθε θεῦ,
Ε'ις μέγαν Ε'Ρ'ΡΙΚΟΝ. Μέγα θαῦμα δὲ ΦΟ͂ΙΒΟΝ ἀπεῖναι
Εἶο ναῶν, Μύσαις μήτ' ἐπαρωγὸν ἑοῖς.
Α'λλ' ὕπαρ ὄιδα λογον. Θεὸς ἄσχολ☉, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
Πρὸς ΜΟ͂ΤΣΑΣ ὀλίγως ἔξοχα τάτ|ε φίλως.
Κλητος ἄρ ἀγχίμολον ποτ' Ολύμπια δώματ' ἐβάινεν
Καὶ, πολυθαμβής περ, κλαίε θεοῖσιν ὁμῶς.
Κλαίε θεοῖσιν ὁμῶς: ὀλοφύρετο ΖΕΥΣ, ἐμὸν ἔρ☉
Κόπτεται, ἔνγε ἕροῖς ἤδεν ἔϊσον ἔφυ.
Ο͂ντε θάλος γλυκερὸν ΠΑΦ'ΙΗ ἄιαζεν, Ε'ΡΩΤΕΣ
Α'ιάζυσι, νέας καί ΧΑ'ΡΙΤΕΣ χάριτας.

(*) Ε'γκαλέυθ'

Ἐγκαλέυσι κακὰς κῆρας· προσεῖπε δ' ΕΝΤΩ᾽
ΚΑΝΔΑΟΝ᾽, Οὗτος ἦην, ἐν χθονίοισιν, ΑΡΗΣ.
Τὸν σφετέριζε σοφὸς ΚΑΔΜΙΛΟΣ, τὸν γε ΠΟΣΕΙΔΩΝ,
Ισοθέντε περιξ πάντας ὀδυρμὸς ἔχει.
Πάντας ἐρισμαρ᾽ ἔχει. ωλην Φοίβος· τὶς παρὰ θνητοῖς
Τάρχεσι τῆς Ἀρετῆς ἄρκετος; ἄντις ὅλως.
Οὔτις ὅλως νοέει τὰ ΒΡΕΤΑΝΝΙΚΑ τήμαλα μύθοις
Γνωτὰ θεῖοισι, γονῶν ἑσπομένωντε μόρῳ.
Σπαρνος ἀριθμὸς ἦην Θιάσῳ κεχαρισμένος ὕμνοις,
Ὅς περι τόσσον, ἐπὸς παῦρον, Ἄνακλα λέγοι.
Λέξε· χ᾽ ΑΗΔΟΝΙΕΙΣ μινύριζον, τῶν μετὰ ΚΙΣΣΑΙ.
Αἴ χ᾽ ἀποδημάντος, χἄι περπάροιθε θεῦ.

*I. S.** è Soc. Int. Templi.

EPITAPHIVM,

Eodem Auctore.

HIC quis iacet libentiùs proh! dixeram,
Nisi rettulissent Neniæ tot vndiq;
Tot vndiq; & Lessi; malum! Vos *Futiles*
Exeste sultis. Metus adest à Posteris,
Seris Nepotibus, ne Diris malè ferant
Líras vouentes, perquàm iniquas Principi
Liras! Quis, ast Viator, *Illius* memor
Esse potis est satis? Sed impares *Clari*
Fuêre *Vates*. Quicquid *Humanum* magìs
Impar; quod olîm sentient *Britannides*
Olîm nimìs, cum grauiùs eheu! dixerit
Fatum hoc stupendum *Gnata temporis*. Sed
H A V E,
Henrice *Princeps*, *Magne*, *Semonum Decus*,
AETERNVM
H A V E.

(*) D Avreus

I. S.] John Selden. *From his extensive and multifarious learning, deservedly named the* Great Selden; *he died in* 1654, *and was buried on the south side of the round walk in the Temple Church. An account of him and his writings is in* Athen. Oxon, 2 Vol. Col. 179.
WHALLEY's New Edit. of BEN. JONSON, Vol 1, page 4.

Corona Principis.



AVreus huic vitæ ſpatium benè circulus actæ,
Vitauè quæ Regni ſorte beata fuit.
Iuncta cruci alterno ſtant ordine Lilia, miſcet
An quia diuerſus gaudia noſtra dolor?
Gemma animi fuerat Virtus *(Henrice)* relucens
Quælibet, antevenis qua probitate tuis.
Vnio (ait) primùm ſum facta *Britannia*, in iſto
Principe, candidius quo nihil orbe fuit.
Indomitas mentis vires Adamantina corda
Ipſe *Adamas* dederas, et didiciſſe pati.
Quantus eum ætherei cepiſſet Numinis ardor,
Cerule, nec falſus teſtis *Iaſpis* eras.
Tempora *Smaragdum* retuliſſe virentia Veris,
Rebar, et in multos ſpem ſupereſſe dies:
Deflua flore nouo, fit ſpes hæc Bruma dolôrum,
Præproperam vt necuit dira pruina Roſam.
Sanguine fœdatam palmam, ſpolia ampla, triumphos,
Principis innuerit *Martius* ille *Rubor*.
Hucq; *Amethyſte* venis de *Perſide*, pallor Iacchi,
Et quam mens illi, ſobria, ſana fuit.
Nec *Chryſolithus* abeſt, ceu quo radiantibus vndis
Splendet opum cumulus, ſplendet auîtus Honos.
Eſt tua de cœlis **Vngaria* lata corona,
In cœlos rapitur dignior iſta Polo.

* Coronã auream multis gemmis inſignitã cælitùs *S. Ladiſlao* Hungariæ Regi delatam legimus in Annal. Hun. quod ab illis adeo conſtanter creditur, vt penes quemcunq; ea ſit pro ligitimo Rege haberi debeat, *Vide Hiſt. Hung. Angl.*

Pluma triplex principis insigne.



QVam bene conuênit sorti tua Symbola Pluma;
Gloria cum fuerat, parua, caduca, leuis.

QVod Pius et prudens armisq; animosior esses,
Est tibi Pluma triplex, qua super astra volas.

ICH DIEN.

I.

Seruio.

SErvijt HENRICVS bis denos circiter annos,
Liber abinde fuit, Ciuis et æthereus.

H. P.

LIterulæ nostri communes Nominis, *H. P.*
Quam fero mœroris vos monumenta mei.

Roſa Britannica.



HEnrici *Henricus* Regis de ſanguine *Princeps*,
Enatuſq; Roſis, *Hinc Roſa vera fuit.*
Naſcitur ex *Veneris* Roſa vulnere, vulnera Regni
Reddunt hunc nobis. *Hinc Roſa vera fuit.*
In facie roſeuſq; pudor, candore remiſtus
Caſto flore placens. *Hinc Roſa vera fuit.*
Virtute, ingenio, pollebat viribus, Hoſtis
Senſerit has ſpinas. *Hinc Roſa vera fuit.*
Roſcebant *(Veneres Europæ) Tuſca Sabauda,*
Rure decus thalamis. *Hinc Roſa vera fuit.*
Intulit Ambroſios quàcunq; inceſſit odores
Numinis afflatus. *Hinc Roſa vera fuit.*
Cœlica mellificos ditabat dona labores
Elargitus opes. *Hinc Roſa vera fuit.*
Præproperè emicuit, cœliq; emarcuit ictu,
Solus Honos Hortis. *Hinc Roſa vera fuit.*

Terror

Carduus Scoticus.



TError eram Hoſtilis viuus modo, mortuus, Hoſti
Vt *Ziſcæ*, inijciant nomina ſola metum.
Deciduus fuera mihi flos, folia atq; caduca,
Nullaq; quæ noceat, ſpina relicta mihi;
Attamen abſtineas hoſtis, radice ſuperſtes
Idem vnuſq; tibi mœror, amâror, ineſt.

Dum mihi flos teneris lœtus rideret agellis,
Illucenſq; dies aureus omnis adeſt.
Vndiq; ſollicitat volitantùm turba procorum,
Et me fucus iners, ſedula quœrit apes,
Muſca dapem captans, crabro, tuq; inuida veſpa,
Et fame preſſa culex, pictaq; papilio.
Deſeror emoriens, ſi quid mihi caule relictum
Aulicus, aut Patris fiſcus, *Acanthis* erit.

Ad Principem defunctum.

SI quot corda tibi firmo iungantur amore,
Principe, cum Domino, contumulata forent:
Pyramidum moles reticeret Barbara *Memphis*,
Et *Mauſolæo* nullus adeſſet Honos.

Vltima quod mœſtas fundat mea Muſa querelas,
Et minùs in cineres officioſus eram:
Obſtupui, cœlo (*Niobes* ceu marmora) læſus,
Dum leuis in luctu garrit vbiq; dolor.

Epigramata alia.

QVos *Henrice* tui cœpiſti viuus amore,
Occîdis nimium funere ſæue tuo.

Vulnera quanta dedit tua Mors, *Henrice* Britannis,
Hei mihi vidiſſes, non fera bella putes.

Ad Lectorem.

MEnſe, ſapit carmen tibi noſtrum vt Scombrus *Iulo*
Lector ais, fletum plus et vbiq; ſatis:
Subſidunt (fateor) Lachrymarum flumina, regno
Intempeſtiuus non dolor iſte venit.

Conſcia mens Veri Famæ mendacia ridet;
Fama loquens Verum, vertitur in lachrymas.

Imminet *Henrico* morienti nubibus *Iris*,
Nuntia *Iunonis*, non fuit illa *Dei*.

Quod nullo prodiere tibi mea carmina cultu,
Nil mirum luctu ſqualleo et ipſe meo.

Nuptial

Nuptiall Hymnes:

In Honour of the MARRIAGE.

ALL Feares are fled, and from our Sphære
The late Eclipſe is vaniſh'd quite:
And now we entertaine the yeare
With *Hymenæus* chaſte delight:
Heauen, the firſt, hath throwne away
Her weary weede of mourning hew,
And waites *Eliza's* Wedding-day
In Starry-ſpangled Gowne of blew.

The Huntreſſe in her ſiluer Carre,
The Woods againe ſuruaieth now:
And that ſame bright *Idalian* Starre
Appeares on *Veſpers* vailed brow:
Let Earth put on her beſt aray,
Late bath'd in eye-diſtilled ſhowers;
And melt yee bitter Froſts away,
That kill'd the forward Hope of ours.

Yee higheſt Hils that harbour Snowes,
And arme your heads with Helmes of Ice,
Be Gardens for the *Paphian* Roſe,
The Lilly, Violet, or De-lis:
Low Vallies let your Plaines be ſpread
With painted Carpets of the Spring,
(Whereon *Eliza's* foote muſt tread)
*And euery where your odours fling.

And

* "——— *freſh gales and gentle airs*
" *Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings*
" *Flung roſe*, flung odors *from the ſpicy ſhrub.*"
Paradiſe Loſt. B. 8, V. 515, Seq.

And talleſt Trees, with tender'ſt Twigs,
Whom Winters-Storme hath ſtripped bare,
Leaue off thoſe rimy Periwigs,
And on with your more ſeemely haire.
Forget yee ſiluer-paued Flouds,
Your wonted rage, and with your ſound
Reuiue the Shores and ſhady Woods,
That lay in deepeſt ſorrow drown'd.

Tell *Amphitrite*, when you meete,
Eliza, Princeſſe, is a Bride:
And bid her with the Newes goe greete
The fartheſt Shoares at euery Tyde;
And as yee waſh high towred wals,
With gentle murmure in each eare,
Command theſe Royall Nuptials
Be ſolemnized euery where.

Let *Thracian Boreas* keepe within,
With **Eaſterne* Blaſts that crops doe kill,
And *Auſter* wetting to the ſkinne;
Be onely *Zephyre* breathing ſtill,
Warme *Zephyre* to perfume the Ayre,
And ſcatter downe in ſiluer Showers
A thouſand Girlonds for her haire
Of Bloſſome, Branch, and ſweeteſt flowers.

With Roſemarine, and verdant Bay,
Be wall and window clad in greene:
And ſorrow on him who this day
In Court a Mourner ſhall be ſeene.
Let Muſicke ſhew her beſt of ſkill,
Diſports beguile the irkſome night.
But take my Muſe thy ruder Quill,
To paint a while this royall ſight:
Proclaiming firſt, from *Thames* to *Rhine*
ELIZA *Princeſſe Palatine.*

Nymphes

* ~~Euſter~~ Eurus *ſhould have been named; that is, the* Eaſterne Blaſts *ſhould have been perſonified, as well as* Boreas, Auſter, *and* Zephyre, *or* Zephyrus, *the North, South, and Weſt Winds.*

2.

NYmphes of Sea and Land away,
This, ELIZA's Wedding day,
Helpe to dreſſe our gallant Bride
With the Treaſures that yee hide:
Some bring flowry Coronets;
Roſes white, and Violets:
Doris gather from thy Shore
Corall, Chryſtall, Amber, ſtore[1],
Which thy Queene in Bracelets twiſts[2]
For her Alabaſter wriſts[3],
While yee Siluer-footed Girles
Plat her Treſſes with your Pearles.
Others from *Pactolus* ſtreame,
Greete her with a Diademe:
Search in euery Rockie Mount
For the Iemmes of moſt account:
Bring yee Rubies for her Eare,
Diamonds to fill her Hayre,
Emrald greene and Chriſolite
Binde her Necke more white then white[4].
On her Breaſt depending be
The Onyx, friend to Chaſtitie;
Take the reſt without their place[5],
In Borders, Sleeues, her Shooes, or Lace.
Nymphes of *Niger* offer Plumes:
Some your Odors and Perfumes.
Dians Maids more white then milke,
Fit a Roabe of fineſt Silke:
Dians maids who wont to be
The Honor of Virginitie.
Heauens haue beſtow'd their grace,
Her chaſte deſires, and Angels face. *VRANIAS*

[1] Store] *A ſufficient quantity.*

[2,3] *In the original we read* twiſt *and* wriſt, *which I conceive were only errors of the preſs; as grammar requires* twiſts *in the firſt line of the couplet, and both rhime and reaſon* wriſts *in the ſecond.*

[4] More white then white.] *i. e. more white than even the abſtract idea of whiteneſs;* then *is commonly written by our elder authors for* than.

[5] Without their place.] *Without the particular place, or part of her dreſs, which they are to enrich or adorn, (whether borders, ſleeves, &c.) being ſpecified.*

3.

VRANIAS Sonne, who dwell'ſt vpon
The fertile top of *Helicon*,
Chaſte Marriage Soueraigne, and doſt leade
The Virgin to her Bridall Bed.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

With Marioram begirt thy brow,
And take the *Veile of yealow: now
Yee †Pinie Torches with your light,
To golden day conuert the night.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

See how like the *Cyprian* Queene,
ELIZA comes, as when (I weene)
On *Ida* hill the prize ſhe had
Allotted by the *Phrygian* Lad.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

As *Aſian* Myrtle freſh and faire,
Which *Hamadryads* with their care,
And duely tending by the flouds,
Haue taught to ouer-looke the Woods.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

Behold how *Veſper* from the ſkie
Conſenteth by his twinckling eye;
And *Cynthia* ſtayes her Swans to ſee
The ſtate of this Solemnitie.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

Wedlocke, were it not for thee,
Wee could not Childe nor Parent ſee;
Armies Countries to defend,
Or Shepheards hilly Heards to tend.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

But

* Called in Latine *Flammeum*, it was of a yellowiſh colour, & worne of the Romane Virgins going to be marryed, to conceale & hide their bluſhing and baſhfulneſs.

† *Plutarch* ſaith theſe Torches were of waxe, like ours; *Plautus* onely once mentioneth one of theſe waxen Lights, but for the moſt part, they were of Pine or thorne tree.

But *Hymen* call the Nymph away,
With Torches light the Children ſtay,
Whoſe ſparkes (ſee how) aſcend on hye,
As if there wanted Starres in Skye.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

As virgin Vine her Elme doth wed,
His Oake the Iuie ouer-ſpread:
So chaſte deſires thou ioynſt in one,
That diſvnited were vndone.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

But ſee her golden foote hath paſt
The doubted *Threſhold, and at laſt
Shee doth approach her Bridall-bed
Of none ſaue *Tyber* enuyed.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

Chaſt Mariage-bed, he ſooner tels
The Starres, the *Ocean* Sand, or ſhels,
That thinkes to number thoſe delights.
Wherewith thou ſhortneſt longeſt nights.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

With richeſt *Tyrian* Purple ſpred,
Where her deare Spouſe is laid on bed,
Like yong *Aſcanius*, or the Lad
Her Loue the Queene of *Cyprus* had:
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

Young *Frederick* of Royall Ligne,
Of *Caſſimiers*, who on the *Rhine*
To none are ſecond ſaid to be,
For † Valour, Bounty, Pietie.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

*The Bride neuer vſed to touch the threſhold (which cuſtome is yet obſerued in ſome places of Italy) but very warily paſſed over the ſame, leaſt charmes or ſome other kinde of Witch-craft might be laid vnder the ſame, eyther to cauſe debate, or to the hinderance of procreation. By the Threſhold, at her comming home, was ſet fire and water, which ſhee touched with eyther hand.

† *Vienna* valiantly defended by *Philip, Earle Palatine*, againſt *Soliman*, who beſieged it with 300,000. men. *An.* 1529.

Come Bride-maide *Venus* and vndoe
Th' Herculean knot with fingers two,
And take the *girdle from her waſt,
That Virgins muſt forgoe at laſt.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.
Scatter §Nuts without the Dore,
The Married is a Childe no more,
For whoſoere a wife hath wed,
Hath other buſineſſe in his head.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.
Where paſſe ye many an happy night,
Vntill *Lucina* brings to light,
An hopefull Prince who may reſtore,
In part, the loſſe we had before.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.
That one day we may liue to ſee,
A *Frederick Henry* on her knee,
Who mought to *Europe* giue her law,
And keepe encroaching Hell in awe.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.
Vpon whoſe Brow may Enuie read,
The reconcile of Loue and Dread,
And in whoſe Roſie cheek we ſee,
His Mothers gracefull Modeſtie.
Io Hymen Hymenæus.
But Muſe of mine we but moleſt,
I doubt, with ruder ſong their reſt,
The Dores are ſhut, and lights about
Extinct, then time thy flame were out,
Io Hymen Hymenæus.

Th'

*This girdle was dedicated to *Diana*, whom the Grecians called λυσιζώνη, and the Latines *Cinxia:* it was wouen with wool, and knit with a kinde of knot which they called *Herculean*, in ſigne of fruitfulnes, which Virgins ware, and neuer was taken away vntill the firſt night of their Marriage, which then the bride maid vnknit but with two fingers onely.

† Nuts at their going to bed were woont to be throwne among children & thoſe without the dore; in token (as *Scaliger* ſaith) of renouncing the delights of youth and childhood, and vndertaking the weighty charge of houſhold affaires. Diuers other opinions the auncient writers haue had hereof.

4.

TH' *Idalian* Boy no ſooner with his Fire,
Had warm'd the breſt of Honour'd *Caſimire:*
(That now he leaues the Nimphes along his *Rheine*,
T'eſpouſe *Eliza*, with Saint *Valentine*.)
But ſmiling at the Newes, away he hi'de
To *Cyprus*, where his Mother did abide.
There is a Mount within this ſacred Ile,
Right oppoſite againſt ſeauen-headed *Nile*,
Another way affronting *Pharos* bright,
That many a mile, the Sea-man lends her light:
Here on a plaine, to mortall wight vnknowne,
Where neuer ſtorme, or bitter blaſt had blowne;
Or candi'd hoare-Froſt ſtrow'd[1] the cruſty earth;
But euer *May* of meriment and mirth.
An hedge the ſame enuirons all of Gold,
Which *Mulciber*, for ſweet embracements ſold
And wanton dalliance, to the *Cipryan* Dame;
(Tis ſaid) and ſince ſhe hath poſſeſt the ſame.
Where ſtill the fields with veluet-greene are ſpred,
And bloſſomes paint the woods all white and red,
No Bird may perch her on the tender bow
But ſuch for voyce as *Venus* ſhall allow.
The trees themſelues doe fall in loue with either,
As ſeemes by kiſſing of their tops together:
And ſoftly whiſpring; when ſome gentle gale
[2]Chides from the Mountaine, through the ſhady Vale,
Now from a Rocke within, two fountaines fall,
One ſweet, the other, bitter as the gall,
Herein doth *Cupid* often ſteepe his darts,
When h'is diſpos'd to ſeuer louing harts.
A thouſand *Amorets* about doe play
(Borne of the Nymphes) theſe onely wound, they ſay,

The

[1] Strow'd, *or* Strew'd.] *In the original it is* ſhow'd; *which I conceive to have been an error of the preſs, and have accordingly corrected it.*

[2] Chides from the Mountaine.] Chides *here means only* ſounds, *or* ſings; *See the note on* "Such gallant *chiding*."]
Shakſpeare, Ed. 1778, Vol. 3, Page 96.

The common people; *Venus* darling, hee
Aimes at the Gods, and awfull Maieſtie:
And many a *Power* elſe in this place is found,
As *Licence*, euer hating to be bound,
Wrath, eaſie to be reconcil'd, and *Teares*;
[3]Slie *Theft*, and iocund *Pleaſure*, and pale *Feares*:
And ouer-head doe flutter in the bowes
With painted wings, *Lyes*, *Periuries* and *Vowes*.
Hence *Age* is baniſh'd. Here is ſeene beſides
The Goddeſſe Court, where alway ſhe reſides,
This *Lemnius* built of Gold and rareſt Iemmes,
That like a Mount quite hid with Diadems
It ſeemes; where Art and Coſt with each contend[4],
For which the Eye, the Frame ſhould moſt commend.
Here *Cupid* downe with weary wing did light,
And iocund comes into his Mothers ſight,
With ſtatefull gate: who from a burniſh'd Throne,
Embraces, with Ambroſian Armes, her Sonne;
And thus begins; the newes my louely Boy,
And cauſe of thy arriues[5], and this new joy?
Haſt thou againe turn'd *Iö* into' a Cow[6]?
Or wanton *Daphne* to a Lawrell-bough?
What Man, or Power immortall, by thy Dart,
Is falne to ground, that thus reuiu'd thou art?
With many a Nectar kiſſe, milde Loue replies,
Our Bow ne'er bare away a greater prize:
Knowes not the Goddeſſe by the fertile *Rheine*,
Young *Fredericke*, borne of imperiall Ligne,

Deſcended

[3] Slie *Theft*, &c.] *In the original it is*
Slie *Theft*, and *Pleaſure*, pale, and iocund *Feares:*
which being evidently wrong, I have arranged as above.

[4] " ——— *Where Art and Coſt with each contend,*
" *For which the Eye, the Frame ſhould moſt commend.*]
" ——— —while both contend
" To win her grace, whom all commend." Milton's L'Allegro.

[5] Arrive.] *Uſed ſubſtantively for* Arrival.

[6] Haſt thou againe turn'd *Iove* into a Cow? *is the original reading.* Jupiter *chang'd* Iö *into a Cow, but aſſumed the form of a Bull himſelf; I imagine the author wrote* Haſt thou againe turn'd *Iö* into' a Cow? *meaning,* Haſt thou, Love, *been the cauſe of ſuch a metamorphoſis, as was the changing of* Iö *into a Cow, or of* Daphne *into a Lawrell? and I have ſo altered the text.*—Wanton *is a very improper epithet for* Daphne, *who was changed into a Laurel to preſerve her chaſtity.*

Deſcended from that braue[1] *Rolando* ſlaine,
And worlds great Worthy, valiant [2]*Charle-Maigne:*
This hopefull Impe is ſtricken with our Bowe,
Wee haue his Armes, and three-fold Shield to ſhow;
[3] *Franconias* Lyon, and this of [4]*Baueir*,
A potent Heyre deriu'd to *Caſſimire*.

Another

([1]) A moſt valiant Souldier, and Nephew to *Charlemaine*, who with his companion *Oliuer*, was ſlaine vpon the *Pyranæan* Hils, in *Rouci* valley, or *Roulandi* valley, warring againſt the Infidels. His Horne wherewith he called his Souldiers together, and his Sword are yet to be ſeene at a Village in *Xantoigne:* of whom, as of the Emperour *Charlemaigne* the *Palſgraue* is lineally deſcended.

([2]) *Pipin* King of *France*, the Father of *Carolus Martellus*, he begat *Pipin* the Father of *Charlemaigne*, auncetour to Count FREDERICK: I will ſhortly publiſh the Pedigree itſelfe, being too long for this place.

The editor does not know whether or not Peacham fulfilled this promiſe.

([3]) Whoſe ancient Armes was the Lyon, which the *Hollanders* beare, as deſcended from the auncient *Franci*. The *Romane* Empire was diuided into two Kingdomes; the one called *Lombardicum*, the other *Teutonicum:* this latter, being indeede *Germany* it ſelfe, was againe ſubdiuided, and gouerned *iure Franconico & Saxonico:* that of *Saxonie* ſtretched it ſelfe vnto the *Balticke-ſea;* the other of *Franconia* contained eyther ſide about the *Rhine*, *Sueuia*, *Franconia* Eaſt, and all *Bauaria*. The Palatinate of the *Rhene* to make a difference betweene that of *Saxonie*, had the beginning in the time of *Otho* the third Emperour, about the yeere of Grace, 985. At what time the ſeauen Electors were ordained at *Quedlingburge*.

([4]) *Otto* the Sonne of *Lewes* Duke of *Bauaria*, or rather *Boiaria*, marryed *Agnes* Daughter and Heire of *Henry*, Count Palatine of the *Rhine*, in the yeere 1215, (as ſaith *Auentinus*) which was the firſt vniting of theſe noble Houſes. *Bauaria*, was ſometime a great Kingdome lying one part vpon *Hungary*, the ſecond vpon the *Adriatique-Sea*, the third vpon *Franconia*. Out of this Family have many worthy Emperours deſcended, in a manner, by continuall ſucceſſion, vnto our times. The Coate or Armes of *Bauaria* or *Boiaria* is Maſculy Argent and Azure, which had the beginning (as is verily ſuppoſed) at the ſame time when *Chrixus*, Duke of the *Boij* or *Bauarians*, tooke the Capitoll of *Roome*, whoſe Souldiers had their Caſſockes wrought of the ſame manner and forme, which *Virgil* (whoſe penne wrote nothing in vaine) teſtifieth in the eight Booke of his *Æneidos*, reporting they were ſuted *Sagulis virgatis:* which kinde (ſaith *Diodorus*) were *interſtincta, & coloribus variegata in teſtellatam ſpeciem*.

Another [5] Argent onely, long they bore,
Till charg'd by *Charles* the laſt, late Emperour,
That as [6] Arch-*Sewer*, and [7] *Elector*, this
Hee beares, ſaue honor, adding nought of his.
What Coaſt or Country haue not heard their Fame?
Or who not lou'd their euer-honour'd Name?
Yet trembled at from fartheſt [8] *Caſpian* Sea,
And *Scythian Tanais*, to the *Danubie*.

ELIZA'S

([5]) The third and middlemoſt, borne by the *Palatine*, was onely white, till the time of *Charles* the fift, who beſtowed the Pall, or Mound, for the charge vpon *Frederieke* the ſecond, Count *Palatine*, in regard it is his office to deliuer it into his hand at his Coronation. It is called in Greeke μῆλον, *(Cedrenus)* and he that bare it, μηλοφόρος, *(Glycas)* and was vſually borne by the Grecian Emperours. Concerning the Fable, how the forme of it was ſhowne vnto Pope *Benedict* in a dreame, I let it paſſe, as frivolous.

([6]) Howſoeuer it pleaſeth *Bodin*, *lib. de Rep. cap.* 9. to ieſt at the *Germaine* Princes, in regard of theſe their dignities at the Emperours Coronation, where he ſaith; **Les Electeurs portent le qualitez de varlets domeſtiques, comme boutelliers, eſcuiers, eſchanſons de l'Empereur:** The beginning and vſe hereof is moſt honourable and auncient. *Nicephorus* ſaith, that in the time of *Conſtantine* the great, that the office of Arch-*Sewer* was aſſigned to *Roſſicus*, a great Prince, his woŕdes be; Ρωσικος την τε ζάσιν και τοἄξιωμα τῦ ἐπὶ τῆς τραπέζης παρὰ τῦ μεγαλυ κεκλήρωται Κωνσταντίνυ. And whoſoeuer liſt to ſee the large priuiledges which haue been graunted *Archidapifero. S. I.* let him reade the Golden Bull of *Charles* the fourth Emperour.

([7]) By which Bull the ſenior Electorſhip is alſo confirmed to the *Palatine*, in theſe wordes; *Quoties ſacrum vacare continget Imperium Illuſtris Comes Palatinus S.I. Archidapifer ad manus futuri Regis Romanorum, in partibus Rheni, & Sueuia, &c. debet eſſe prouiſor.* By the ſame Bull the *Palatine* may call the Emperour to his tryall, (but within the limits of his owne court) hee may redeeme, and recall, any alienation made vniuſtly by the Emperour, lands pawned or ſolde, &c. One goeth farther, and affirmeth that if the Emperour be conuict of any capitall crime, the *Palatine* himſelfe is to cut off his head with a golden Axe, upon his Shield: but mine Author worthily condemneth this as an idle and ridiculous ieſt.

([8]) From hence had the Turkes their firſt Originall. *Danubie* is in a manner the bounds of the *Ottomans* Empire, vpon the Weſt, whereon ſtandeth the famous *Vienna* in *Auſtria*, ſo valiantly defended by *Philip Count Palatine* againſt *Soliman* in the time of *Charles* the fift, whereof wee haue already ſpoken.

ELIZA's Name, I know, is not vnknowne
Vnto my Queene, the ſecond vnto none,
For beauty, ſhape of body, euery grace,
That may in earthly Maieſtie take place;
That were not *Venus* daily ſeene of mee,
I would haue ſworne this Princeſſe had beene ſhee.
Haſt *Cytherea*, Leaue thy natiue Land,
And ioyne them quickly by the Marriage band.
The Queene her Sonne remouing from her lap,
Her haire of wiery gold ſhee treſſeth vp[7];
Throwes on her Veile, and takes the Girdle chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe quiets ſtormes, and euery blaſt,
Allaies the ſwelling flouds, and furious ſea;
Whereto full ſpeedily ſhe takes her way:
And here arriu'd, ſends forth a *Cupid* faire,
Dreſt like a Sea-Nymph, with a ſiluer hayre:
To ſearch the deepe, and bring vnto the ſhore
Some *Triton*, able to conuay her o'er;
Which if hee did performe with nimble ſpeede,
A golden Bowe and Shafts ſhould be his meede.
No ſooner *Loue* had diu'd into the Maine,
But on the ſurge appear'd a wondrous traine
Of Sea-gods, Tritons, Nymphes, who equall ſtroue
The formoſt who ſhould aide the Queene of Loue;
Firſt, *Neptune*, mounted on a * Grampas crown'd
With Roſes, calm'd the *Ocean* all around:
Palæmon on a Seale with hoary lockes,
Begirt with Samphire from the neighbour rockes:
An vgly Whirlepoole *Nereus* beſtrides,
With Trident galling oft his lazie ſides.
Among the Maids ſlie *Glaucus* hindmoſt lagges,
Vpon a Porpoſe brideled with flagges.
Next *Venus* comes, with all her beauteous crew,
Whom Dolphins in a ſhelly Chariot drew.

7. *This line is extremely in* Spenſer's *manner*.

* A Fiſh almoſt as bigge as the Whale.

No Nymph was there but did ſome gift beſtow,
That did in *Amphitrites* boſom grow:
[8]*Cymothoe* brought a girdle paſſing faire
Of ſiluer, twiſted with her Chriſtall haire.
Young *Spathale*, a pearely Carcanet,
And *Clotho* Corrall good as ſhe could get.
Faire *Galatea* from the *Perſian* Shore,
Strange Iemmes and Flowers, ſome vnknowne before,
Which to ELIZA, as their loues they ſent,
(Herewith adorning *Venus* as ſhe went)
Whom when they had conducted to our *Thame*,
And view'd the ſpatious channell of the ſame,
Admir'd our Chalkie Cliffes, ſuruai'd each Pierre,
Our fertile Shores, our Ships, and Harbours here,
They backe vnto their boundleſſe home doe hye;
But in a cloud the Queene aſcends the ſkie,
And takes her way vnto the Royall Hall,
Where downe, ſhe did no ſooner ſoftly fall,
But Clouds were fled that ouer-caſt the ayre,
[9]And *Phœbus* threw about his golden hayre:
*Eke Snow-treſs'd *Ianuary* (ſeldome ſeene)
Vpon his brow had got a wreath of greene.
Ioy was in Court, and iocund mirth poſſeſt
The hearts of all, from greateſt to the leaſt,
(Yet knew they not the cauſe) the windowes lay
Beſtrow'd with Primroſe, Violets, and Bay.
Now *Children* looke (quoth ſhee) you baniſh hence
Affaires of State, ambitious difference,
Complaints, and Faction, melancholy Feares,
All Parſimonie, Sighes, and former Teares.
Let Nights in royall banquetting be ſpent,
Sweet Muſicke, Maſques, and ioyous merriment.
Now *Pleaſure* take her fill; bring *Graces* Flowers;
With Torches *Hymen* plant the lofty Towers;
Twine, *Concord*, double Girlonds, *Cupids* you
Some gather branches from the Myrtle bough, And

[8] *See the enumeration of* Sea-Nymphs *in* THE FAERIE QUEENE. B. 4. C. 11. S. 48. Seq.

[9] *This is a moſt elegant line!*

* *See* Spenſer's *beautiful deſcription of the Months and Seaſons;* F. Q. B. 7. C. 7. S. 28. Seq.

And guild the roofe with waxen lights on high;
Tacke (others) vp rich Arras busily;
Some cast about sweet waters; others clense
With Myrrhe, and best *Sabæan* Frankinsence,
The Curtaines; others fit about her Bed,
Or for her foote the floore with Veluet spred.
Which said, into the Chamber of the Bride,
Who lay to rest, she passed vnespide,
And secretly instructs her how to loue,
Recounting euery pleasure shee should proue:
And vrgeth that each Creature's borne to be
The Propagator of Posteritie.
And now and then, shee casteth in betweene,
Their Legends that haue faithfull Louers beene:
Shee tels of *Dido*, and *Lucretia* chaste,
Camilla, *Hero*, *Thisbe*, and the rest;
And many a Booke shee had at fingers end,
Which for her purpose oft shee can* commend.
Now as the Aire 'gan more and more to cleare,
The Goddesse plainly did at last appeare.
Whose burnish'd haire the goodly roome did guild,
And with a sweet Ambrosian odor fill'd;
That seeing now ELIZA's goodly grace,
Her daintie fingers, and her faireſt face:
Shee stood amazed, and with a Nectar kisse,
Shee bow'd her selfe, and boldly vtter'd this.
All happinesse vnto the Princesse be,
The Pearle and Mirrour of great *Brittannie*,
For whose deere sake, I this aduenture tooke,
And *Paphos* with my *Cyprus* sweet forsooke;
Drawne by the Rumor of thy Princely Name,
And pitty of the hopefull *Frederickes* flame:
Though thou wert not a Princesse by thy birth,
This face deserues the greatest King on Earth;
What hand so fits a Scepter, and what Eye,
Did euer sparke with sweeter Maiestie:

*Can] did; *so used frequently by* Spenser: *See* Upton's *Glossary to* THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Thy lips the Roſes, whiteſt necke excells
The mountaine ſnow, and what is whiter els.
With equall temper how the white and red,
(Our cullors,) are vpon thy cheeke diſpred;
The fingers of the Morning doe not ſhine,
More pleaſing then thoſe beauteous ones of thine:
If *Bacchus* crown'd his Loue with many a ſtarre,
Why art thou yet vncrowned, fairer farre?
Oh Virgin, worthy onely not* of *Rhine*,
And that ſweet ſoile, thy [1] *Countie* [2] *Palatine*,
(Where [3] *Moſe*, the *Moene*, the *Nah*, and *Nicer* clear,
With *Nectar* runne againſt thy comming there)
But of a world, due to thoſe guiftes of thine,
Which in thee more than all thy Iewels ſhine.
This ſaid, about her Iuory necke ſhee hung
The *Nereids* tokens, which ſhe brought along;
And with a needle curl'd her louely haire,
Then Gallant Pearles beſtow'd at either eare:
And ore her head ſhe threw her Sindon vaile,
That farre adowne (upborne by Nimphes) did traile.

By

* Onely not *is here an inverſion for* not onely.

[1] They were called, Comites, or Earles, among the Romans; who alwaies followed the Emperour in his Court; out of theſe number were elected the choiſeſt, and ſent to gouerne ſundry Prouinces, as *Comes, Africæ, Tingitaniæ, Littoris Saxonici, &c.* Beſides there were others called Comites, *Palatij qui præerant Palatio*, as it were viceroys in the Court of theſe, *Clotharius, Sigebert*, and other Kings of France had, whom they ſent viceroys into *Auſtraſia, Burgundie, &c.*

[2] *Palatine* is a name of office, deriued not from the Pallace in *Treuir*, nor from a Caſtle called *Die pfalsz* and of old *pfaltz greuenſtein*, in the middle of the *Rhene*, but of the Emperours Pallace whereof they had the charge and diſpoſing all affaires of the ſame, and was immediate next to the Emperours. I denie not but that there haue beene many *Palatines*, as the *Palatine* of *Troyes, Bloies, Champaigne, Hungary, Habſpurge*, and *Tubing*: but this is the greateſt and in a manner who hath worne out all the reſt: of whoſe familie haue beene nine or ten famous Emperours, they are lineally diſcend from *Pepin* King of Fraunce.

[3] Riuers that fall into the *Rhene* in the *Palatinate*.

By this, without a thouſand Virgins ſtai'd,
To lead along to Church the Princely maid,
With heauenly ſounds, (in fall of plenteous ſhowers,
Among the crew, of all the ſweeteſt flowers.)
That *Cytherea* leaues the Virgin now,
And takes her leaue with this, or other vow.
Liue Roiall Paire in peace and ſweeteſt Loue,
With all aboundance bleſt by heauen aboue;
A thouſand kiſſes binde your harts together,
Your Armes be weary with embracing either:
And let me liue to ſee betweene you twaine,
A *Cæſar* borne as great as *Charlemaine*.

There are ſo many beauties interſperſed throughout theſe poems, that I cannot but wonder they have been ſo little known and noticed.

FINIS.

Monumenti,

Monumenti,
Anno ſuperiori
In acta Diurna publica relati
Formula
De Deſtinatis
Superilluſtriſs. Prr.
Frederici V. Com. Palat. ad *Rhenum* Pr. Elect.
S. R. I. Archidapif. & Vic.
Et
Sereniſs. D. D. ELIZABETHÆ vnicæ
Potentiſs. D. N.
Iacobi Regis, & Chariſs. Filiæ,
Nuptijs.

CONſentes, *Socij*, *Lares*, quibúsq;
Fas eſt indugredi *Iouis* Senatum,
Adſint vt numerò, monet [1]*Camillus.*
Sic iuſſit *Cronius*. Frequens *Olympo*
Conſeſſus Superûm. Tonantis ora
Intenti adſpiciunt; Relationem
Exſpectant. *BONA*[2] ſcæua *FAVSTA*q; (orſus
Adfatur.) Teneræ in ſuis [3]*Britannis*

(Concham

[1] *Mercury;* to euery ſchoole boy he is common for *Ioues* meſſenger. But alſo his office was to ſummon the Gods of every ranke to Parliament, as you may ſee in *Lucians* Ζεὺς τραγ.

[2] Good Fortune. V. *Feſtum in Scæua.* in ſteed of *Quod bonum fauſtum fœlixq; ſit.* Which was ſolemnly vſed before euery matter of moment (as we vſe *Good ſpeed*, or ſuch like) and eſpecially before motions in the Senate, by thoſe which propoſed. *Cic.* 1. *de Diuinat. Donat. in Phorm. Terent. cæterùm apud Liuium paſſim.*

[3] For our Women (ſcarce equall'd, no where better'd) *Venus* may well call our Nation hirs. The Topique ſtarre alſo of *London* (Beauties confluence) is the *Harp*, being of hir nature in Aſtrologie. And her image and name hath been ghes'd to be in ſome Britiſh ſiluer coines. *Camd. ad Numiſmat. pag.* 71.

(Concham quæ meruit tenere eandem,
Quæ Germen *Charitum*, [4] Sacróq; Patrum
Regnat Stemmate) Virgini iugalem
Cypri Diua Potens torum rogauit,
Id *Tritonia*, *Juno* idem rogauit.
Quid cenſetis ? Erant Opinione
Pleri quàm vario, tamen volebant
Conſulti ſimúl Ordines [5] Bis octo,
Magnus ter Superis [6] *quatérq;* [7] *Amatæ*
Terreſtríq; Deæ vt Deus [8] *Daretur.*
Parcarum in Tabulas refertur. Vrget
(Quis dignus ?) *Iupiter*. Statìm rogantur
Terrarum *Genij*. Suis petendo
Ambit quisq; Deam : excipítq; [9] *Præſes*
Germanûm; Modò *Quintus* Ille [10] *Diues*
Noſtris *Pace* viret, *Quirine*, [11] *Rhenis*

Quoi

[4] Beſide the common reaſons of *Sacrum* attributed to great ſubiects, our Soueraigns anceſtors ſpecially deſerue it, for their ſolemne annointings at their Coronation, which is familiarly knowne vſuall to them and ſome other Princes. But in ours ſo ancient, that CIↃ yeeres ſince and more it was common to them, if *Gildas* deceiue not. *V. eum in Epiſt. de excid. Brit.*

[5] *Mart. Capella, lib.* 1. makes ſo many ſeuerall Eſtates (as it were) among the Deities.

[6] It is triuiall how *thriſe and foure times*, expreſſe a ſuperlatiue. But alſo it heere reſpects the Name of our Princeſſe *Elizabeth*, which together may ſignifie the *Septenary of God*. The number withall includes *Virginity*, & by the ancients was titled *Pallas. Mac: lib.* 1. *ad ſom. Scip.*

[7] It was alſo the name whereby the noble *Veſtals* were alwaies ceremoniouſly called when they were choſen. *Agell. Noct. Attic.* 1. *Cap.* 12. and fits (with the other ſenſe) for a Virgines name.

[8] Both holy and prophane authoritie ſtile great Princes, Gods. v. *Pſal.* 82. *& ſæpius alibi.*

[9] Euery ſtate or country hath been ſuppoſed to haue his Topique Gouernour, as a *Genius* or Angell. v. *Macrob. Saturn.* 2. *cap.* 9. Alios. *Symmachus. lib.* 1. *epiſt.* 40. *vt animæ naſcentibus, ita populis fatales Genij, diuiduntur.* See *Paralip.* 2. *cap.* 28. and what true Diuines haue vpon *Daniel, cap.* 9.

[10] *Diues pace* interprets *Frederique*, in old Engliſh or Dutch.——

[11] The people by *Rhine* in *Steph.* περι πολ.

Quoi te Magnanimum dediſſe Semen,
Quoi [12] *Malum, Cytherea,* te venuſtum,
Quoi dotes Animi liquet *Mineruam:*
Haùt eſt, tam meritò Parem *Britannam,*
Alter, qui cupiat. Pares *Amorum*
Pulli! quin Generis Pares honore!
Fit diſceſſio. Quotquot id Deorum
Cenſent vnanimi, nimìs *Minorum*
Antiſtant numero, qui alid proteruus.
Ceris *Fata* duint, iubet *Senatus.*
Perſcribunt. *Paphie, Cupidinésq;*
Aethon[13] *et Pyrois parate Flammas.*
[14] *Pattæci, Gemini, Thetísq; Conſe*
Veſtras Nodo operas. Propago Tamæ,

Rheni

[12] That Apples were as interceſſion, oft, for Loue, if you haue read any thing in old Poets, you muſt know, & that, fitting to this purpoſe, euery æquiuocation of it may be. That they are proper for *Venus* to giue, *Claudian's roſcida læti Mala legunt donum Veneris*, is teſtimonie, and an old alluſion in *Pindar. Iſthm.* 2. with many other. But the verſe here alludes alſo to that golden Apple, Globe, or Ball, which the *Palſgraues* of *Rhine* beare with an infixt croſſe in a Scutcheon pendant to their owne coate and that of *Bauiere*, as token of what they carry at the Emperours Coronation. Following the vulgar, I thinke of it by name of an Apple, but certainely it ſeemes it was purpoſed for a Symbole of the Earth, by the firſt inuentor, (which was *Iuſtinian* 1.) and the Croſſe vpon it interpreted, Our Sauiours paſſion on the earth, ſhewing, ὡς διὰ τῆς εἰς τὸν Σταυρὸν πίστεως τῆς γῆς ἐγκρατὴς γέγωνε, as expreſly *Codin* in *Orig. Conſtant.* and *Suid.* in *Inſtiniano.* i. *that through beliefe in the Croſſe hee became Ruler of the earth. Frederique II.* firſt bare it in the Scutcheon by grant of *Charles V.* Of it ſee more in *Marquhard. Freh. Orig. Palat.* 1. *Cap.* 15.

[13] They are vſed as for *Eros* & *Anteros* by *Claudian* in *Epithalam. Pall.* & *Serenæ.* viz. for the II. *Cupids* that make Loue mutuall.

[14] By that name were thoſe pictures titled, which the Gentiles painted for Tutelary Deities in the poupes of their ſhips. *Europe* had it from the *Phænicians.* v. *Suid.* in Πάταικοι Θεοί. *Feſt. in Europ. et ibid. Scaliger. quin et Tzetz. ad Lycophron. pag.* 11. *in* Ἄφλαστα. And a place of Scripture, *Act. Cap.* 28. *Com.* 11. may be hereon interpreted. But ſee there *Theophilact*, who places them in the Prowe. They & their fellowes in the verſe are all known Sea-gouernars.

Rheni vt fulgeat amplitèr [15]*Corollâ,*
Tædam præferat aut [16] *Amica* IVNO,
Aut CAIAE [17] *Genetrix. Sient* [18] *LYCAEA*
PANOS poſtridiè, vt Satu fruantur.
Adclamant Superi, PARES HAVETE.
Quis vidit *Venerem* auſpicatiorem?

I. S. *è Soc. Int. Templi.*

[15] And alſo as proper to the Marriage, *Crownes* were vſed to the couple in the Orientall Empire, as you may ſee in *Theophilact. Simocat. Hiſt. I. cap.* 10. *& ibid. Pontanum. Phranz. lib. II. cap.* 17. which I transferre not hither, but with alluſion.

[16] *Pronuba Iuno* is ſo familiar that none can be ignorant of her intereſt in Marriages; and for this Paſſage,—*Dat Iuno verenda Vincula, & inſigni geminat concordia tædâ. Papinius Syluar. I.* agreeing teſtimonies are obuious.

[17] *Caia* by the auncient Romane vſe, was a perpetuall name for euery Bride, and ſhee vſed to ſalute her huſband being firſt brought to him thus; *Vbi tu Caius, ego Caia.* The reaſon of it may be enquired in *Plutarch. Problem. Rom.* 30. *Valer. Epit. de Nom. Rat.* and elſe-where. And choiſe is giuen whether *Iuno*, or the Brides mother, beare the Light, being in this particular, Both *great Queenes:* and that, Mothers alſo did vſe ſo, authoritie is large. *Scholiaſt. ad Apollon. Argonautic. δ. & Euripid. in Phæniſſis*, with others.

[18] That, the Nuptials ſhould be the day before the *Lupercals* (i. *Lycæa*) which was a Sacrifice inſtituted anciently in *Rome*, and the chiefe effect was, that *young marryed women touch'd with a bloudy piece of Goates-ſkinne, ſhould be fertile in poſteritie.* The day of that was alwayes on the *XV. of Kl. February*, that is, the *XV.* of *February* with vs, which was the day after this happy Knot. For the *Lupercals*, *Plutarch, in Romulo. Ouid. Faſt. II. Halicarnaſs. lib. I.* are moſt particular.

The Manner of the Solemnization of this *Royall Marriage.*

THE proceeding was from the Priuie-Chamber through the Preſence, and Guard-Chamber, ouer the Tarras, through the new-built Roome, downe into the vtter Court*: where, from the Gate all along, vp againe to the great Chamber-dore, was a foote-pace made about ſixe foote high, and tailed in on eyther ſide, vp againe to the great Chamber-dore, and ſo by the way leading to the Cloſet, they went downe into the Chappell, where the Marriage was ſolemnized.

The order of the proceeding was thus: Firſt, came the *Palſgraue*, attended by diuers Noble-men, Knights, and Gentlemen, as well Engliſh as Strangers; himſelfe apparrelled all in *white*, being Cloath of ſiluer.

Then came the Bride, apparrelled alſo in *white*, (Cloath of Siluer alſo) with a Coronet on her head of Pearle, and her haire diſheueled, and hanging downe ouer her ſhoulders, lead to the Chappell (as I remember) by the Prince, and the Earle of *Northampton*, being Batchelors: (for in comming backe ſhe was lead by my Lord *Admirall*, and the Duke of *Lennox*.) And her Traine borne by eight or nine *Ladyes of Honor*: after whom followed the Queenes Maieſtie, with a great number of Ladies and Gentlewomen.

Then came the Kings Maieſtie, attended by moſt of the Nobilitie of the Land, and followed by the band of *Penſioners*, bearing their Axes, and proceeded as before, into the Chappell.

In the middeſt whereof was erected a Stage of fiue degrees, high railed on each ſide, and open at either end; the Raiſes couered

* Vtter.] *outer.*

couered with Cloath of Gold: vpon which was ſolemnized the afore-ſaid Marriage, which being conſummate by my *L. Grace of Canterbury*; and a Sermon made by the *B. of Bath and Welles*, Mr. *Garter* Principall *King of Armes*, publiſhed the ſtile of the Prince and Princeſſe, to this effect:

All Health, Happineſſe, and Honour be to the High and Mightie Princes, FREDERICK, *by the Grace of God Count* Palatine *of the* Rhine, *Arch-Sewer, and Prince Elector of the holy Empire, Duke of* Bauier*, *and* ELIZABETH *his Wife, onely Daughter to the High, Mighty, and right Excellent,* IAMES, *by the Grace of God, King of great Britaine, &c.*

Which finiſhed: the marryed Princes returned backe the ſame way they came; but the Kings Maieſtie priuately, by another way.

An Aduertiſement to the Reader.

READER, I attribute the name of *Caſimire* in ſome places to the *Palſgraue*, which thou happily maieſt imagine to be the Sir-name of that Familie, which was but an addition to the Chriſten-name of ſome later of the Earles, from the Marqueſſe of *Brandenburge*, that *Iohannes* or *Frederick Caſimire*, is no more then *Henry Frederick*, *Iohn Maria*, *Petrus Andræas*, or the like: but by reaſon of the remarkable worth and vertues of thoſe his late Grandſires, I have uſed it κατ' ἐξοχήν: beſides, the nature of the Verſe could not admit the Name *Frederick*, ſo often, or ſo well.

Thine aſſuredly

H. P.

* The order of the Garter, whereof the Palſgraue is Knight, was here omitted.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 15, Note, for King *Edward* the firſt, *read* King *Edward* the fourth. This error is in the original, but was overlook'd by the preſent Editor, till the ſheet was printed off.

Page 28, line 9, read *Tuſca, Sabauda,*

Page 29, line 3, read fuerat

Ibid. line 9, read volitantûm.

P. 32, for Euster read Eurus.

The Greek Lines by SELDEN *in Pages* 24 *and* 25, *having, through an overſight, been printed off without proper reviſion, the two leaves containing Pages* 23, 24, 25, *and* 26, *have been reprinted; the laſt leaf of Sig.* C. *and the firſt leaf of Sig.* D. *are therefore to be cancell'd: and the Binder is requeſted to obſerve, that the Four Reprinted Pages to be inſerted inſtead, are on a connected Quarter Sheet, and have an aſteriſm at the bottom of each Page, thus* (*).

THE

WORKS

OF

BEN. JONSON.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

EVERY MAN in his HUMOUR. || EVERY MAN out of his HUMOUR.

WORKS

Ad V. CL.
BEN. JONSONIUM,
Carmen protrepticon.

RAptam Threicii lyram Neanthus
Pulſet; carmina circulis Palæmon
Scribat; qui manibus facit deabus
Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere
Te doctis juvat auribus, placere
Te raris juvat auribus. Camænas
Cùm totus legerem tuas (Camænæ
Nam totum rogitant tuæ, nec ullam
Qui pigrè trahat oſcitationem,
Lectorem) & numeros, acumen, artem,
Mirum judicium, quod ipſe cenſor,
Jonſoni, nimium licèt malignus,
Si doctus ſimùl, exigat, viderem,
Sermonem & nitidum, facetiáſque
Dignas Mercurio, novâſque gnomas
Morum ſed veterum, tuique juris
Quicquid dramaticum tui legebam,
Tam ſemper fore, támque te loquutum,
Ut nec Lemnia notior ſigillo
Tellus, nec maculâ ſacrandus Apis,
Non ceſto Venus, aut comis Apollo,
Quàm muſâ fueris ſciente notus,
Quàm muſâ fueris tuâ notatus,
Illâ, quæ unica, ſidus ut refulgens,
Stricturas, ſuperat comis, minorum:
In mentem ſubiit Stolonis illud,
Lingua Pieridas fuiſſe Plauti
Uſuras, Ciceronis atque dictum,
Saturno genitum phraſi Platonis,
Muſæ ſi Latio, Joviſque Athenis
Dixiſſent. Fore jam ſed hunc & illas
Ionſonî numeros puto loquutos,
Anglis ſi fuerint utrique fati.
Tam, mi, tu ſophiam doces amænè,

Sparsim

Sparsìm tamque ſophos amæna ſternis!
Sed, tot delicias, minùs placebat,
Sparſis diſtraherent tot in libellis
Cerdoi caculæ. Volumen unum,
Quod ſeri Britonum terant nepotes,
Optabam, & thyaſus chorûſque amantum
Muſas hoc cupiunt, tui laborum
Et quicquid reliquum eſt, adhuc tuiſque
Servatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur
Non tàm quærere quàm parare nobis
Laudem, dum volumus palàm merentis
Tot laurus cupidi repoſta ſcripta;
Dum ſecernere te tuáſque muſas
Audemus numero ungulæ liquorem
Guſtante, ut veteres novem ſorores
Et Sirenibus & ſolent cicadis;
Dum & ſecernere poſſe te videmur,
Efflictim petimus novúmque librum,
Qui nullo ſacer haut petatur ævo,
Qui nullo ſacer exoleſcat ævo,
Qui curis niteat tuis ſecundis;
Ut nos ſcire aliquid ſimul putetur.
Atqui hoc macte ſies, velutque calpar,
Quod diis inferium, tibi ſacremus,
Ut nobis benè ſit; tuámque frontem
Perfundant ederæ recentiores
Et ſplendor novus. Invident coronam
Hanc tantam patriæ tibique (quantâ
Æternùm à merito tuo ſuperbum
Anglorum genus eſſe poſſit olim)
Tantùm qui penitùs volunt amænas
Sublatas literas, timéntve lucem
Ionſonî nimiam tenebriones.

J. SELDEN, *Juris-Conſultus.*

Of this Author, from his extenſive and multifarious learning deſervedly named the *Great Selden*, it is unneceſſary to ſay any thing here.—An account of him and his writings is in Athen. Oxon. 2. Vol. Col. 179.—He lived in conſtant friendſhip with our poet, and dying in 1654, was buried on the South ſide of the round walk in the Temple Church.

TO

BEN. JONSON, on his Works.

MAY I ſubſcribe a name? dares my bold quill
Write that or good or ill,
Whoſe frame is of that height, that, to mine eye,
Its head is in the ſky?
Yes. Since the moſt cenſures, believes, and ſaith
By an implicit faith:
Leſt their misfortune make them chance amiſs,
I'll waft them right by this.
Of all I know thou only art the man
That dares but what he can:
Yet by performance ſhows he can do more
Than hath been done before,
Or will be after; (ſuch aſſurance gives
Perfection where it lives.)
Words ſpeak thy matter; matter fills thy words;
And choice that grace affords,
That both are beſt: and both moſt fitly plac'd,
Are with new Venus grac'd
From artful method. All in this point meet,
With good to mingle ſweet.
Theſe are thy lower parts. What ſtands above
Who ſees not yet muſt love,
When on the baſe he reads Ben Jonſon's name,
And hears the reſt from fame.
This from my love of truth: Which pays this due
To your juſt worth, not you.

ED. HEYWARD.

This gentleman was by profeſſion a lawyer, and an intimate friend of our author, and of the great Selden. The regard, which the latter had for him, appears from his addreſſing to him his book on *the Titles of Honour*.

ON THE AUTHOR,

The Poet-Laureat, BEN. JONSON.

HERE is a poet! whoſe unmuddled ſtrains
Show that he held all Helicon in's brains.
What here is writ, is ſterling; every line
Was well allow'd of by the muſes nine.
When for the ſtage a drama he did lay,
Tragic or comic, he ſtill bore away
The ſock and buſkin; clearer notes than his
No ſwan e'er ſung upon our Thameſis;
For lyric ſweetneſs in an ode, or ſonnet,
To BEN the beſt of wits might vail their bonnet.
His genius juſtly, in an entheat rage,
Oft laſht the dull-ſworn factors for the ſtage:
For alchymy, though't make a glorious gloſs,
Compar'd with Gold is bullion and baſe droſs.

WILL. HODGSON.

On his elaborated art-contrived PLAYS, An EPIGRAM.

EACH like an Indian ſhip or hull appears,
That took a voyage for ſome certain years,
To plow the ſea, and furrow up the main,
And brought rich ingot from his loaden brain.
His art the ſun; his labours were the lines;
His ſolid ſtuff the treaſure of his mines.

WILL. HODGSON.

The treaſure of his mines.] The former reading was *lines*. I have given the preſent text, from the conjecture of the ingenious Mr. Steevens.

Upon SEJANUS.

SO brings the wealth-contracting jeweller
Pearls and dear ſtones from richeſt ſtores and ſtreams,
As thy accompliſh'd travail doth confer
From ſkill-enriched ſouls their wealthier gems;
So doth his hand enchaſe in ammel'd gold,
Cut, and adorn'd beyond their native merits,
His ſolid flames, as thine hath here inrol'd
In more than golden verſe, thoſe better'd ſpirits;
So he entreaſures princes cabinets,
As thy wealth will their wiſhed libraries;
So, on the throat of the rude ſea, he ſets
His vent'rous foot, for his illuſtrious prize;
And through wild deſarts, arm'd with wilder beaſts;
As thou adventur'ſt on the multitude,
Upon the boggy, and engulfed breaſts
Of hirelings, ſworn to find moſt right, moſt rude:
And he, in ſtorms at ſea, doth not endure,
Nor in vaſt deſarts, amongſt wolves, more danger;
Than we, that would with virtue live ſecure,
Suſtain for her in every vice's anger.
Nor is this Allegory unjuſtly rackt
To this ſtrange length: Only, that jewels are,
In eſtimation merely, ſo exact:
And thy work, in itſelf, is dear and rare;
Wherein Minerva had been vanquiſhed,
Had ſhe, by it, her ſacred looms advanc'd,
And through thy ſubject woven her graphick thred,
Contending therein, to be more entranc'd;
For, though thy hand was ſcarce addreſt to draw
The ſemi-circle of Sejanus' life,
Thy muſe yet makes it the whole ſphere, and law
To all ſtate-lives; and bounds ambition's ſtrife.
And as a little brook creeps from his ſpring,
With ſhallow tremblings, through the loweſt vales,
As if he fear'd his ſtream abroad to bring,
Leſt prophane feet ſhould wrong it, and rude gales;

But finding happy channels, and ſupplies
Of other fords mixt with his modeſt courſe,
He grows a goodly river, and deſcrys
The ſtrength that mann'd him, ſince he left his ſource;
Then takes he in delightſome meads and groves,
And, with his two-edg'd waters, flouriſhes
Before great palaces, and all mens loves
Build by his ſhores, to greet his paſſages:
So thy chaſte muſe, by virtuous ſelf-miſtruſt,
Which is a true mark of the trueſt merit;
In virgin fear of mens illiterate luſt,
Shut her ſoft wings, and durſt not ſhew her ſpirit;
Till, nobly cheriſht, now thou let'ſt her fly,
Singing the ſable Orgies of the Muſes,
And in the higheſt pitch of Tragedy,
Mak'ſt her command, all things thy ground produces.
Beſides, thy poem hath this due reſpect,
That it lets nothing paſs without obſerving,
Worthy inſtruction; or that might correct
Rude manners, and renown the well deſerving:
Performing ſuch a lively evidence
In thy narrations, that thy hearers ſtill
Thou turn'ſt to thy ſpectators; and the ſenſe
That thy ſpectators have of good or ill,
Thou inject'ſt jointly to thy reader's ſouls.
So dear is held, ſo deckt thy numerous taſk,
As thou putt'ſt handles to the Theſpian bowls,
Or ſtuck'ſt rich plumes in the Palladian caſk.
All thy worth, yet, thyſelf muſt patroniſe,
By quaffing more of the Caſtalian head;
In expiſcation of whoſe myſteries,
Our nets muſt ſtill be clogg'd with heavy lead,
To make them ſink, and catch: for chearful gold
Was never found in the Pierian ſtreams,
But wants, and ſcorns, and ſhames for ſilver ſold.
What? what ſhall we elect in theſe extremes?
Now by the ſhafts of the great Cyrrhan poet,
That bear all light, that is, about the world;

I would have all dull poet-haters know it,
They ſhall be ſoul-bound, and in darkneſs hurl'd,
A thouſand years (as Satan was their ſire)
Ere any, worthy the poetic name,
(Might I, that warm but at the muſes fire,
Preſume to guard it) ſhould let deathleſs Fame
Light half a beam of all her hundred eyes,
At his dim taper, in their memories.
Fly, fly, you are too near; ſo, odorous flowers
Being held too near the ſenſor of our ſenſe,
Render not pure, nor ſo ſincere their powers,
As being held a little diſtance thence.
O could the world but feel how ſweet a touch
The knowledge hath, which is in love with goodneſs,
(If Poeſie were not raviſhed ſo much,
And her compos'd rage, held the ſimpleſt woodneſs,[1]
Though of all heats, that temper human brains,
Hers ever was moſt ſubtil, high and holy,
Firſt binding ſavage lives in civil chains;
Solely religious, and adored ſolely:
If men felt this, they would not think a love,
That gives itſelf, in her, did vanities give;
Who is (in earth, though low) in worth above,
Moſt able t'honour life, though leaſt to live.
And ſo, good friend, ſafe paſſage to thy freight,
To thee a long peace, through a virtuous ſtrife,
In which let's both contend to virtue's height,
Not making fame our object, but good life.

B GEOR. CHAPMAN.[2]

[1] *Woodneſs.*] Madneſs.
"——— Wodeneſs laughing in his Rage."
Chaucer's Knyghtes Tale, V. 1152,
thus modernized by *Dryden*,
"——— Madneſs laughing in his ireful Mood."
The Knight's Tale, Page 296.
Morell's Edition, 8vo. 1737.

[2] He was contemporary with our poet, and the author of ſeveral plays, which at that time were favourably received, and is famous likewiſe for his tranſlations of Muſæus, Heſiod, and Homer into Engliſh verſe. The reader will find a hiſtory of him and his Poems in Wood's Athenæ Oxonienſes, 1. Vol. Col. 591. and prefixed to his Comedy of *All Fools*, in the fourth volume of Old Plays, edit. 1780, alſo in Langbaine's Account of the Dramatic Poets.

To his worthy Friend, BEN. JONSON, upon his SEJANUS.

IN that this book doth deign Sejanus name,
Him unto more than Cæſar's love it brings:
For where he could not with ambition's wings,
One quill doth heave him to the height of fame.
Ye great ones though (whoſe ends may be the ſame)
Know, that, however we do flatter kings,
Their favours (like themſelves) are fading things,
With no leſs envy had, than loſt with ſhame.
Nor make yourſelves leſs honeſt than you are,
To make our author wiſer than he is:
Ne of ſuch crimes accuſe him, which I dare
By all his muſes ſwear be none of his.
The men are not, ſome faults may be theſe times:
He acts thoſe men, and they did act theſe crimes.

HUGH HOLLAND.*

Amiciſſimo, & meritiſſimo BEN. IONSON, in Vulponem.

QUOD arte auſus es hic tuâ, poetâ,
Si auderent hominum deique juris
Conſulti, veteres ſequi æmulariérque,
O omnes ſaperemus ad ſalutem.

His

* He was bred at Weſtminſter-School, under Cambden, and from thence elected fellow of Trinity college in Cambridge. He is ſaid by Dr. Fuller to have been no bad Engliſh, but an excellent Latin poet. He wrote ſeveral things, amongſt which is the life of Cambden, but none of them, I believe, have been ever publiſhed. See an account of him in Athen. Oxon. 1. Vol. Col. 583.

His ſed ſunt veteres araneoſi;
Tam nemo veterum eſt ſequutor, ut tu,
Illos quòd ſequeris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis pueritia eſt neganda,
Naſcuntúrque ſenes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Priſcis, ingenium facit, labórque
Te parem; hos ſuperes, ut & futuros,
Ex noſtrâ vitioſitate ſumas,
Quâ priſcos ſuperamus, & futuros.

J. Donne.*

To my Friend BEN. JONSON, upon his ALCHEMIST.

A Maſter, read in flattery's great ſkill,
Could not paſs truth, tho' he would force his will,
By praiſing this too much, to get more praiſe
In his art, than you out of yours do raiſe.
Nor can full truth be utter'd of your worth,
Unleſs you your own praiſes do ſet forth:
None elſe can write ſo ſkilfully, to ſhew
Your praiſe: Ages ſhall pay, yet ſtill muſt owe.
All I dare ſay, is, you have written well;
In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

George Lucy.

* In former editions we have only the initial Letters J.D. affixed to this copy of verſes; I have written the author's name at length, and on his own authority, becauſe the verſes are printed in the collection of Dr. Donne's poems.

Ad utramque Academiam,
De BENJAMIN IONSONIO,
in Vulponem.

HIC ille eſt primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,
Graiorum antiquâ, & Latii monimenta theatri,
Tanquam explorator verſans, fœlicibus auſis
Præbebit: Magnis cœptis, geminaaſt ra, favete.
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude: Cothurnum hic,
Atque pari ſoccum tractat Sol ſcenicus arte;
Das Volpone jocos, fletus Sejane dediſti.
At ſi Jonſonias mulctatas limite muſas
Anguſto plangent quiquam: Vos, dicite, contra,
O nimiùm miſeros quibus Anglis Anglica lingua,
Aut non ſat nota eſt; aut queis (ſeu trans mare natis)
Haud nota omnino; Vegetet cum tempore vates,
Mutabit patriam, fiêtque ipſe Anglus Apollo.

E. BOLTON.

This author appears to no great advantage in the preceding lines; but we may ſee him in his proper ſplendour, in a book entituled *Nero Cæſar, or Monarchy depraved*, which he publiſhed in fol. Lond. 1624, and is a work containing much good ſenſe, and curious learning. He is alſo ſaid to have tranſlated *Lucius Florus*, and written *The Elements of Armory*, printed in 1610. He left in M. S. Hypercritica, *or a Rule of Judgment for Writing or Reading our Hiſtories:* ſince publiſhed by A. Hall, at the end of the 2nd Vol. of the Annals of Trivetus. In this piece, treating of different Engliſh writers, he thus ſpeaks of our Author: "I never taſted Engliſh more to "my liking, nor more ſmart, and put to the height of uſe in "poetry, than in that vital, judicious, and moſt practical "language of Benjamin Jonſon's poems." Addreſſe, IV. Sect. iii. page 237. For a more particular account of Bolton, ſee Warton's Hiſt. of Poetry, Vol. 3, Page 278.

To my dear Friend Mr. BEN. JONSON, upon his FOX.

IF it might ſtand with juſtice, to allow
The ſwift converſion of all follies; now,
Such is my mercy, that I could admit
All ſorts ſhould equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work: whoſe growing fame
Shall raiſe thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners, and my love command
Me to forbear to make thoſe underſtand,
Whom thou, perhaps, haſt, in thy wiſer doom
Long ſince, firmly reſolv'd, ſhall never come
To know more than they do; I would have ſhown
To all the world, the art, which thou alone
Haſt taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, deliver'd with the grace
Of comick ſtile, which only, is far more,
Than any Engliſh ſtage hath known before.
But ſince our ſubtile gallants think it good
To like of nought that may be underſtood,
Leſt they ſhould be diſprov'd; or have, at beſt,
Stomachs ſo raw, that nothing can digeſt
But what's obſcene, or barks: let us deſire
They may continue, ſimply, to admire
Fine cloaths, and ſtrange words; and may live, in age,
To ſee themſelves ill brought upon the ſtage,
And like it. Whilſt thy bold and knowing muſe
Contemns all praiſe, but ſuch as thou wouldſt chuſe.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

Upon the SILENT WOMAN.

HEAR you bad writers, and though you not ſee,
I will inform you where you happy be:
Provide the moſt malicious thoughts you can,
And bend them all againſt ſome private man,
To bring him, not his vices, on the ſtage;
Your envy ſhall be clad in ſome poor rage,
And your expreſſing of him ſhall be ſuch,
That he himſelf ſhall think he hath no touch.
Where he that ſtrongly writes, although he mean
To ſcourge but vices in a labour'd ſcene,
Yet private faults ſhall be ſo well expreſt,
As men do act 'em, that each private breaſt,
That finds theſe errors in itſelf, ſhall ſay,
He meant me, not my vices, in the play.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

To my Friend BEN. JONSON, upon his CATILINE.

IF thou hadſt itch'd after the wild applauſe
Of common people, and hadſt made thy laws
In writing, ſuch, as catch'd at preſent voice,
I ſhould commend the thing, but not thy choice.
But thou haſt ſquar'd thy rules by what is good,
And art three ages, yet, from underſtood:
And (I dare ſay) in it there lies much wit
Loſt, till thy readers can grow up to it.
Which they can ne'er out-grow, to find it ill,
But muſt fall back again, or like it ſtill.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

Beaumont, who was a ſincere admirer and friend of Jonſon, ſeems to have gratified the poet's temper in the preceding copies, by a generous contempt of the vulgar judgment and applauſe, reſulting from conſcious worth.

EVERY MAN

IN HIS

HUMOUR.

A

A COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1598,

By the then Lord CHAMBERLAIN's Servants.[1]

Haud tamen invideas vati, quem pulpita paſcunt.[2]
JUVEN.

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[1] In the 4to edition 1601, it ſtands thus; *As it hath beene ſundry times publickly acted by the right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.*

[2] Before this verſe, in the 4to. is prefixed,
Quod non dant proceres, dabit Hiſtrio.

TO THE

Moſt Learned, and my Honoured Friend,

Mr. CAMDEN, CLARENCIEUX.

SIR,

THERE are, no doubt, a ſupercilious race in the world, who will eſteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; ſo ſolemn a vice it is with them to uſe the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of POETRY, or the profeſſors: But my gratitude muſt not leave to correct their error; ſince I am none of thoſe that can ſuffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to periſh with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but preſent things: and, had the favour of the times ſo conſpired with my diſpoſition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the ſame proportion, and number of the fruits, the firſt. Now I pray you to accept this; ſuch wherein neither the confeſſion of my manners ſhall make you bluſh; [1] nor of my ſtudies, repent you to have been the inſtructer: And for the profeſſion of my thankfulneſs, I am ſure it will, with good men, find either praiſe or excuſe.

Your True Lover,

BEN. JONSON.

[1] *Nor of my ſtudies, repent you to have been the inſtructer:*] *Jonſon*, as we have ſeen in his life, received part of his education under *Camden*, at Weſtminſter-School.

PROLOGUE.*

THough need make many poets, and ſome ſuch
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not ſo lov'd the ſtage,
[1]As he dare ſerve th' ill cuſtoms of the age,
Or purchaſe your delight at ſuch a rate,
As, for it, he himſelf muſt juſtly hate:
To make a child now ſwaddled, to proceed
Man, and then ſhoot up, in one beard and weed,
Paſt threeſcore years: or, with three ruſty ſwords,
And help of ſome few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaſter's long jars,[2]
And in the tyring-houſe bring wounds to ſcars.

He

* To the 4to edition of this Comedy there is no prologue; and probably it was written, when the Author made the total reform taken notice of in the preface, and previous to the publication of it, with other Plays and Poems, in fol. 1616.

[1] *As he dare ſerve th' ill cuſtoms of the age,*] To *ſerve* the ill cuſtoms of the age is a Latin phraſe of the ſame import with *Inſtituta majorum ſervare*, which occurs in *Cicero*.

[2] —— —— *With three ruſty ſwords,*
And help of ſome few FOOT AND HALF-FOOT WORDS,
Fight over York and Lancaſter's long jars.] Here is evidently an alluſion to *Shakſpeare's* hiſtorical plays, on the contention between the houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*. Other dramatiſts indeed had written on this ſubject, but *Jonſon* doth not appear to have thought them worthy of his notice. *Shakſpeare*, who died in 1616, retired from the ſtage about three years before his deceaſe; and our author, envious of his growing fame, began to be very ſevere in his cenſures, and invectives againſt him. The "foot and half-foot words," a tranſlation of Horace's *Seſquipedalia Verba*, allude to expreſſions of a moſt unmeaſurable length, which were commonly made uſe of by the authors of that age; and were ſuppoſed to give magnificence and ſublimity to their diction. It was about this time, that compound epithets were firſt introduced into our poetry: and to what licentiouſneſs of ſtyle they were perverted, appears from the following lines of Biſhop Hall, who is drawing the character of the Poetaſter Labeo.

"He

He rather prays you will be pleas'd to ſee
One ſuch to-day, as other plays ſhou'd be;
[3]Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the ſeas,
[4]Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to pleaſe:
[5]Nor

" He knows the grace of that new elegance,
" Which ſweet Philiſides fetch'd of late from France;
" (That well beſeem'd his high-ſtyl'd Arcady,
" Though others mar it with much liberty)
" In epithets to join two words in one,
" Forſooth, for adjectives cannot ſtand alone:
" As a great poet cou'd of Bacchus ſay,
" That he was *Semelę-femori-gena*."

VIRGIDEMIARUM, Lib. VI. Sat. 1.

Dr. Donne hath likewiſe ridiculed the affected uſe of them, by the following compound;

" The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound ſerving-man,
" Who oft names God in oaths, and only then."

Elegy 4th.

The particular play in view is probably Richard III. where we find the epithets *childiſh-fooliſh*, *ſenſeleſs-obſtinate*, and others of the like kind.

Glo. I am too *childiſh-fooliſh* for this world. A. 1. S. 3.
Buck. You are too *ſenſeleſs-obſtinate*, my lord. A. 3. S. 1.

[3] *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the ſeas,*] The chorus here alluded to, is the chorus at the beginning of the ſecond Act of Henry V.

" — — — — The Scene
" Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton;
" There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit:
" And thence to France ſhall we convey you ſafe,
" And bring you back, charming the narrow ſeas."

As this prologue was probably not written before 1616, no concluſion can be drawn from it, that Henry V. as Mr. *Malone* ſuppoſes, was acted before 1598; nor does it ſubject *Jonſon* to the cenſure of ridiculing his benefactor, at the time he was eſſentially obliged to him.

Shakſpeare, Edit. 1778, page 302.

[4] *Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to pleaſe:*] It appears from *Acolaſtus*, a Comedy printed in 1540, that machinery was then employed in the exhibition of ſtage plays. In the viſion or maſque in *Cymbeline*, A. 5. S. 4. Jupiter deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle.

[5] *Nor*

[5] Nor nimble ſquib is ſeen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roul'd bullet heard [6]
To ſay, it thunders; nor tempeſtuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the ſtorm doth come;
But deeds, and language, ſuch as men do uſe,
And perſons, ſuch as comedy would chuſe,
When ſhe would ſhew an image of the times,
[7]And ſport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make 'em ſuch, by loving ſtill
Our popular errors, when we know th' are ill.
I mean ſuch errors as you'll all confeſs,
By laughing at them, they deſerve no leſs:
Which when you heartily do; there's hope left then,
You, that have ſo grac'd monſters, may like men.

[5] *Nor nimble ſquib is ſeen.*] The like expreſſion is in the prologue to Shirley's *Doubtful Heir*,

"No Clown, no ſquibs, no devil in't."

[6] — — — *nor roul'd bullet heard*
To ſay, it thunders, &c.] The author had poſſibly in his intention, the ſtorms in the *Tempeſt*, and *King Lear*.

[7] *And ſport with human follies, not with crimes.*] This diſtinction is made expreſsly from the precept of Ariſtotle; who aſſigns the τὸ γελοῖον or the ridiculous, as the immediate ſubject of comedy. Poetic. Sect. 5. but makes the crimes of men, as being of a more ſerious nature, the particular object of the tragic poet.

(When

(When Mr. GARRICK revived this Play, he ſpoke the following PROLOGUE to it, ~~written by himſelf.~~

CRITICKS, your favour is our author's right—
The well-known ſcenes we ſhall preſent to-night
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the ſtrong touches of immortal *Ben*;
A rough old Bard, whoſe honeſt pride diſdain'd
Applauſe itſelf, unleſs by merit gain'd——
And wou'd to-night your loudeſt praiſe diſclaim,
Shou'd his great ſhade perceive the doubtful fame,
Not to his labours granted, but his name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
" He dar'd not proſtitute the uſeful ſtage,
" Or purchaſe their delight at ſuch a rate,
" As, for it, he himſelf muſt juſtly hate:
" But rather begg'd they wou'd be pleas'd to ſee
" From him, ſuch plays as other plays ſhou'd be:
" Wou'd learn from him to ſcorn a motley ſcene,
" And leave their monſters, to be pleas'd with men."
Thus ſpoke the bard--And tho' the times are chang'd,
Since his free muſe for fools the city rang'd:
And ſatire had not then appear'd in ſtate,
To laſh the finer follies of the great,
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,
Nor ſlight the gold, becauſe not quite refin'd;
With no falſe niceneſs this performance view,
Nor damn for *low*, whate'er is juſt and true:
Sure to thoſe ſcenes ſome honour ſhou'd be paid,
Which *Cambden* patroniz'd, and *Shakeſpeare* play'd:
Nature was Nature then, and ſtill ſurvives:
The garb may alter, but the ſubſtance lives.
Lives in this play——where each may find complete,
His pictur'd ſelf.——Then favour the deceit——
Kindly forget the hundred years between;
Become *old Britons*, and admire *old Ben*.)

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KNO'WELL, an old Gentleman.
ED. KNO'WELL, his Son.
BRAIN-WORM, the Father's Man.
MASTER STEPHEN, a Country Gull.
DOWN-RIGHT, a plain Squire.
WELL-BRED, his half Brother.
JUSTICE CLEMENT, an old merry Magiſtrate.
ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk.
KITELY, a Merchant.
DAME KITELY, his Wife.
MISTRESS BRIDGET, his Siſter.
MASTER MATTHEW, the Town Gull.
CASH, Kitely's Man.
COB, a Water-bearer.
TIB, his Wife.
CAPT. BOBADILL, a Paul's MAN[1].

The SCENE, *LONDON.*

* Every

[1] A *Paul's* Man.] St. *Paul's* Cathedral was at this time a place of reſort for idlers, ſharpers, and bullies. The Scene was originally at *Florence*, and the perſons of the drama Italians. It hath been ſhewn in the preface, that by changing the names and place of repreſentation, the author adapted it to his own times. *Bobadill* is the only name which is brought from the old play, and has here an Engliſh termination. The poet ſeems to have thought it a word of ſome humour. *Bobadilla* is the character of a bluſtering ſteward in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid.* It is alſo the name of an illuſtrious family in Spain.

* Every Man in his Humour.

ACT I. SCENE I.

[1] A Goodly day toward! and a freſh morning! Brain-worm,
Call up your young maſter: Bid him riſe, ſir.
Tell him, I have ſome buſineſs to employ him.
Brai. I will, ſir, preſently.
Know. But hear you, ſirrah,
If he be at his book, diſturb him not.
Brai. Well, ſir[2]. *Know.*

* This Comedy was revived ſoon after the Reſtoration, with an epilogue written by Lord Buckhurſt, and ſpoken in the character of Jonſon's Ghoſt. In 1749 it was again revived by the late Mr. Garrick, with ſome few alterations and an additional ſcene of his own. Being acted with the full ſtrength of the Company, Garrick himſelf performing the part of *Kitely*, Woodward *Bobadil*, and Shuter *Stephen*, every character was exhibited in a very ſtriking light, and to the utmoſt advantage.

[1] *A goodly day toward!*] The proſpect or appearance of a fine day. So in *The ſecond part of the Honeſt Whore*,

" Here's *a hot day towards*"—

And in *The Spaniſh Curate*, by Beaumont and Fletcher;

" He bears a promiſing face, there's ſome hope *toward.*"
A. 2, S. 1.

A fine day is ſo called in Shakſpeare;

" *A goodly day*, not to keep houſe" Cymbeline, A. 3, S. 3.

The metre of our comic poets, in the age of Jonſon, was often looſe and irregular, requiring to be helped out by the ſpeaker. The voice, as it is neceſſary, muſt either ſlur over, or lengthen out a ſyllable to preſerve the numbers. There is however nothing in theſe lines that requires correction, or that diſorders the pronunciation in the reading.

[2] *Brain.* WELL, SIR.] An elliptical expreſſion; *It is well, ſir*; probably borrowed from the Latin form of ſpeaking, uſual on ſuch occaſions.

Rogo nunquid velit; RECTE, *inquit, abeo.*
TEREN. Eun. A. 2, S. 3.

The anſwer in the 4to. is, *Very good, Sir.*

Know. How happy yet, ſhould I eſteem myſelf,
Could I (by any practice) wean the boy
From one vain courſe of ſtudy, he affects.
He is a ſcholar, if a man may truſt
The liberal voice of fame, in her report,
Of good account in both our univerſities,
Either of which hath favour'd him with graces:
But their indulgence muſt not ſpring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannor err.
[3] My ſelf was once a ſtudent, and, indeed,
Fed with the ſelf-ſame humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitleſs and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but leaſt to the profeſſors;
Which, then, I thought the miſtreſs of all knowledge:
But ſince, time and the truth have wak'd my judgment,
And reaſon taught me better to diſtinguiſh
The vain from th' uſeful learnings. Couſin Stephen!
What news with you, that you are here ſo early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to ſee how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done; you are welcome, couz.

Step. [4] Ay, I know that, ſir, I would not ha' come elſe.
How does my couſin Edward, uncle?

Kno.

[3] *My ſelf was once a ſtudent, and indeed,*
Fed with the ſelf-ſame humour he is now, &c.] This thought is to be met with in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, or *Hieronimo is mad again*. Old Plays, Vol. 3, page 217.

Hieron. When I was young, I gave my mind,
And ply'd myſelf to fruitleſs poetry:
Which though it profit the profeſſor nought,
Yet is it paſſing pleaſing to the world. Act 5.

And *Jonſon*, who played the part of *Hieronimo*, as Mr. *Reed* obſerves, hath borrowed it.

[4] *Ay, I know that, ſir,*] The antient way of writing this affirmative particle (*Ay*) was only with the vowel I, and a comma after it; this is followed in the former editions; but, as it is liable to be confounded with the perſonal pronoun, I, the modern orthography is now conformed to.

Kno. O, well couz, go in and ſee: I doubt he be ſcarce ſtirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have e'er a book of the ſciences of hawking and hunting; I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. [5]No, wuſſe; but I'll practice againſt next year, uncle: I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by[6].

Kno. O, moſt ridiculous.

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle; why you know an' a man have not ſkill in the hawking and hunting-languages now-a-days, I'll not give a ruſh for him. They are more ſtudied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallants company without 'em: And by gads-lid I ſcorn it, I, ſo I do, to be a conſort for every hum-drum; hang 'em, ſcroyles[7]! there's nothing in 'em i' the world. What do you talk on it? Becauſe I dwell at Hogſden, I ſhall keep company with none but the archers of Finſ-

[5] *No, wuſſe; but I'll practice againſt next year,*] I apprehend that *Wuſſe* is a corruption of *I wis*, which, like *I trow*, was a familiar expreſſion, and is often to be found in our ancient dramatic writers. See Poetaſter, Act 5, Sc. 3.

[6] *I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.*] Falconry was a favourite diverſion of this age. Maſter Stephen having purchaſed a hawk with all its furniture, is at a loſs how to keep it *ſecundum artem*. The moſt curious books on the ſubject, were the book of St. *Alban's*, in which is a treatiſe of *Hawkinge*, by Dame *Juliana Bernes*, prioreſſe of Sopwell Nunnery, near St *Alban's*, Enprynted at Weſtmoſtre by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496. Fol. and a treatiſe on Falconry, by George Turbervile, in 1575.

[7] *Hang 'em ſcroyles!*] Scrophulous ſcabby fellows. It is uſed by *Shakſpeare*,

" By heaven, the *ſcroyles* of Angiers flout you, kings."

King John, Act 2, Sc. 2.

bury[8], or the citizens that come a ducking to Iſlington ponds? A fine jeſt i' faith! Slid, a gentleman mun ſhow himſelf like a gentleman: Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal abſurd cockſcomb, go to.
Nay, never look at me, it's I that ſpeak.
Take't as you will, ſir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means enow to waſte
That which your friends have left you, but you muſt
Go caſt away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done? [9]

[8] *I ſhall keep company with none but the archers of Finſbury,*] *Finſbury* is a lordſhip or manor lying to the north of Moorfields, and was much frequented by archers, when ſhooting with bows and arrows made a part of our anceſtors diverſions. In the year 1498, all the gardens, which had continued, time out of mind, without Moorgate, to wit, about and beyond the lordſhip of *Finſbury*, were deſtroyed; and of them was made a plain field for archers to ſhoot in. It was called *Finſbury* field, in which were three windmills; and here was the meadow, where they uſually ſhot at twelve-ſcore, and where the wreſtling uſually was.

Stowe's Survey, Ed. 1633, p. 475, & 913.

In this neighbourhood dwelt bowyers, fletchers, and bowſtring makers. The prependary of Hallywell and Finſbury in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul is lord of the manor. *Finſbury* fields were the common reſort of the Citizens in the Summer; ſo in Shakſpeare;

"- - - As if thou never walk'dſt further than *Finſbury*."

Hen. IV. 1ſt, pt. Act 3, Sc. 2.

[9] *Go caſt away your money on a kite,*
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?] The great number of hawks or falcons kept in that age, and the manner of their food, will appear from the following paſſage: "I "would our falcons might be ſatisfied with the diviſion of "their prey, as the falcons in Thracia were, that they needed "not to devour the hens of this realm in ſuch number, that "unleſs it be ſhortly conſider'd, our familiar poultry ſhall be

"as

O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well, couſin, well! I ſee you are e'en paſt hope
Of all reclaim: ay, ſo, now you are told on it,
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinſman;
Learn to be wiſe, and practice how to thrive,
That would I have you do: And not to ſpend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every fooliſh brain that humors you.
I wuuld not have you to invade each place,
Nor thruſt yourſelf on all ſocieties,
Till mens affections, or your own deſert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is ſo reſpectleſs in his courſes,
Oft ſells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I, you ſhould melt away yourſelf
In flaſhing bravery*, leſt while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of ſcorn extinguiſh it,
And you be left like an unſav'ry ſnuff,
Whoſe property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you ſober, and contain yourſelf;
Not that your ſail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expences now (at firſt)
As you may keep the ſame proportion ſtill.
Nor ſtand ſo much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and meer borrow'd thing,
From dead mens duſt, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

" as ſcarce, as be now partridge and pheaſant. I ſpeak not " this in diſpraiſe of the falcons, but of them which keepeth " them like cockneyes."

Sir THO. ELIOT's Governour, L. i. C. 18. Lond. 1580.

* *Bravery* here means *finery*, a common acceptation of the word with the writers of this age.

SCENE II.

Servant, Maſter Stephen, Kno'well, Brain-worm.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not ſtand much on our gentility, friend[10]; yet you are welcome, and I aſſure you mine uncle here is a man of a thouſand a year, Middleſex land: He has but one ſon in all the world, I am his next heir (at the common law) [11]Maſter Stephen, as ſimple as I ſtand here, if my couſin dye (as there's hope he will) I have a pretty living o'mine own too, beſide, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, ſir.

Step. In good time, ſir? why! and in very good time, ſir: You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, ſir,

Step.

[10] *We do not ſtand much on our gentility, friend*;] This anſwer is made with exquiſite humour. Stephen piques himſelf on being a gentleman; Kno'well had juſt reproved him for a rough illiberal behaviour, and cautions him not to preſume upon his birth and fortune. Maſter Stephen doth not ſeem to reliſh this advice, but at the entrance of the ſervant, he diſcovers his regard for what his uncle had been ſaying, by the repetition of his laſt words.

To *ſtand on any thing*, denotes to inſiſt on, value, or boaſt oneſelf of any quality; thus in Warner's *Albion's England*;

"For ſtoutly *on their honeſties* doe wylie harlots *ſtand*."
B. 6. C. 30.

[11] *Maſter Stephen, as ſimple as I ſtand here.*] This was a phraſe in common uſe;

"He's a Juſtice of peace in his country,
"*Simple though I ſtand here.*"
Merry Wives of Windſor, Act. 1, Sc. 1.

"You prophecy'd of the loſs of a chain; *ſimply though I "ſtand here*, I was he that loſt it." Puritan, Act 3, Sc. 6.

Again in *The return from Parnaſſus*, 1616, "I am Stercutio, his father, Sir, *ſimple as I ſtand here*." Act 2, Sc. 4.

And in *The Tragedy of Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, "I was one of the mummers myſelf, *ſimple as I ſtand here*."

Step. Not you, ſir? you were not beſt, ſir; an' you ſhould, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: And they can give it again ſoundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, ſir, let this ſatisfy you; good faith, I had no ſuch intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that preſently.

Serv. Good maſter Stephen, ſo you may, ſir, at your pleaſure.

Step. And ſo I would, ſir, good my ſaucy companion! an' you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not ſtand upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno. Couſin! couſin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whorſon baſe fellow! a mechanical ſerving man! By this cudgel, an' 'twere not for ſhame, I would———

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull?[12]
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You ſee, the honeſt man demeans himſelf
Modeſtly towards you, giving no reply
To your unſeaſon'd, quarrelling, rude faſhion:
And ſtill you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am aſham'd
Thou haſt a kinſman's intereſt in me. [*Exit* Stephen.

Serv. I pray, ſir, is this maſter Kno-well's houſe?

Kno. Yes, marry is it, ſir.

Serv. I ſhould enquire for a gentleman here, one maſter Edward Kno'well; do you know any ſuch, ſir, I pray you? *Kno.*

[12] *You peremptory gull?*] Abſolute fool, or idiot. In the perſons of the play, Maſter Stephen is called a *Country Gull*, and Maſter Matthew the *Town Gull*. *Dekkar*, our poet's great adverſary, wrote a ſatirical pamphlet in 1609, named the *Gul's Horn-book*.—A goſling in many counties is called a *Gull*. Thus in *Wily Beguiled*;—"And ſo we'll make a *gull* of the one, and a *gooſe* of the other."

Kno. I ſhould forget my ſelf elſe, ſir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, ſir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, ſir.

Kno. To me, ſir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'ſie. (*To his moſt ſelected friend maſter* Edward Kno'well.) What might the gentleman's name be, ſir, that ſent it? nay, pray you be cover'd.

Serv. One maſter Well-bred, ſir.

Kno, Maſter Well-bred! A young gentleman? is he not?

Serv. The ſame, ſir, maſter Kitely married his ſiſter; the rich merchant i'the Old Jewry.

Kno. You ſay very true. Brain-worm.

Brai. Sir.

Kno. Make this honeſt friend drink here: pray you go in.

This letter is directed to my ſon:
Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,
With the ſafe conſcience of good manners, uſe
The fellow's error to my ſatisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious)
Be it but for the ſtile's ſake, and the phraſe,
To ſee if both do anſwer my ſon's praiſes,
Who is almoſt grown the idolater
Of this young Well-bred: what have we here? what's this?

The LETTER.

WHY, Ned, I beſeech thee, haſt thou forſworn all thy friends i'the Old Jewry? or doſt thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? yet if thou doſt, [13]come over, and but ſee our frippery; change an old ſhirt

[13] *Come over and but ſee our frippery;*] *Frippery,* Fr. *Friperie,* old clothes, or the place where they are ſold; the Jews dealing

ſhirt for a whole ſmock with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogſden, as was between Jews and hogs-fleſh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-weſt wall: an' I had been his ſon, I had ſav'd him the labour long ſince, if taking in all the young wenches that paſs by at the back door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for 'em, would ha' ſerv'd. But pr'y thee come over to me quickly, this morning; I have ſuch a preſent for thee (our Turky company never ſent the like to the Grand-Signior). One is a rimer, ſir, [14] o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himſelf poet-major o' the town, willing to be ſhown, and worthy to be ſeen. The other—I will not venture his deſcription with you, till you come, becauſe I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worſt of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconſcionable as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you ſhall be allow'd your viaticum.

[15] From the Windmill.

[16] From

dealing formerly, as they now do, in caſt-off ſuits of apparel. So *Shakſpeare* in the *Tempeſt*,

" Look what a wardrobe is here for thee,
" We know what belongs to a frippery." Act 4.

And ſo in *Maſſinger's City Madam*,

" He ſhews like a walking *Frippery*." — Act 1, Sc. 1.

[14] *O' your own batch, your own leaven*;] Our author has uſed the ſame metaphor in his tragedy of Catiline;

"Except he were of the ſame meal, and *batch*."—Act 4, Sc. 3.

A batch of bread, as Mr. Steevens juſtly remarks, in his note on Act 5, Sc. 1, of *Troilus and Creſſida*, is bread made out of the ſame flour, and all baked at one time.

[15] *From the* WIND-MILL.] This houſe then ſtood at the corner of the Old Jewry, towards Lothbury; and was remarkable for the various changes it had ſucceſſively undergone. The Jews uſed it at firſt for a Synagogue: afterwards it came into

[16] From the Bordello, it might come as well,
The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man
My ſon hath ſung ſo, for the happieſt wit,
The choiceſt brain, the times have ſent us forth?

I

into the poſſeſſion of a certain order of friars called *de Pœnitentia Jeſu*, or *Fratres de Sacca*, from their being cloathed in ſackcloth. In proceſs of time, it was converted to a private houſe, wherein ſeveral mayors reſided, and kept their mayoralty. In the days of *Stow*, from whom this account is taken, it was a wine-tavern, and had for the ſign a wind-mill.

See STOW's Survey by STRYPE, L. III. p. 54.

In an old poem called, *Newes from Bartholmew Fayre*, in 4to. B. L. where there is an enumeration of taverns, the *Windmill* is mentioned amongſt others;

"The *Windmill* in Lothbury, the *Ship* at the Exchange,
"*King's-Head* in New Fiſh-Street, where royſters do range."

[16] *From the Bordello, it might come as well,*
The Spittle, or Pict-hatch.] From the *Brothel* or *Stews*, for which the bankſide in Southwark was anciently noted.—*Spittle* is in general an hoſpital, but ſeemingly here to be underſtood of the *Loke*, or *Lock* hoſpital for venereal patients at Kingſland, in the neighbourhood of Hogſden.—*Pict-hatch* was an infamous receptacle of proſtitutes and pickpockets. It is ſaid to have been in Turnbull, more properly Turnmill, or as Stow calls it Tremill-ſtreet, near Clerkenwell-green. It might be ſo, but the true ſituation of it, I think, is not clearly made out. There are one or two defiles, in the ſkirts of the town, formerly poſſeſſed by this kind of gentry, which had the name of Hatches. One in particular, named the Half-penny Hatch, from the toll paid at paſſing it, at no great diſtance from where the Globe playhouſe formerly ſtood, leading out towards Lambeth-Marſh; and another, if I miſtake not, which goes from the fields near Hogſden to Kingſland-road. Pickt-hatch was ſo called from pikes or ſpikes on the top of it. Shore-ditch was likewiſe a noted harbour for thieves and ſtrumpets. All theſe places are mentioned together in Randolph's *Muſes Looking-glaſs*, 1638.

"- - - - - - The yearly value
"Of my fair manor of Clerkenwell, is pounds
"So many, beſides new-year's capons,—the lordſhip
"Of Turnbal ſo—which with my *Pict-hatch*, Grange,
"And Shoreditch farm, &c." Act 4, Sc. 3.

See Merry Wives of Windſor, Act 2, Sc. 2, Ed. 1778. with Mr. Steevens's note.

I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in ſchools; but ſurely, for his manners,
[17] I judge him a prophane and diſſolute wretch:
Worſe by poſſeſſion of ſuch great good gifts,
Being the maſter of ſo looſe a ſpirit.
Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ
In ſuch a ſcurrilous manner, to a friend!
Why ſhould he think, I tell my apricots,
Or play th' Heſperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my ſon, I had thought, you
Had had more judgment to have made election
[18] Of your companions, than t'have ta'en on truſt
Such petulant, jeering gameſters, that can ſpare
No argument, or ſubject from their jeſt.
But I perceive affection makes a fool
Of any man, too much the father. Brain-worm.

Brai. Sir.

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brai. Yes, ſir, a pretty while ſince.

Kno. And where's your young Maſter?

Brai. In his chamber, ſir.

Kno. He ſpake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, ſir, he ſaw him not.

[17] *I judge him a prophane and diſſolute wretch.*] *Profane* is not an impious or irreligious perſon, but one of groſs, licentious converſation: ſo Shakſpeare uſes it,

"What *profane* wretch art thou?" Othello, Act 1. Sc. 1.

And again,

"Is he not a moſt *profane* and liberal counſellor?"
Act 2. Sc. 1.

[18] ——— ——— ——— *I had thought, you*
Had had more judgement to have made election
Of your companions.] Hamlet ſupplies us with a ſimilar ſentiment and expreſſion:

"Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of herſelf,
"And could of men diſtinguiſh, her *election*
"Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf." Act 3. Sc. 2.

Kno. Take you this letter, and deliver it my ſon;
But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life.
Brai. O lord, ſir, that were a jeſt indeed!
Kno. I am reſolv'd I will not ſtop his journey,
Nor practiſe any violent means to ſtay
Th' unbridled courſe of youth in him; for that
Reſtrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne'er ſo little from his game with-held,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modeſty, than fear[19]:
Force works on ſervile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodneſs, may be good;
But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn
By ſoftneſs and example, get a habit.
Then, if they ſtray, but warn 'em; and the ſame
They ſhould for virtue have done, they'll do for ſhame.

SCENE III.

Edw. Know'ell, Brain-worm, Maſter Stephen.

E. Kn. Did he open it, ſay'ſt thou?
Brai. Yes, o'my word, ſir, and read the contents.
E. Kn.

[19] *There is a way of winning more by love,*
And urging of the modeſty, than fear, &c.] TERENCE is the author of theſe ſentiments, which are adapted with the utmoſt propriety of character to the temper of the ſpeaker.

Pudore, & liberalitate liberos
Retinere, ſatius eſſe credo, quàm metu.
Malo coactus qui ſuum officium facit,
Dum id reſcitum iri credit, tantiſper cavet.
Hoc patrium eſt, potius conſuefacere filium
Suâ ſponte rectè facere, quam alieno metu.
Adelp. Act 1. Sc. 1.

E. Kn. That ſcarce contents me*. What countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i'th' reading of it? was he angry, or pleas'd?

Brai. Nay, ſir, I ſaw him not read it, nor open it, I aſſure your worſhip.

E. Kn. No? how know'ſt thou, then, that he did either?

Brai. Marry, ſir, becauſe he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which unleſs he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kn. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brain-worm.

Step. O, Brain-worm, did'ſt thou not ſee a fellow here in a what'ſha'-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, maſter Stephen: what of him?

Step. O, I ha' ſuch a mind to beat him ——— Where is he? canſt thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, maſter Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long ſince?

Brai. He is rid hence: he took horſe at the ſtreet-door.

Step. And I ſtaid i' the fields! horſon Scanderbag[20] rogue! O that I had but a horſe to fetch him back again.

* *That ſcarce contents me.*] The faſhion of playing on the word, pervaded, in our author's time, the Stage, the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Senate; we may therefore pardon in the Play-wright, what was common to all ranks and profeſſions.

[20] *Horſon Scanderbag rogue!*] *Scanderbeg*, or *Iſchenderbeg*, which as *Leunclavius* tells us ſignifies *Lord Alexander*, was the name the Turks gave to their valiant enemy *George Caſtriot*, Prince of *Albania*; who is ſaid to have killed two thouſand Turks with his own hand, never to have loſt a battle, and never to have been wounded. He died, in 1467. There is his hiſtory in Engliſh, with this title; "The Hiſtorie of "George

Brai. Why, you may ha' my maſter's gelding, to ſave your longing, ſir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the ſpight on't.

Brai. Why, a fine whiſp of hay, roul'd hard, maſter Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him, now: let him e'en go and hang. Pr'y thee, help to truſs me § a little. He does ſo vex me—

Brai. You'll be worſe vex'd when you are truſs'd, maſter Stephen. Beſt keep unbrac'd, and walk your ſelf 'till you be cold; your choler may founder you elſe. *Step.*

"George Caſtriot, ſurnamed Scanderbeg, King of Alba-
"nie. Containing his famous actes, his noble deedes of Armes,
"and memorable victories againſt the Turkes, for the Faith
"of Chriſt. Compriſed in twelve Bookes: By Jaques de La-
"vardin, Lord of Pleſſis Bourrot, a Nobleman of France.
"Newly tranſlated out of French into Engliſh, by Z. J.
"Gentleman.—London, imprinted for William Ponſonby,
"1596." Prefixed to this tranſlation is the following copy of verſes, by Spenſer.

"Upon the Hiſtorie of George Caſtriot, alias Scanderbeg,
"king of the Epirots, tranſlated into Engliſh."

"Wherefore doth vaine antiquitie ſo vaunt,
"Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
"And old Heroes, which their world did daunt
"With their great deedes, & fil'd their childrens eares?
"Who rapt with wonder of their famous praiſe,
"Admire their ſtatues, their Coloſſoes great,
"Their rich triumphall Arcks which they did raiſe,
"Their huge Pyramids, which do heaven threat.
"Lo one, whom later age hath brought to light,
"Matchable to the greateſt of thoſe great:
"Great both by name, and great in power and might,
"And meriting a meere triumphant ſeate.
"The ſcourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
"Thy acts, ô Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER."

§ *Pry'thee help to truſs me.*] This means to button, or tie the points of, his doublet; *to truſs a point* is a phraſe not quite diſuſed at this day. *Truſs* was alſo formerly the name for ſome part of the dreſs.

"Puts off his Palmer's weed into his truſs."

Drayton's Polyolbion, Song 12, Page 898, 8vo. Ed.

Step. By my faith, and ſo I will; now thou tell'ſt me on't: How do'ſt thou like my leg, Brain-worm?

Brai. A very good leg, maſter Stephen; but the woollen ſtocking does not commend it ſo well.

Step. Foh, the ſtockings be good enough, now ſummer is coming on, for the duſt: I'll have a pair of ſilk againſt winter, that I go to dwell i'th'town. I think my leg would ſhew in a ſilk hoſe—[21]

Brai. Believe me, maſter Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In ſadneſs, I think it would: I have a reaſonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, maſter Stephen; but I cannot ſtay to praiſe it longer now, and I am very ſorry for't.

Step. Another time will ſerve, Brain-worm. Gramercy for this.

E. Kno. Ha, ha, ha.

[Kno'well *laughs, having read the letter.*

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do—

E. Kno. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think moſt virtuouſly, both of me, and tho

[21] *I think my leg would ſhew in a ſilk hoſe.*] The humour of theſe half-witted gallants, with relation to their dreſs, and particularly the furniture of their legs, is frequently taken notice of by our old comedians.

"*Sir Tob.* I did think by the excellent conſtitution of thy "leg, it was formed under the ſtar of a galliard.

"*Sir And.* Aye, 'tis ſtrong; and it does indifferent well in "a flame-coloured ſtocking."

SHAKSPEARE's Twelfth-Night, Act 1. Sc. 4.

This paſſion for the finery of ſilk ſtockings we find in other dramatic writers;

"This town craves maintenance; *ſilk ſtockings* muſt be had."

Miſeries of inforced Marriage.

See Mr. Reed's note on The Roaring Girl, Act 3, Page 86.

And in *The Hog hath loſt his Pearl*, 1614, "Good parts "without habiliments of gallantry, are no more ſet by in "theſe times, than a *good leg in a woollen ſtocking.*" Act 1. Sc. 1,

the ſender, ſure; that make the careful coſtar'*-monger of him in our familiar epiſtles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, [22] and troll ballads for Mr. John Trundle yonder, the reſt of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man; for he takes much phyſick: and oft taking phyſick makes a man very patient. But would your packet, maſter Well-bred, had arrived at him in ſuch a minute of his patience; then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens———What! my wiſe couſin! nay, then I'll furniſh our feaſt with one gull more toward the meſs. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's

* *Coſtar'*.] An abbreviation of *coſtard*, an *apple*; a coſtar-monger was anciently the title of a dealer in apples. *Farquhar* in his *Recruiting Officer*, has named a clown *Coſtar Pearmain*, being a native of Herefordſhire, which abounds in *apples*.

[22] *And* TROLL *ballads for Mr. John Trundle yonder.*] Cry, or ſing ballads; the expreſſion common at that time.

" ——— Will you *troul* the catch
" You taught me but while ere. "

SHAKSPEARE's Tempeſt, Act 3. Sc. 2.

And Milton in the Paradiſe Loſt,

" To dreſs, to *troll* the tongue, and roll the eye." B. 11. V. 620.

Applied likewiſe to a ring of bells;

" The pleaſing changes that a well-tun'd cord
" Of trouling bells will make—"

Lingua, Act 5. Sc. 9.

There is alſo a mode of fiſhing, called *Trolling*, *Trouling*, or *Trowling*.

Mr. *John Trundle* was a printer, who lived at the ſign of the *No-body* in Barbican. Amongſt other pieces ſuited to the humour of the times, he publiſhed a book entitled *Weſtward for Smelts*, &c. printed firſt in 1603, and again in 1620, to which Shakſpeare is thought to have been indebted for part of the fable of *Cymbeline*. See Supp. to Shakſpeare, Vol. 1. p. 82, 249. He publiſhed alſo an edition of *Greene's Tu quoque*, or *The Cittie Gallant*, written by J. Cooke, Gent. in 4to. 1614. He is not mentioned in the 4to. edition of this play.

that's three: Oh for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt uſe thine eyes, I entreat thee ——

Step. Oh, now I ſee who he laught at. He laught at ſome body in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laught at me——

E. Kn. How now, couſin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laught at me, couſin.

E. Kn. Why, what an' I had, couz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kn. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, couz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Kn. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then——

E. Kn. What then?

Step. I am ſatisfied, it is ſufficient.

E. Kn. Why, be ſo, gentle couz. And, I pray you, let me intreat a courteſie of you. I am ſent for, this morning, by a friend i'th' Old Jewry, to come to him; It's but croſſing over the fields to Moor-gate: will you bear me company? I proteſt, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot againſt the ſtate, couz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, an' 'twere; you ſhall command me twice ſo far as Moor-gate, to do you good in ſuch a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I proteſt——

E. Kn. *No, no, you ſhall not proteſt, couz.

Step.

* *No, no, you ſhall not proteſt, couz.*] There appears to have been ſomething affected or ridiculous, at this time, in uſing the word *proteſt*. Thus the Nurſe in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2. S. 4. "I will tell her, Sir, that you do *proteſt*; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer." And in the old Comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606, as cited by Mr. Steevens in a note; "There is not the beſt duke's ſon in France dares ſay, *I proteſt*, before he is one and thirty years old at leaſt; for the inheritance of that word is not to be poſſeſſed before."

Step. By my ſackings, but I will, by your leave; I'll proteſt more to my friend, than I'll ſpeak of at this time.

E. Kn. You ſpeak very well, couz.

Step. Nay, not ſo neither, you ſhall pardon me: but I ſpeak to ſerve my turn.

E. Kn. Your turn, couz? do you know what you ſay? [23] A gentleman of your ſort, parts, carriage, and eſtimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, [24] like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that (hitherto) his every ſtep hath left the ſtamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the ſavour of a ſtrong ſpirit! and he! this man! ſo graced, gilded, or (to uſe a more fit metaphor) ſo tin-foiled by nature, as not ten houſewives pewter (*again a good time) ſhews more bright to the world than

[23] *A gentleman of your ſort.*] That is, rank or degree in life: So in Shakſpeare;

"- - - - - None of nobler *ſort*
"Would ſo offend a Virgin."
Midſum. Night's Dream, Act 3. Sc. 3.

"It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great *Sort.*" Hen. V. Act 4. Sc. 7. And ſo Drayton in his Barons Wars;

"Men moſt ſelect, of ſpecial worth and *ſort.*" 2 Capt. 40.

[24] *Like a tankard-bearer at a conduit!*] A ſervant or an apprentice, whoſe buſineſs it was to fetch water in a large veſſel called a tankard, from the conduits, for the uſe of the family.

"I left my tankard to guard the Conduit."
Four Prentices of London, Act. 1. Sc. 1.

And in *Eaſtward-Hoe*; "Wilt thou bear tankards, and may'ſt bear arms?" Act 1. Sc. 1.

Cob, in this play, is profeſſionally a tankard-bearer. This claſs of people, ſince the abolition of conduits in London, has become extinct; in Edinburgh, water-bearers and their tankards are ſtill in uſe: the tankard is a kind of pitcher made of leather, large enough to contain ſeveral gallons.

* *Again a good time.*] i. e. a merry meeting; *Bontemps*, a Galliciſm, having that ſignification. Hence *Roger Bontems* became the title of a French jeſt book, publiſhed at Cologne, in 1731. Mr. Steevens.

Again

than he! and he (as I ſaid laſt, ſo I ſay again, and ſtill ſhall ſay it) this man! to conceal ſuch real ornaments as theſe, and ſhadow their glory, as* a milliner's wife does her wrought ſtomacher, with [25]a ſmoaky lawn, or a black cyprus! O couz! it cannot be anſwered,

Again was frequently in this age uſed for againſt; Thus our author in *The Silent Woman*; "It goes again my conſcience." Act 4. Sc. 2.

And Stow in his Annals, Edit. 1580, p. 758.

"William the Lord Haſtings, a nobleman then Lord Chamberlaine, againe whom the Queene ſpecially grudged."

And in Maſſinger's *City Madam;*

"- - - a Caudle,
"*Again you riſe.*" Act 3. Sc. 1.

Again a good time means *againſt ſome feſtival*, as Chriſtmas, &c. when Houſe-wives are careful to ſet their furniture out to the greateſt advantage.

* *A milliners wife.*] In the 4to, of 1601, it is a *Millaner's* wife, which was the orthography of Jonſon's age. So Greene, in his *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*;

"And firſt to the *Millainer*; what toye deviſeth he "to feed the humour of the Upſtart Gentleman?"

And this points out the etymology of the word, for perſons exerciſing the trade of a *Millaner*, came originally from *Milan;* as Bankers, who formerly reſided chiefly in Lombard-Street, did from *Lombardy*.

[25] *A ſmoaky lawn or a black cyprus*] *Cyprus* is a kind of thin tranſparent crape, ſo called from being originally manufactured in the Iſland Cyprus.

It is mentioned in Shakſpeare's Winter's Tale,

"*Cyprus black* as any Crow." Act 4. Sc. 3.

And in the old Comedy of the Puritan, Edmond, the Widow's ſon, makes his entry in a *Cyprus* hat; i. e. with a crape hatband in it. Act 1. Sc. 1.

The tranſparency of it is taken notice of by Donne;

"As men which thro' *a Cyprus* ſee
"The riſing Sun."
Eclogue on the Marrriage of the Earl of Somerſet.

And in our Author's 73d. epigram;

"- - - - One half drawn
"*In Solemn Cyprus*, th' other cobweb lawn."

ſwered, go not about it. [26]Drake's old ſhip at Deptford may ſooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your deſert, with looking downward, couz; but hold up your head, ſo; and let the idea of what you are be pourtrayed i' your face, that men may read i' your phyſnomy, Here within this place is to be ſeen the true, rare, and accompliſhed monſter, or miracle of nature, which is all one. What think you of this, couz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be § more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been; I'll inſure you.

E. Kn. Why, that's reſolute, maſter Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, [27] it will do well for a ſuburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. Come, couz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kn. Follow me? you muſt go before.

Step. Nay, an' I muſt, I will. Pray you ſhew me, good couſin.

SCENE IV.

Maſter Matthew, Cob.

Mat. I think this be the houſe: what, hough?

Cob.

[26] *Drake's old ſhip at Deptford may ſooner circle the world again.*] After this celebrated Navigator had returned from his Voyage round the World, his ſhip was laid up at *Deptford*, and viſited as a ſingular curioſity. Among *Cowley's* verſes written on ſeveral occaſions, is an ode on ſitting and drinking in the chair made out of the reliques of Sir Francis Drake's Ship. See Mr. Reed's note on Eaſtward-Hoe, Act 4. Old Plays, Vol. 4. page 254.

§ *More proud, and melancholy, and gentleman like,*] See below, Act 3. Sc. 1. Note 4.

[27] *It will do well for a ſuburb humour.*] A low humour, not tinctured with urbanity; fitted to the taſte of the inferior people, who uſually dwell in the ſuburbs.

Cob. Who's there? O, maſter Matthew! gi' your worſhip good morrow.

Mat. What! Cob! how doſt thou, good Cob? doſt thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, ſir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor houſe here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, Monſieur Cob, what lineage? what lineage?

Cob. Why ſir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worſe man: and yet no man neither (by your worſhip's leave, I did lie in that) but [28]Herring the king of fiſh (from his belly I proceed) one o' the monarchs o' the world, I aſſure you. The firſt red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, *by the harrot's book. His Cob was my great-great-mighty-great-grand-father.

Mat. Why mighty? why mighty? I pray thee.

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, ſir, and a mighty great Cob.

[28] *Herring the king of fiſh.*] This may be illuſtrated, with the following alluſion to the name of *Cob*, from a paſſage in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, or *the praiſe of the red herring*, 1599, "None won the days in this, but the herring; whom all "their clamorous ſuffrages ſaluted with *Vive le Roy, God ſave* "*the King, God ſave the King.*"—In the ſame pamphlet, a red herring is called a Cob: "He eftſoons defined unto me, that "the red herring was this old tickle *Cob.*" but why it is ſo called I am not able to ſay. It is ſo uſed in the ſecond part of The Honeſt Whore;—"He can come bragging hither with four white herrings, but I may ſtarve ere he give me ſo much as a *Cob.*" Old Plays, Vol. 3. page 440. Mr. *Malone* with great judgement has drawn *Naſhe's* character as a writer; Eſſay to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays, page 295.

By the harrot's book.] The vulgar pronunciation for *herald's*. Thus in "*A Dialogue both pleaſaunte & pietifull, &c.* by *William Bulleyn*, Lond. 1564," 12mo. "Sir when the battaile "was pitched, and appointed to be foughten, nere unto this "Windmill, and the Somons geven by the *Harottes of* "*Arms.*" fo. 45.

Mat. How know'ſt thou that?

Cob. How know I? why, I ſmell his ghoſt, ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghoſt! O unſavory jeſt! and the ghoſt of a herring Cob.

Cob. Ay, ſir, with favour of your worſhip's noſe, Maſter Matthew, why not the ghoſt of a herring Cob, as well as the ghoſt of Raſher-Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'ſt ſay.

Cob. I ſay Raſher-Bacon. They were both broil'd o'th' coles; and a man may ſmell broil'd meat, I hope? you are a ſcholar, upſolve me that, now.

Mat. O raw ignorance! Cob, can'ſt thou ſhew me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my gueſt, ſir, you mean.

Mat. Thy gueſt! alas! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, ſir! do you not mean captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee adviſe thyſelf well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyſelf too. [29] I dare be ſworn, he ſcorns thy houſe, he! he lodge in ſuch a baſe obſcure place, as thy houſe! Tut, I know his diſpoſition ſo well, he would not lie in thy bed, if thou 'dſt gi't him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, ſir. Maſs, I thought ſomewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed all night: Well, ſir, though he lye not o' my bed,

[29] *I dare be ſworn, he ſcorns thy houſe, he!*] The repetition of the pronouns of each perſon is common in our antient poets. So in *Wily Beguiled.* "I like not this learning without living, I."

Hawkins's Orig. of the Drama, Vol. 3. page 322.

and in Marlow's Edward II.

"I am none of theſe common Pedants, I."

Old Plays, Vol. 2. page 342.

See other inſtances by Dr. *Farmer*, Mr. *Steevens*, and Mr. *Malone* in note to 2d. Part of Henry IV. Act 2. Sc. 4.

bed, he lyes o' my bench: an't pleaſe you to go up, ſir, you ſhall find him with two cuſhions under his head, and his cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor loſt, and yet (I warrant) he ne'er [30]caſt better in his life, than he has done to night.

Mat. Why? was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, ſir? you hear not me ſay ſo. [31] Perhaps he ſwallow'd a tavern token, or ſome ſuch device, ſir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. Gi' me my tankard there, hough. God b' w' you, ſir. It's ſix a clock: I ſhou'd ha' carried two turns, by this. What hough! my ſtopple, come.

Mat.

[30] *He ne'er caſt better in his life,*] A quibble on caſting or throwing dice at play, and on eaſing an overloaded ſtomach by vomiting. We have a like play upon the word in theſe inſtances; "What a drunken knave was the ſea, to *caſt* thee "in our way?" Pericles, Act 2 Sc. 1.

"Doſt thou not know numbers? can'ſt thou not *caſt?*
"*Caſt?* doſt thou ſpeak of my *caſting* i' the ſtreet?"
Puritan, Act 3. Sc. 1.

[31] *Perhaps he ſwallowed a tavern token.*] A *token* is properly a memorial of friendſhip, or pledge of remembrance. Hence a piece of money divided between two perſons, each of which kept half of it, was called a *Token.*

"I'll break this angel: take thou half of it; this is a token "betwixt thee and me."
Firſt Part of Sir John Oldcaſtle, Act 3. Sc. 2.

Thus, in the Office of Matrimony, the ring, given and received, is called a *token* and *pledge.* And hence the name of *Farthing-tokens* was given to the ſmall pieces of braſs or copper, that tradeſmen were permitted to coin for their own uſe, and which paſſed current in the neighbourhood where they lived. The word occurs in *Dekkar's* Honeſt Whore:

"A ſpleen not ſo big as *a tavern-token.*" Act 1. Sc. 4.

Where Mr. Reed, from *Philocothoniſta*, a pamphlet, publiſhed in 1635, remarks, that *to ſwallow a tavern-token*, was a cant term to ſignify the getting drunk.

Mat. Lye in a Water-bearer's houſe! A gentleman [32]of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib, ſhew this gentleman up to the captain. Oh, an' my houſe were the brazen-head now! faith it would e'en ſpeak [33]"Mo fools yet." You ſhould ha' ſome now would take this maſter Matthew to be a gentleman, at the leaſt. His father's an honeſt man, a worſhipful fiſhmonger, and ſo forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, ſuch as my gueſt is: (O, my gueſt is a fine man) and they flout him invincibly. He uſeth every day to a merchant's houſe (where I ſerve water) one maſter Kitely's i' the Old Jewry; and here's the jeſt, he is in love with my maſter's ſiſter, (Mrs. Bridget) and calls her miſtreſs: and there he will ſit you a whole afternoon ſometimes, reading o' theſe ſame abominable, vile, (a pox on 'em, I cannot abide them) [34]raſcally verſes, Poyetry,

[32] *A gentleman of his havings!*] Of his fortune and poſſeſſions. So the word is uſed by our Author's contemporaries;

"The gentleman is of no *having*."

Merry Wives of Windſor, Act 3. Sc. 2.

And again in Twelfth Night;

"*My having* is not much." Act 3. Sc. 4.

In the ſame manner likewiſe by *Randolph*;

"One of your *havings*, and thus cark and care!

Muſes Looking-Glaſs, Act 2. Sc. 4.

It ſeems to have been taken from the Latin phraſe, Amor ſceleratus *habendi*.

The 4to reads, "A gentleman of his note?"

[33] "*Mo fools yet.*"] This obſolete word *Mo*, for *more*, is to be found in almoſt all our old writers; I will give but one inſtance; "A thouſand *mo* waies could I tell, and not miſſe."

New Cuſtom, Act 2. Old Plays, Vol 1. page 276.

[34] *Abominable, vile, raſcally verſes, Poyetry, &c.*] The number of ſmall wits and pretenders to poetry in this age, was very great. Gaſcoigne and Lodge, with ſome others, had written madrigals and paſtoral ſonnets in a natural and eaſy ſtrain. This produced a herd of imitators, who by degrees brought the

Poyetry, and ſpeaking of interludes; 'twill make a man burſt to hear him. And the wenches, they do ſo geer, and ti-he at him——well, ſhould they do ſo much to me, I'd forſwear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh. There's an oath! How many water-bearers ſhall you hear ſwear ſuch an oath? O, I have a gueſt (he teaches me) he does ſwear the legibleſt of any man chriſtned: By St. George, the foot of Pharaoh, the body of me, as I am a gentleman and a ſoldier: ſuch dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this ſame filthy roguiſh tobacco, the fineſt and cleanlieſt! it would do a man good to ſee the fume come forth at's tonnels![35]

Well,

the faſhion into contempt. The ſeverer poets, therefore, took occaſion to ridicule this affectation, by making it the object of mirth, even to the vulgar themſelves. Maſter Matthew indeed might be very reaſonably excuſed, both as a gentleman and a lover. In the 4to. the word *Abominable* is ſpelt *Abhominable*, and ſo it is read in the Old Moralities and Dramatiſts, and other antient Authors.

"A ſinne in ſight of God, of great abhomination."
New Cuſtom, Act 1. Sc. 2. Old Plays, Vol. 1. page 261.

"And then I wyll brynge in
"Abhominable Lyvyng."
Origin of the Drama, Vol. 1. *Luſty Juventus*, page 138.

Where ſee Mr. Hawkins's note. And in Shakſpeare's Love's Labour Loſt;

"This is abhominable, which he would call abominable." Act 5. Sc. 1.

I am aware that this remark, with others of the like nature, may be cenſured as inſignificant and trifling; but in a work, where, according to juſt criticiſm, it is neceſſary to point out the variations of a language, at different periods, in orthography and diction, an attention to the *minutiæ literarum* hath a claim to pardon.

[35] *It would do a man good to ſee the fume come forth at 's tonnels.*] That is, his noſtrils; through which theſe gallants diſcharged the ſmoke of their tobacco, inſtead of their mouth. The different pipes and channels in a chimney are called *tonnels*. The metaphor inverted occurs in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1617;

"The noſtrils of his chimnies are ſtill ſtuff'd with ſmoak."

Act 1.

Well, he owes me forty ſhillings (my wife lent him out of her purſe, by ſix-pence at a time) beſides his lodging: I would I had it. I ſhall ha't, he ſays, the next action, [36] Helter ſkelter, hang ſorrow, care'll kill a cat*, up-tails all, and a louſe for the hangman.

SCENE V.

Bobadill, Tib, Maſter Matthew.

[Bobad. *is diſcovered lying on his bench.*[37]

Bob. Hoſteſs, hoſteſs.

Tib. What ſay you, ſir?

Bob. A cup o' thy ſmall beer, ſweet hoſteſs.

Tib.

[36] *Helter ſkelter.*] We uſe the expreſſion, to denote a confuſed precipitate manner of doing a thing. Some have derived it from the latin *Hilariter Celeriter*; and this etymology may perhaps be ſupported by the application of it in Shakſpeare;

" Sir John, I am thy Piſtol, and thy friend,
" And *helter ſkelter* had I rode to thee,
" And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys."
Henry IV. 2d. part. Act 5. Sc. 4.

* *Care'll kill a cat, uptails all.*] The firſt of theſe expreſſions was proverbial. So Shakſpeare, " What though *care kill'd a* " *cat*, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care."
Much ado about nothing, Act 5. Sc. 1.

The other as Mr. Steevens pointed out to me, occurs in an old ballad, entitled " *An Excellent new Medley*," B. L.

" The Tinker ſwore that Tib his wife
" Would play at *Uptailes all.*"

And I find it, apparently as part of an old ballad, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act 1.

" Then ſet your foot to my foot, and *Uptails all.*"

Again, in *The Fleire*, by Edward Sharpham, 1617;

" She everie day ſings *John for the King*, and at *Uptails* " *all* ſhee's perfect."

[37] *Bobadill is diſcovered lying on his* BENCH.] The ſame attitude is given to a brother of the ſociety, by Sir Thomas Overbury; " Three large bavins ſet up his trade, *with a bench*; " which in the vacation of the afternoon, he uſes for his day-" bed." *Character of an ordinary Fencer.*

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman, below, would ſpeak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'ods ſo, I am not within.

Tib. My huſband told him you were, ſir.

Bob. What a plague——what meant he?

Mat. Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's[5] there? (take away the baſon, good hoſteſs) come up, ſir.

Tib. He would deſire you to come up, ſir. You come into a cleanly houſe, here.

Mat. 'Save you, ſir; 'ſave you, captain.

Bob. Gentle maſter Matthew! Is it you, ſir? Pleaſe you to ſit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may ſee I am ſomewhat audacious.

Bob. Not ſo, ſir. I was requeſted to ſupper, laſt night, by a ſort of gallants[38], where you were wiſh'd for, and drunk to, I aſſure you.

Mat. Vouchſafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred and others: Why, hoſteſs, a ſtool here, for this gentleman.

Mat. No haſte, ſir, 'tis very well.

[38] *I was requeſted to ſupper, laſt night, by a* SORT *of gallants.* *Sort* here means an aſſembly or company. Thus, in the old tranſlation of the Pſalms;

"Ye ſhall be ſlain all the *ſort* of you." Pſ. 62. 3.

And ſo in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*,

"Here are a *ſort* of poor petitioners,
"That are importunate." Old Plays, Vol. 3. page 201.

And in the Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex;

"- - - The unchoſen and unarmed *Sort*
"Of ſkilleſſe rebelles." Act 5. Sc. 1.

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in *Every Man out of his Humour.* Act 5. Sc. 8.

But it would be endleſs to multiply authorities.

To *conſort* ſeems of kindred with this word. As in the following paſſage;

"Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with Romeo." Rom. & Jul.

Bob. Body o' me! it was ſo late e're we parted laſt night, I can ſcarce open my eyes yet; I was but new riſen, as you came: how paſſes the day abroad, ſir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, ſome half hour to ſeven: now truſt me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. Ay, ſir· ſit down, I pray you. Maſter Matthew (in any caſe) poſſeſs no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging[39].

Mat. Who? I ſir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally viſited, as ſome are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For do you ſee, ſir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to ſome peculiar and choice ſpirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, (as your ſelf, or ſo) I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, ſir, I reſolve ſo.

Bob. I confeſs, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo[40]!

Mat.

[39] *Poſſeſs no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.*] Inform or tell no gentlemen of my lodging.

"*Poſſeſs* us, *poſſeſs* us; tell us ſomething of it."
Twelfth Night, Act 2. Sc. 3.

"I have *poſſeſt* him, my moſt ſtay
"Can be but brief." Meaſure for Meaſure. Act 4. Sc. 1.

"——Is he yet *poſſeſs'd*
"How much you would?" Merchant of Venice. Act 1.

And, out of numerous examples, to add one more;
"Now, ladies, is your project ripe? *Poſſeſs* us with the knowledge of it." Brome's Jovial Crew, or The Merry Beggars. Act 2. Old Plays, Vol. 10, page 351.

[40] *What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo!*] The piece referred to is *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, written by *Thomas Kyd*; a play much admired by the populace, and as much

Mat. Ay, did you ever ſee it acted? Is't not well pen'd?

Bob. Well pen'd! I would fain ſee all the poets, of theſe times, pen ſuch another play as that was! they'll prate and ſwagger, and keep a ſtir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman) read 'em, they are the moſt ſhallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again!

Mat. Indeed, here are a number of fine ſpeeches in this book[41]. "O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught

much derided by our old Comedians. The line here quoted is in the 4th. Act;

"*King.* Who is he that interrupts our buſineſs?

"*Hiero.* Not I: Hieronimo beware; *go by, go by.*"

Old Plays, Vol. 3. page 190.

It is alſo ridiculed in the induction to Shakſpeare's *Taming of the Shrew*;

"*Go by*, Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed and warm thee."

The laſt part of this ſentence alludes to the following line, in the ſecond act of the ſame play.

"What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?"

This and the following quotations are in the 4to. of 1601.

[41] *Here are a number of fine ſpeeches in this book; O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears.*] We have here another inſtance from the third act of HIERONYMO, which may ſerve the reader as a ſpecimen of that poetry and nature, which reign throughout the whole. In the comedy call'd ALBUMAZAR, theſe verſes are ridiculed by the following parody:

"O lips, no lips, but leaves beſmear'd with mel-dew!
"O dew, no dew, but drops of honey-combs!
"O combs, no combs, but fountains full of tears!
"O tears, no tears, but ——" Act 2. Sc. 1.

And they are again parodied in Maſſinger's *Old Law*, Act 5.

"Oh muſick, no muſick, but prove moſt doleful trumpets;
"Oh bride, no bride, but thou may'ſt prove a ſtrumpet."

I would beg leave to remark, that this kind of ſatire, tho' now grown into diſuſe, was frequently practiſed by the poets of this age, upon the dramatic compoſitions of each other. It found a place, likewiſe, in the earlieſt productions of the ſtage. The old comedy of the Greeks abounded with railleries of this nature: and numerous examples might be produced from Ariſtophanes, in which Euripides is treated by him in the ſame manner.

with tears!" There's a conceit! fountains fraught with tears! "O life, no life, but lively form of death!" Another! "O world, no world, but maſs of publick "wrongs!" A third! "Confus'd and fill'd with "murder, and miſdeeds!" A fourth! O, the muſes! Is't not excellent? Is't not ſimply the beſt that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. To thee, the pureſt object to my ſenſe,
The moſt refined eſſence heaven covers,
Send I theſe lines, wherein I do commence
The happy ſtate of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpoliſh'd, harſh, and rude,
Haſte made the waſte. Thus, mildly, I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

*[Bobadill *is making him ready all this while.*

Mat. This, ſir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muſes! but, when will you come and ſee my ſtudy? good faith, I can ſhew you ſome very

* *Bobadill is making him ready.*] Is dreſſing. To make himſelf *ready* or *unready*, was the common phraſe for a perſon's dreſſing or undreſſing himſelf. In *A match at Midnight*, is this ſtage direction; "He makes himſelf *unready*."

See other inſtances in Mr. Steevens's note on Hen. VI. Part 1. Act 2. Sc. 1. And ſo our author in *The New Inn*, ordering the horſes to be unſaddled;

"Make *unready* the horſes." Act 1. Sc. 6.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher;

"Here's a prieſt ready, and a lady ready,
"A chamber ready, and a bed ready,
"Tis then but making *unready*, and that's ſoon done."
The Maid in the Mill, Act 4. Sc. 3.

And in *The Iſland Princeſs*, Act 3.

"- - - Make me *unready*,
"I ſlept but ill, laſt night."

very good things, I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg, paſſing well, captain, methinks!

Bob. †So, ſo, it's the faſhion gentlemen now uſe.

Mat. Troth captain, and now you ſpeak o' the faſhion, maſter Well-bred's elder brother and I are fall'n out exceedingly; this other day, I happened to enter into ſome diſcourſe of a hanger, which, I aſſure you, both for faſhion and workmanſhip, was moſt peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like! yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down for the moſt pyed and ridiculous that ever he ſaw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, ſir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horſe: By St. George, I wonder you'd loſe a thought upon ſuch an animal; the moſt peremptory abſurd clown of Chriſtendom, this day, he is holden. I proteſt to you, as I am a gentleman and a ſoldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his diſcourſe, he ſhould eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-ſaddle! He has not ſo much as a good phraſe in his belly, but all old iron, and ruſty proverbs! a good commodity for ſome ſmith to make hob-nails of.

Mat.

† *So, ſo, it's the faſhion gentlemen now uſe.*] The faſhion of wearing boots prevailed ſo univerſally at the latter end of queen Elizabeth's, and during the reign of James, her ſucceſſor, that Gondomar, the Spaniſh embaſſador, pleaſantly remarked, that all the citizens of London were booted, and ready, as he thought, to go out of town.

See Mr. Reed's note on the prologue to Sir John Suckling's Comedy of *The Goblins*, 1646.

With boots they alſo wore remarkably long ſpurs, both on foot and on horſeback; ſo that in the laſt parliament of queen Elizabeth, the ſpeaker directed the members of the houſe of commons to come without ſpurs.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood, ſtill, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the baſtinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the baſtinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he ſaid cudgel me; I term'd it ſo, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was ſure it was none of his word: but when? when ſaid he ſo?

Mat. Faith, yeſterday, they ſay; a young gallant, a friend of mine told me ſo.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 'twere my caſe now, I ſhould ſend him a chartel preſently: the baſtinado! [42]A moſt proper and ſufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza: come hither: you ſhall chartel him; I'll ſhew you a trick or two, you ſhall kill him with at pleaſure; *the firſt ſtoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have abſolute knowledge i'the myſtery, I have heard, ſir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beſeech you?

Mat. Troth I have heard it ſpoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able ſkill, ſir.

Bob.

[42] *A moſt proper and ſufficient* DEPENDANCE, *warranted by the great* CARANZA.] DEPENDANCE, when the duelling ſyſtem was in vogue, ſignified the ground or cauſe of quarrel. So in *The Elder Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher;

" - - - your high offers,
" Taught by the Maſters of *Dependencies*." Act 5. Sc. 1.

The reader may find the doctrine of dependencies humorouſly explain'd in *The Devil is an Aſs*, Act 3. Sc. 3. and by Shakſpeare in *As you like it*, Act 5 Sc. 4. Caranza was an author who wrote a treatiſe on the *Duello*. As did alſo the learned Selden.

* *The firſt ſtoccata.*] The fencing term for a thruſt with a rapier. See below, Act 4. Sc. 7. n. 32.

Bob. By heav'n, no, not I; no ſkill i' the earth; ſome ſmall rudiments i' the ſcience, as to know my time, diſtance, or ſo: I have profeſt it more for noblemen and gentlemens uſe, than mine own practice, I aſſure you: hoſteſs, accommodate us with another bed-ſtaff here quickly: lend us another bed-ſtaff: the woman does not underſtand the words of action[43]. Look you, ſir: exalt not your point above this ſtate, at any hand, and let your poynard maintain your defence, thus; (give it the gentleman and leave us) ſo, ſir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more ſweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; ſo, indifferent: hollow your body more, ſir, thus: now, ſtand faſt o' your left leg, note your diſtance, keep your due proportion of time[44].—Oh, you diſorder your point, moſt irregularly!

Mat.

[43] *Hoſteſs,* ACCOMMODATE *us with another bed-ſtaff here quickly; lend us another bed-ſtaff: the woman does not underſtand the* WORDS OF ACTION.] Corporal Bardolph will explain to us what the captain means by the words of action. "*Bard.* "Pardon me, ſir, I have heard the word. Phraſe call you it? "By this day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain "the word with my ſword to be a ſoldier-like word, and a "word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that "is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated; or when a "man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing."

2d. Part. Hen. 4th. Act 3. Sc. 4.

The word accommodation, as the poet tells us in his Diſcoveries, was at this time a modiſh expreſſion, and what he calls, one of the perfumed terms of the age.

And ſo Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Queen of Corinth*;

"- - - - Has he deny'd
"On thirty damme's to *accommodate* money."

Act 4. Sc. 1.

[44] *Note your diſtance, keep you due proportion of time.*] This expoſes with much life and humour the affected faſhion of dueling, which then ſo univerſally prevailed. Bare fighting was not enough; but it muſt be managed according to rule, and the directions of the maſters in the ſcience. We have the

ſame

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, ſir?

Bob. O, out of meaſure ill! a well experienc'd hand would paſs upon you, at pleaſure.

Mat. How mean you, ſir, paſs upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, ſir; (make a thruſt at me) come in, upon the anſwer, controul your point, and make a full career at the body: The beſt practis'd gallants of the time name it the paſſada; a moſt deſperate thruſt, believe it!

Mat. Well, come, ſir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility, or grace to invite me! I have no ſpirit to play with you: your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, ſir.

Bob. Venue! fie; moſt groſs denomination, as ever [45]I heard: O, the ſtoccata, while you live, ſir, note that;

ſame kind of ſatire in Shakſpeare's Romeo and Juliet. "He "fights as you ſing prick-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and "proportion: Ah, the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo." Act 2. Sc. 4.

And in Nabbes's *Microcoſmus*, 1637;

"I was bred up in Mars's fencing-ſchool, where I learn'd "a myſtery that conſiſts in lying, diſtance, and direction; "pace, ſpace, and place; time, motion, and action; pro-"greſſion, reverſion, and traverſion; blows, thruſts, falſes, "doubles, ſlips, and wards." Act 2.

[45] *Venue! fie; moſt groſs denomination, as ever I heard: O, the ſtoccata, while you live, ſir,*] *Venue* was the common technical term for a *touch*, or a *bout*, at fencing. In our old Comedians, where it frequently occurs, it is often written *Veny*. "I am no ſooner got into a fencing ſchool,

"To play a *venie* with ſome friend I bring."

Four Prentices of London, Old Plays, Vol. 6. page 461.

And in Chapman's Comedy of The Widow's Tears, Act 1.

"So, there's *Veny* for *Veny*." Ibid. page 153.

Alſo Slender in The Merry Wives of Windſor;

"Three *Veneys* for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes." Act 1. Sc. 1.

Where, in the note by Mr. Steevens, many other inſtances are cited.

Stoccata

that; come, put on your cloke, and we'll go to ſome private place, where you are acquainted, ſome tavern, or ſo—and have a bit—I'll ſend for one of theſe fencers, and he ſhall breathe you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your trick: you ſhall kill him with it at the firſt, if you pleaſe. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to controul any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adverſary confront you with a piſtol, 'twere nothing, by this hand; you ſhould, by the ſame rule, controul his bullet, in a line: except it were hail-ſhot, and ſpread. What money ha' you about you, maſter Matthew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not paſt a two ſhillings, or ſo.

Bob. [46]'Tis ſomewhat with the leaſt; but come: we will have a bunch of radiſh, and ſalt, to taſte our wine; and a pipe of tobacco, [47]to cloſe the orifice of the ſtomach: and then we'll call upon young Well-bred. Perhaps we ſhall meet the [48]Coridon, his brother, there, and put him to the queſtion.

Stoccata is the Italian term for a thruſt or puſh with a rapier; and this, with *paſſado* above mentioned, are found in the following lines quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

" He makes a thruſt; I with a ſwift paſſado
" Make quick avoidance, and with this ſtoccata, &c."
Romeo and Juliet, Act 3. Sc. 1.

[46] *'Tis ſomewhat with the leaſt.*] We ſay at preſent ſomewhat *of* the leaſt.—*Of* and *with* are indiſcriminately uſed by our antient writers. So in *The Spaniſh Tragedy;*

" Perform'd *of* pleaſure by your ſon, the prince."
See note on *Macbeth*, Act 1. Sc. 2. Mr. Steevens.

[47] *To cloſe the orifice of the ſtomach,*] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Act 5. Sc. 2.

" My banquet is *to cloſe our ſtomachs* up,
" After our great good cheer."

[48] *The Coridon his brother.*] Meaning Downright, who was half-brother to Well-bred.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Kitely, Caſh, Downright.

Kit. THomas, come hither.
There lyes a note, within, upon my deſk;
Here, take my key: it is no matter, neither.
Where is the boy?
Caſh. Within, ſir, i' the warehouſe.
Kit. Let him tell over, ſtraight, that Spaniſh gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of thoſe ſilver-ſtuffs
To maſter Lucar: tell him, if he will,
He ſhall ha' the grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon.
Caſh. Good, ſir.
Kit. Do you ſee that fellow, brother Downright;
Dow. Ay, what of him?
Kit. He is a jewel, brother.
[1] I took him of a child, up, at my door,
And

So in The Parſon's Wedding, 1663;
"He has not ſo much as the family-jeſt, which theſe "*Coridons* uſe to inherit." Act 1. Sc. 3.
And in *Taylor's Fearefull Summer*, 1636, 4to.
"If any ſuch have fallen into the uncurteous pawes of the "ſordid ruſticks or clowniſh *Coridons*, let them know that "God's bleſſings are worth thankes, and that they were "juſtly plagued for their unthankfullneſſe." Mr. Reed.

[1] *I took him of a child, up at my door,*
Since bred him at the hoſpital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home,] Bred him in Chriſt's hoſpital; where, at the firſt eſtabliſhment of it, foundling children, taken up in the city, were ſent for maintenance and education.—*A toward imp*; a tractable boy, and of promiſing parts. *Imp*, in the antient Britiſh, is a ſhoot or ſcion from a tree; and applied figuratively, with this epithet, to a young perſon, of whoſe growth and abilities we have good hopes. It was often uſed in this age, as it is always in the preſent, ironically,

And chriſten'd him, gave him mine own name, Thomas,
Since bred him at the hoſpital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my caſhier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a ſurname, Caſh;
And find him in his place ſo full of faith,
That I durſt truſt my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any baſtard's, brother,
As, it is like, he is; although I knew
Myſelf his father. But you ſaid yo' had ſomewhat
To tell me, gentle brother; what is't? what is't?

Kit. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your judgment is of ſtrength,
Againſt the nearneſs of affection——

Dow. What need this circumſtance? Pray you be direct.

Kit. I will not ſay, how much I do aſcribe
Unto your friendſhip, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but, let my paſt behaviour,

ironically, or in a degrading ſenſe.

"Noble impe of fame," is a title given by *Caxton* to prince *Arthur;* and by *Piſtol*, in *Shakſpeare*, to prince *Henry*.

" - - - Moſt royal Imp of fame."
Henry IV. part 2. Act 5. Sc. 5.

Where, in the note by Mr. Steevens, many other inſtances are given.

Theſe lines are not in the 4to. but were added when Jonſon reformed this Comedy, to accommodate it to his own times.

An alluſion to the *hoſpital* is in The Widow, a Comedy by *Jonſon*, *Fletcher*, and *Middleton;*

" - - - I ha' no child of mine own,
" But two I got once of a ſcowering woman,
" And they're both well provided for; they're i' th'
" hoſpital." Act 2. Sc. 1.

And in *The Spaniſh Curate*. by Beaumont and Fletcher;

" - - - - I will rather chooſe
" A baſtard from the hoſpital, and adopt him."
Act 1. Sc. 3.

And uſage of your ſiſter, but confirm
How well I have been affected to your———
Dow. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.
Kit. Then (without further ceremony,) thus.
My brother Well-bred, ſir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his diſpoſition.
When he came firſt to lodge here in my houſe,
Ne'er truſt me, if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himſelf in ſuch a faſhion,
So full of man, and ſweetneſs in his carriage,
And (what was chief) it ſhew'd not borrow'd in him,
But all he did became him as his own;
And ſeem'd as perfect, proper, and poſſeſt,
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now, his courſe is ſo irregular,
So looſe, affected, and depriv'd of grace;
And he himſelf, withal, ſo far fall'n off
From that firſt place, as ſcarce no note remains*,
To tell mens' judgments where he lately ſtood.
He's grown a ſtranger to all due reſpect,
Forgetful of his friends; and, not content
[a]To ſtale himſelf in all ſocieties,

He

* *As ſcarce no note remains,*] We ſhould now ſay, as ſcarce *a* note remains; but that was the idiom of the time.

[a] *To ſtale himſelf in all ſocieties,*] To make himſelf cheap, and common in all companies. So we find it uſed by Shakſpeare;

"Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
"To *ſtale* with ordinary oaths my love."
Julius Cæſar, Act 1. Sc. 1.

As a ſubſtantive, *ſtale* is uſed to denote a bait or allurement;

"- - - Go bring it hither,
"For *ſtale* to catch thoſe thieves." Tempeſt, Act 4.

And ſo in Gaſcoigne's *Suppoſes*;

"No *ſtale* at the door for the by-paſſers." Act 3. Sc. 4.

And

He makes my houſe here common as a mart,
A theatre, a publick receptacle
For giddy humour, and diſeaſed riot;
And here (as in a tavern, or a ſtews) §
He, and his wild aſſociates, ſpend their hours,
In repetition of laſcivious jeſts;
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Controul my ſervants; and indeed what not?

Dow. 'Sdeyns, I, know not what I ſhould ſay to him, i' the whole world! He values me at a crackt three-farthings, for ought I ſee[3]. It will never out o'

And again in *Spenſer's Fairie Queene;*
" Still as he went he craftie *ſtales* did lay,
" With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares."
B. 2. C. 2. S. 4.

" And in the tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*, 1595, it is a *Butt* to create merriment and laughter;
" He makes me a *ſtale* and a laughing-ſtock."
And ſo in *Wily Beguiled;*
" And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,
" Is made a *ſtale* by this baſe curſed crew."
Origin of the Engliſh Drama, Vol 3. page 330.

§ *As in a tavern, or a ſtews.*] The more uſual expreſſion is *the ſtews*, in the plural number; but *a ſtewes* is the reading of the 4to. and folio: and it is ſo uſed in *Withers's Abuſes ſtript and Whipt*, 1613.
" Turne his own houſe into *a filthy ſtewes.*" L. 1. Sat. 8.
In the 5th. ſcene of this play we read.
" He liv'd not in *the ſtews.*"
The ſingular number occurs in Cymbeline, Act 1. Sc. 8.
" - - - - to mart,
" As in a Romiſh *ſtew.*"
And in *Omphale*, a Poem, by Richard Brathwayt, 1621;
" Is now become no temple but *a ſtue.*"

[3] *He values me at a crackt three-farthings, for ought I ſee.*] The three-farthing pieces current in the reign of queen Elizabeth were made of ſilver; conſequently very thin, and much crackt by public uſe.
" ——— ———My face ſo thin,
" That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
" Leſt men ſhould ſay, look where three-farthings goes."
Shakſpeare's King John, Act 1. Sc. 2.

o' the fleſh that's bred i' the bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if that would ſerve: but, counſel to him, is as good as a ſhoulder of mutton to a ſick horſe. Well! he knows what to truſt to, for George: let him ſpend, and ſpend, and domineer, 'till his heart ake; an' he think to be reliev'd by me, when he is got into one o' your city-pounds, the counters, he has the wrong ſow by the ear i' faith; and claps his diſh at the wrong man's door[4]: I'll lay my hand o' my half-penny, ere I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll aſſure him.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very ſpur-leathers, for anger! But, why are you ſo tame? Why do not you ſpeak to him, and tell him how he diſquiets your houſe?

Kit.

[4] *Claps his diſh at the wrong man's door.*] This is to be found in Ray's Collection of Proverbs It is an alluſion to the practice of beggars in the earlier times of our anceſtors, and which was probably ſubſiſting in Jonſon's days, who had a wooden diſh and cover, which they clapped or clacked, at the doors where they came to aſk alms. Hence it was called a clap-diſh or clack-diſh.

"I that was wont ſo many to command,
"Worſe now than with a *clap-diſh* in my hand."
Drayton's Epiſt. from El. Cobham to D. Humphrey.

"Y' an beſt get a *clap-diſh*, and ſay y' are proctor to ſome "ſpittle-houſe." The Honeſt Whore, by Dekkar, Part 2. Vol. 3. Old Plays, page 442.

"His uſe was to put a ducket in her *clack-diſh*."
Meaſure for Meaſure, Act 3. Sc. 2.

To illuſtrate which paſſage Mr. Steevens adduces various authorities.

This practice prevailed in foreign countries; for *Morryſon* informs us that near Inſpruck were many alms-houſes for perſons infected with the leproſy; and that they were not permitted to come near travellers, but begged at a diſtance, with the ſound of a *wooden clapper*. Travels, 1617, page 22.

Kit. O, there are divers reaſons to diſſuade, brother.
But, would yourſelf vouchſafe to travail in it,
(Though but with plain and eaſy circumſtance)
It would both come much better to his ſenſe,
And ſavour leſs of ſtomach, or of paſſion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives, and warrants your authority;
Which (by your preſence ſeconded) muſt breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I ſhould intimate the leaſt,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worſe on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That, in the rearing, would come tott'ring down,
And, in the ruin, bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, brother; if I ſhould ſpeak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
And over-flowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars,
With the falſe breath of telling, what diſgraces,
And low diſparagements, I had put upon him.
Whilſt they, ſir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their looſe comments upon every word,
Geſture, or look, I uſe; mock me all over,
From my flat cap, unto my ſhining ſhoes[5];

And

[5] - - - - - *Mock me all over,*
From my flat cap, unto my ſhining ſhoes,] It is obſerved by *Stow*, that the antient coverture of mens' heads was hoods, and that before the time of Hen. VII. neither cap or hat is ſpoken of. In his reign ſquare bonets came into uſe, and were worn by noblemen, gentlemen, citizens, and others. Hen. VIII. wore a round *flat cap* of ſcarlet, or of velvet; and the youthful citizens alſo took them to the new faſhion of *flat caps*, knit of woollen yearn black. The uſe of theſe round flat caps ſo far increaſed, that in a ſhort time ſome young aldermen took the wearing of them. Sir John White wore it in his Mayoralty, and was the firſt that left example to his followers; but now the french bonnet, or ſquare cap, and alſo

And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'ſies,
Beget ſome ſlander, that ſhall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry, this.
They would give out (becauſe my wife is fair,
My ſelf but lately married, and my ſiſter
Here ſojourning a virgin in my houſe)
That I were jealous!* nay, as ſure as death,
That

alſo the round or flat cap, have for the moſt part given place to the Spaniſh felt. Stow's Survey, Edit. 1603. p. 545.

The plainer kind of citizens, however, ſtill continued to be diſtinguiſhed by wearing the *flat cap*, for which they were held up as objects of ridicule.

So Quickſilver, in Eaſtward Hoe, by *Chapman*, *Jonſon*, and *Marſton*, 1605, 4to.

"Marry, pho, goodman *Flat-cap*."—And again,

"Let's be no longer fools to this *flat-cap* Touchſtone."

Act 1. Sc. 1.

See Mr. Reed's note on The Honeſt Whore,

Old Plays, Vol. 3. p. 304.

"Theſe are what *Shakſpeare* calls *plain ſtatute-caps*."

Love's Labour Loſt, Act 5. Sc. 2.

An act of parliament being paſſed in 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth, enjoining all above the age of ſix years, except the nobility and ſome others, on Sabbath days, and holy days, to wear caps of wool, knit, thicked and dreſt in England, upon penalty of ten groats.

Amongſt other particularities of a citizen's dreſs, the brightneſs or *ſhining* of his ſhoes, was alſo taken notice of;

"- - - 'Slid his *ſhoes ſhine* too.

"Bright. They have the Greſham dye."

Mayne's City-Match, Act 1. Sc. 4.

And *Maſſinger*, ſpeaking of the vintners of his age;

"- - - How ſhall we know 'em?

"If they walk on foot, by their rat-colour'd ſtockings,

"And *ſhining-ſhoes*."

The Guardian, Act 2. Sc. 4.

*How naturally does Kitely here betray his jealouſy! There is a felicity in this paſſage, rather to have been expected from eaſy *Shakſpeare*, than from the laborious *Ben*.

THE CEREMONIES For the HEALING Of them that be DISEASED With the KINGS EVIL,

Used in the Time of

KING *HENRY* VII.

Published by His Majesties Command.

LONDON,

Printed by *Henry Hills*, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty for His Houshold and Chappel, 1686.

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This Ritual, and the annexed Ceremonial, are printed from a ſmall volume containing them both; the latter in M. S. late in the poſſeſſion of *A. D. Ducarel*, L. L. D. The Formularies may, as matters of curioſity, be preſerved, tho' the uſage of them has ceaſed.

THE CEREMONIES FOR HEALING Them that be DISEASED With the KINGS EVIL.

First, The King, kneeling, shall say,

IN the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt, Amen.

And ſo ſoon as He hath ſaid that, He ſhall ſay,

Give the Bleſſing.

The Chaplain kneeling before the King, and having a Stole about his Neck ſhall anſwer and ſay,

The Lord be in your heart, and in your lips, to confeſs all your ſins. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt. Amen.

Or elſe he ſhall ſay,

Chriſt hear us. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt. Amen.

Then

Then by and by the King ſhall ſay,

I confeſs to God, to the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*, to all Saints, and to you; that I have ſinned in thought, word, and deed through my fault: I pray Holy *Mary*, and all the Saints of God and you, to pray for me.

The Chaplain ſhall anſwer and ſay,

Almighty God have mercy upon you, and pardon you all your ſins, deliver you from all evil, and confirm you in good, and bring you to everlaſting life, Amen.

The Almighty and Merciful Lord grant you abſolution and remiſſion of all your ſins, time for true repentance and amendment of life, with the grace and comfort of his Holy Spirit. Amen.

This done the Chaplain ſhall ſay,

The Lord be with you.

The King ſhall anſwer,

And with thy ſpirit.

The Chaplain,

Part of the Goſpel according to St. Mark.

The King ſhall anſwer,

Glory to thee, O Lord.

The Chaplain reads the Goſpel,

LAST he appeared to thoſe Eleven as they ſat at the Table: and he exprobated their Incredulity and hardneſs of Heart, becauſe they did not believe them that had ſeen him riſen again. And he ſaid to them: Going into the whole World, Preach the Goſpel to all Creatures

Creatures. He that believeth and is Baptized, ſhall be ſaved: But he that believeth not, ſhall be condemned. And them that believe, theſe Signs ſhall follow: In my name ſhall they caſt out Devils, they ſhall ſpeak with new tongues. Serpents ſhall they take up, and if they drink any deadly thing, it ſhall not hurt them; they ſhall impoſe hands upon the ſick, and they ſhall be whole.

Which laſt clauſe, (They ſhall impoſe, *&c.) the Chaplain repeats as long as the King is handling the ſick perſon. And in the time of repeating the aforeſaid words,* (They ſhall impoſe, *&c.) the Clerk of the Cloſet ſhall Kneel before the King, having the ſick Perſon upon the right-hand; and the ſick Perſon ſhall likewiſe kneel before the King: and then the King ſhall lay his hand upon the ſore of the ſick Perſon. This done, the Chaplain ſhall make an end of the Goſpel.*

And ſo our Lord *JESUS* after he ſpake unto them was aſſumpted into Heaven, and ſate on the right hand of God. But they going forth preached every where; our Lord working withal, and confirming the Word with ſigns which followed.

Whilſt this is reading, the Chirurgion ſhall lead away the ſick Perſon from the King. And after the Goſpel the Chaplain ſhall ſay,

The Lord be with you.

The King ſhall anſwer,

And with thy ſpirit.

The

The Chaplain,

The beginning of the Goſpel according to St. *John.*

The King,

Glory to thee, O Lord.

The Chaplain then ſhall ſay this Goſpel following,

IN the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and God was the word. This was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was made nothing, that which was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light ſhineth in darkneſs, and the darkneſs did not comprehend it. There was a man ſent from God, whoſe name was *John.* This man came for teſtimony: to give teſtimony of the light, that all might believe through him. He was not the light, but to give teſtimony of the light. It was the true light which lightneth every man that cometh into this world.

Which laſt clauſe (It was the true light, &c.) *ſhall ſtill be repeated ſo long as the King ſhall be croſſing the ſore of the ſick Perſon, with an Angel of Gold Noble, and the ſick Perſon to have the ſame Angel hang'd about his neck, and to wear it until he be full whole. This done, the Chirurgion ſhall lead away the ſick Perſon as he did before, and then the Chaplain ſhall make an end of the Goſpel.*

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came into his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, he gave them power to be made the Sons of God, to thoſe that believe in his name. Who not

of

of blood, nor of will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God are born. And the word was made flesh, and dwelt in us, and we saw the glory of him, glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and verity.

Then the Chaplain shall say,

The Lords name be praised.

The King shall answer,

Now and for ever.

Then shall the Chaplain say this Collect following, praying for the Sick Person or Persons:

O Lord, hear my prayer.

The King shall answer,

And let my cry come unto thee.

The Chaplain,

Let us pray.

ALmighty and everlasting God, the eternal health of them that believe; graciously hear us for thy servants for whom we implore the aid of thy mercy, that their health being restored to them, they may give thee thanks in thy church, thro' *CHRIST* our Lord. Amen.

This Prayer following is to be said secretly, after the sick Persons be departed from the King, at his Pleasure.

ALmighty God, Ruler and Lord, by whose goodness the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and all sick persons

ſons are healed of their Infirmities: By whom alſo alone the gift of healing is given to mankind, and ſo great a grace, thro' thine unſpeakable goodneſs toward this Realm, is granted unto the Kings thereof, that by the ſole impoſition of their hands a moſt grievous and filthy diſeaſe ſhould be cured: Mercifully grant that we may give thee thanks therefore, and for this thy ſingular benefit conferr'd on us, not to our ſelves, but to thy name let us daily give glory; and let us always ſo exerciſe our ſelves in piety, that we may labour not only diligently to conſerve, but every day more and more to encreaſe thy grace beſtowed upon us: And grant, that on whoſe bodies ſoever we have impoſed hands in thy name, thro' this thy Vertue working in them, and thro' our Miniſtry, may be reſtored to their former health, and being confirmed therein, may perpetually with us give thanks unto thee the Chief Phyſician and Healer of all diſeaſes; and that henceforwards they may ſo lead their lives, as not their bodies only from ſickneſs, but their ſouls alſo from ſin may be perfectly purged and cured: Thro' our Lord *JESUS CHRIST* thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the Unity of the Holy Ghoſt, God World without end. Amen.

FINIS.

THE

OFFICE

OF

CONSECRATING

CRAMP-RINGS.

1694.

In the Advertiſement to the preceding Ritual, for *A. D. Ducarel*, L. L. D. read *A. C. Ducarel*, L. L. D.

THE CEREMONIES OF BLESSING CRAMP-RINGS *On GOOD-FRIDAY,* Uſed by the CATHOLICK KINGS *Of ENGLAND.*

The pſalme Deus miſereatur noſtri, &c. with the Gloria Patri.

MAY God take pity upon us, and bleſſe us * may he ſend forth the light of his face upon us, and take pity on us.

That we may know thy ways on earth * among all nations thy ſalvation.

May people acknowledge thee, O God: * may all people acknowledge thee.

Let nations reioice, and be glad, becauſe thou iudgeſt people with equity, * and doeſt guide nations on the earth.

May people acknowledge thee, O God, may all people acknowledge thee, * the earth has ſent forth her fruit.

May

May God bleſſe us, that God who is ours: may that God bleſſe us,* and may all the bounds of the earth feare him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,* and to the Holy Ghoſt.

As it was in the beginning, and now, and ever,* and for ever, and ever. Amen.

Then the King readeth this prayer.

ALmighty eternal God, who by the moſt copious gifts of thy grace, flowing from the unexhauſted fountain of thy bounty, haſt been graciouſly pleaſed for the comfort of mankind, continually to grant us many and various meanes to relieve us in our miſeries; and art willing to make thoſe the inſtruments and channels of thy gifts, and to grace thoſe perſons with more excellent favours, whom thou haſt raiſed to the Royal dignity; to the end that as by Thee they reign, and govern others: ſo by Thee they may prove beneficial to them; and beſtow thy favours on the people: graciouſly heare our prayers, and favourably receive thoſe vows we powre forth with humility, that Thou mayſt grant to us, who beg with the ſame confidence the favour, which our Anceſtours by their hopes in thy mercy have obtained: through Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

The Rings lying in one baſon or more, this prayer is to be ſaid over them.

O God the maker of heavenly and earthly creatures, and the moſt gracious reſtorer of mankind, the diſpenſer of ſpiritual grace, and the origin of all bleſſings; ſend downe from heaven thy holy Spirit the Comforter upon theſe Rings, artificially fram'd by the workman, and by thy greate power purify them ſo, that all the malice of the fowle, and venomous Serpent be driven out; and ſo the metal, which by Thee was created,

created, may remaine pure, and free from all dregs of the enemy. Through Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

The bleſſing of the Rings.

O God of Abraham, God of Iſaac, God of Jacob, heare mercifully our prayers. Spare thoſe who feare thee. Be propitious to thy ſuppliants, and graciouſly be pleaſed to ſend downe from Heaven thy holy Angel: that he may ſanctify ✠ and bleſſe ✠ theſe Rings: to the end they may prove a healthy remedy to ſuch as implore thy name with humility, and accuſe themſelves of the ſins, which ly upon their conſcience: who deplore their crimes in the ſight of thy divine clemency, and beſeech with earneſtneſs, and humility thy moſt ſerene piety. May they in fine by the invocation of thy holy name become profitable to all ſuch as weare them, for the health of their ſoule and body, through Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

A Bleſſing.

O God who haſt manifeſted the greateſt wonders of thy power by the cure of diſeaſes, and who were pleaſed, that Rings ſhould be a pledge of fidelity in the patriark Judah, a prieſtly ornament in Aaron, the mark of a faithful guardian in Darius, and in this Kingdom a remedy for divers diſeaſes: graciouſly be pleaſed to bleſſe ✠ and ſanctify ✠ theſe Rings, to the end that all ſuch who weare them may be free from all ſnares of the Devil, may be defended by the power of celeſtial armour; and that no contraction of the nerves, or any danger of the falling-ſickneſs may infeſt them, but that in all ſort of diſeaſes by thy help they may find relief. In the name of the Father, ✠ and of the Son, ✠ and of the Holy Ghoſt. ✠ Amen.

Bleſſe, O my ſoule, the Lord, * and let all things which are within me praiſe his holy name. Bleſſe

Bleſſe, O my ſoule, the Lord, * and do not forget all his favours.

He forgives all thy iniquities, * he heales all thy infirmities.

He redeemes thy life from ruin, * he crownes thee with mercy, and commiſeration.

He fils thy deſires with what is good: * thy youth like that of the eagle ſhall be renewed.

The Lord is he, who does mercy, * and does iuſtice to thoſe who ſuffer wrong.

The merciful, and pitying Lord: * the long ſufferer, and moſt mighty merciful.

He wil not continue his anger for ever; * neither wil he threaten for ever.

He has not dealt with us in proportion to our ſins; * nor has he rendered unto us according to our offences.

Becauſe according to the diſtance of heaven from earth, * ſo has he enforced his mercies upon thoſe who feare him.

As far diſtant as the eaſt is from the weſt: * ſo far has he divided our offences from us.

After the manner that a Father takes pity of his Sons: ſo has the Lord taken pity of thoſe, who feare him: * becauſe he knows what we are made of.

He remembers that we are but duſt. Man like hay, ſuch are his days; * like the flower in the field, ſo wil he fade away.

Becauſe his breath wil paſſe away through him, and he wil not be able to ſubſiſt, * and it wil find no longer its owne place.

But the mercy of the Lord is from all eternity; * and wil be for ever upon thoſe who feare him.

And his iuſtice comes upon the children of their children, * to thoſe who keep his wil.

And are mindful of his commandements, * to performe them.

The Lord in heaven has prepared himſelf a throne, and his kingdom ſhall reign over all.

Bleſſe yee the Lord all yee Angels of his, yee who are powerful in ſtrength: * who execute his commands, at the hearing of his voice when he ſpeakes.

Bleſſe yee the Lord all yee vertues of his: * yee Miniſters who execute his wil.

Bleſſe yee the Lord all yee works of his throughout all places of his dominion: * my Soule praiſe thou the Lord.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, * and to the Holy Ghoſt.

As it was in the beginning, and now and ever, * and for ever and ever. Amen.

Wee humbly implore, O merciful God, thy infinit clemency; that as we come to thee with a confident ſoule, and ſincere faith, and a pious aſſurance of mind: with the like devotion thy beleevers may follow on theſe tokens of thy grace. May all ſuperſtition be baniſhed hence, far be all ſuſpicion of any diabolical fraud, and to the glory of thy name let all things ſucceede: to the end thy beleevers may underſtand thee to be the diſpenſer of all good; and may be ſenſible and publiſh, that whatſoever is profitable to ſoule or body, is derived from thee: through Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

Theſe prayers being ſaid the Kings highnes rubbeth the Rings between his hands, ſaying,

SAnctify, O Lord, theſe Rings, and graciouſly bedew them with the dew of thy benediction, and conſecrate them by the rubbing of our hands, which thou haſt been pleaſed according to our miniſtery to ſanctify by an external effuſion of holy oyle upon them: to the end, that what the nature of the mettal

mettal is not able to performe; may be wrought by the greatnes of thy grace: through Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

Then muſt holy water be caſt on the rings, ſaying,

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy-Ghoſt. Amen.

O Lord the only begotten Son of God, Mediatour of God and men, Jeſus Chriſt, in whoſe name alone ſalvation is ſought for; and to ſuch as hope in thee giveſt an eaſy acces to thy Father: who when converſing among men, thyſelf a man, didſt promiſe by an aſſured oracle flowing from thy ſacred mouth, that thy Father ſhould grant whatever was aſked him in thy name: lend a gracious eare of pity to theſe prayers of ours; to the end that approaching with confidence to the throne of thy grace, the beleevers may find by the benefits conferr'd upon them, that by thy mediation we have obtained, what we have moſt humbly begd in thy name: who liveſt and reigneſt with God the Father in the unity of the Holy-Ghoſt, one God for ever and ever. Amen.

Wee beſeech thee O Lord, that the Spirit, which proceedes from thee may prevent and follow on our deſires: to the end that what we beg with confidence for the good of the faithful, we may efficaciouſly obtaine by thy gracious gift; through Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

O moſt clement God; Father, Son, and Holy-Ghoſt; wee ſupplicate and beſeech thee, that what is here performed by pious ceremonies to the ſanctifying of thy name, may be prevalent to the defenſe of our ſoule and body on earth; and profitable to a more ample felicity in heaven. Who liveſt and reigneſt God, world without end. Amen.

FINIS.

To the Editor of the LITERARY MUSEUM.

From a ſincere wiſh that your very curious and entertaining Miſcellany may anſwer your utmoſt expectations, I have ſent you as under; which, if the interpretation to the obſolete words render it intelligible, muſt be approved of, for the ſimplicity of thought, ſentiment, and language.

Nottingham, Jan. 1789. B. N.

Onne mie Maiſter LYDGATE, *his travellynge ynnto Fraunce.*

Written three hundred and ſixty years ſince.

MAISTER of Poettes, venerable,
Ryghte worthye, honourable,
[1] Fadre ynne [2] feeſtelyche mynneſtrellſye,
Natoures chyllde ynne Phyloeſophye,
Pyrynnecipalle Poette of Brytaine,
Bryghtte [3] ordaynoure, clere founteyne,
[4] Werthe ymage of [5] connyſaunce,
Of [6] eſployte, eke of [7] eſperaunce,
[8] Fetyſe foundere of Scyence,
Myror of [9] deauratte Eloquence,
[10] Sythennes [11] dygne Mayſter Chaucere,
[12] Eke Ennglonndes Poette Dan Gowere,

And

[1] Father. [2] pleaſant. [3] original. [4] True, worthy. [5] learning. [6] perfection. [7] hope. [8] amiable. [9] ſplendid, ſhining. [10] Since. [11] worthy, [12] Alſo.

And Occleue are gone fro us,
Poettes [13] hertedde as Vergilius,
You ne [14] mote toe mayke us [15] dere,
The [16] feeſte of alle wythouten [17] pere,
Forre [18] gyffe you doe [19] ne [20] jubylye,
Ynne alle faire Allebionnes Londe wylle bee,
Ne wylle heie boaſte ynne [21] mackleſſe lore,
As yeye werre [22] hanntenned herretoeforre,
Syth youe bee gone yatte Rhetoerycke
Dyde unnderſtonnde thatte none youe lycke,
Ne wylle the chauntynge [23] chylannedry
Delyghte [24] thylke Forreſte, or thylke Tre,
Butte maiken manie a [25] drerie leie
As yffe youe nere [26] not gone butte [27] deie,
The [28] Sheppeſterres eke [29] iwaymentynge
Wylle ſytte onne greene bancke, ne ſynge,
Ne pype, ne daunce, [30] ſycke [31] ſootlyé,
As [32] whyelomme theie fulle merrieleye,
Butte [33] forſonnegenne yeie wylle yweepe
Annde beate yerre [34] lyarte breaſtes wythe [35] keepe.

Theyre

---

[13] fam'd. [14] muſt not go. [15] lament. [16] joy. [17] equal, or rival. [18] if [19] no, nor, not. [20] rejoicing, gladneſs. [21] unrivalled, excelling. [22] accuſtom'd. [23] goldfinch. [24] each. [25] mournful. [26] an example of two negatives often uſed by Chaucer, meaning as if you were not. [27] dead. [28] ſhepherds. [29] lamenting. [30] ſo. [31] ſweetly. [32] formerly, of old. [33] fatigued, weary with ſinging. [34] gentle. [35] anguiſh.

Theyre [36] Lommebes [37] foreyettenne wylle wanndere,
Ne [38] conne [39] heie of the [40] colfoxe nere,
Whanne you bee [41] gleddenne, gyf you doe,
Faire [42] Burye Toune wyl be ynne woe,
Syker [43] boutte you yſchalle bewaylle,
Mie [44] lefe fryendde wythe [45] ſyckes for [46] aylle,
Ne ſytte [47] ytte wele yatte you ſchoolde [48] lete,
Forre gyffe youe doe yt [49] nyl be mete
Forre me toe bee [50] joyleynynnge
Whanne youe mie [51] lotelie are travellynge,
Ne ſchalle I playe the [52] grayenelle
Gyf you doe [53] wynde whomme I love welle,
Ne ſchalle I ynne [54] boune ſoothe [55] ywiſſe
Wryghte poeſye as I dydde [56] onys,
Ne ſchall I mere yn ſheene [57] aurore
Delyghte toe ſtraie ynne [58] wryenne [59] gore,
Wheare [60] Mees doe ſmyle withe ſwoote floure,
The joie of [61] phummetuous Natoure,
Ne mere the [62] hyne wythe hardie [63] hele

Schalle

---

[36] ſheep, lambkins. [37] forgotten, neglected. [38] know. [39] contraction of they. [40] a dark color'd fox. [41] gone. [42] a Town, of which John Lydgate was Monk. [43] I certainly without you. [44] beloved. [45] ſighs. [46] for ever, always. [47] nor is it fit. [48] abandon, forſake. [49] will not. [50] joyful, rejoicing. [51] companion, friend. [52] I believe an inſtrument then uſed. [53] to go. [54] in good faith. [55] truly. [56] once. [57] morning. [58] covered. [59] an arbour compoſed of gourdes, and perhaps any arbour indiſcriminately. [60] meadows, [61] bountiful, fruitful. [62] huſbandman. [63] health.

Schalle [64] floyte ne fete flourettes [65] wele,
Ne [66] connenne I [67] joieeuze [68] forreleine
Inne roſie [69] ſours onne [70] tetched pleine,
[71] Syttheneſſe you goe anndde leave mee herre
Meſt [72] wrothenne wyghte forre aie toe derre,
Thanne ſtaie annde bleſſe a wepynnge toune
Ynne glorye, [73] rennomie, anndde renoune,
Youe ſchalle [74] ybrooke a goulde chappelette
Thatte Fame ſchalle onne yoor browe iſette,
Youre [75] Wurches a laſtynnge ornamennte
Anndde [76] eke a goodlie monumennte,
Thenne [77] blenen [78] heal the wordes I [79] ſaine,
Ne hanne I [80] ſpylltte mie ſpeeche ynne vayne.

---

[64] whiſtle. [65] riſe, or ſpring. [66] can. [67] merry, joyful. [68] wander. [69] ſpring. [70] ſpotted, ſtained. [71] perceiving that. [72] loneſome, miſerable. [73] fame, celebrity. [74] to poſſeſs, enjoy. [75] works. [76] alſo. [77] to ſtay, tarry, abide. [78] hear. [79] ſay. [80] to ſpill ones words, is to argue to no purpoſe, vainly.

---

§‡§ Whether this Poem was written by a *Rowley*, or a *Chatterton*, I will not preſume to ſay; I only take the liberty to obſerve that the M. S. from which it was printed has a few inaccuracies, which denote it to have been a tranſcript: if B. N. or any other perſon, more converſant with OLD ENGLISH than myſelf, will do me the favour to point out any errors in this copy, they ſhall be acknowledged hereafter.

EDITOR.

FOR THE LITERARY MUSEUM.

The Editor of *The Literary Museum* preſents the following Ode from a Correſpondent to his Readers without a comment, not doubting but that they will eſtimate it properly.—The Author it is hoped will pardon the liberty taken in making two or three trifling variations from the Original, which appeared to be indiſpenſibly neceſſary.

The NEW ARCADIA,

A Regulated Pindaric ODE;

(In Imitation of GRAY.)

By W. BELTCHER.

STROPHE.

TIME ſwung his ſcythe, and Slav'ry fled:
No more the tear-earn'd bread,
Torn fleſh and iron bed:
Nor nurſe of wealth the fervid mold,
Whoſe bowels countleſs treaſures hold,
Curſe of a hapleſs clime ſhall glut the univerſe with gold.

ANTISTROPHE.

In vain each brilliant morning deck'd the glade,
Hung the thorn and gemm'd the blade,
Vain the ſtream's lull, and noontide ſhade,
In vain in wavy proſpect laugh'd the field,
In vain did earth the precious bullion yield,
Its tyrannous, relentleſs lords, with ruthleſs boſoms ſteel'd.

EPODE.

EPODE.

What youth of gay look and fantaſtical mould,
Trips blithe o'er the lawn clad in purple and gold?
Walks with him young April, whoſe bluſhes adorn
The welkin that melts to his ſweet-ſwelling horn.
Wanton hireling no more ſcourges,
Flaw'd the hands for beggar's pay,
Nor fell maſter labour urges;
Ends the cruel ſultry day.

II.

STROPHE.

Spaniard, thy batt'ning ſaints withdraw,
With gluttonizing maw
That mock kind nature's law:
Ceaſe, viceroy-tyrants, dire controul,
O'er bowed neck and pinion'd ſoul,
Whilſt avarjcious prieſts th' Almighty's thunder roll.

ANTISROPHE.

Spaniard, that lov'ſt fell Inquiſition's frown,
Gallia, Gallia flings thee down,
Totters thy Peruvian crown.
Thy mighty empire's wrapp'd in ſleepy lees:
Nor truſt unequal ſhips to catch the breeze,
Where Britiſh engines hurl the ball, triumphant o'er the ſeas.

EPODE.

The Nereids delighting to gambol the deep,
To ſcud on the wave, to the Tritons time keep,
How nimbly they play and how merrily dance,
To floating ſhell-muſic that tells their advance!

See the airy colours flying,
And the honeſt, jolly crew,
Laſs with Zephyr gently ſighing
For the Britiſh ſailor true.

III.

STROPHE.

Afar, ſtoop'd ſky and ſea between,
A hoſtile fleet is ſeen
With proud majeſtic mein:
A ſolemn gun the fight foretells,
Surge after ſurge each bulk impells,
And whiſt'ling wind above the flapping canvaſs
ſwells.

ANTISTROPHE.

Wide ſtretch the heaving lines in tow'ry pride,
In tremendous glory ride,
O'er the darkling, groaning tide:
But ſoon the pond'rous, ruthleſs ruin feel,
The maſt-fall'n caſtles ſagg, and bulging reel,
Or high explode in ſheets of fire that fearful day
reveal.

EPODE.

But, Britain victorious, hoar Neptune appears,
Canadian pine for his trident-ſtaff rears;
The conqueſt ſtill pleas'd to hail of his ſons,
His face on the painted ſtern viewing he runs.
Beamy Saturn clears th' horizon,
Jove uſurper flung from high;
To proclaim his Inca hies on;
Both recover'd empire try.

IV.

IV.

STROPHE.

The ſcarlet ſoldier ſhapes his way,
His glory to aſſay
To Phebus uſh'ring day:
The drum's and trumpet's mix'd alarm
Fans in his breaſt the beating charm,
The terror of his eye, and tempeſt of his arm.

ANTISTROPHE.

Trembles the ground beneath the trampling ſteed,
Shiv'ring foes denounc'd to bleed,
Sounds tumultuous drive his ſpeed:
Thick ſhow'rs of bullets from rang'd barrels pour,
Bombs ſcatter deaths and braying cannons roar,
And ſulph'rous mines explode in air, earth's entrails upward bore.

EPODE.

But liberty marches with flow'rets behind;
They die and are bleſs'd, or live free as the wind:
Young Liberty prances with looſe auburn hair,
And with him trips lightly a frolicſome Fair.
Earthquakes vaniſh'd, ſee advancing
Forms that mock the mortar's blaze,
Ambuſh new the laſt enhancing;
Caught at laſt in Cupid's maze.

V.

STROPHE.

With joy unknown they love t'explore
The friendly-winding ſhore,
Ne'er Briton-trod before:
The rifled ſpices breathe along,
New warblers chaunt the woods among,
Dear ſoothers, ſweetly ſhrill, in conſort ſoft and ſtrong.

ANTISTROPHE.

ANTISTROPHE.

The mouldy dungeon chang'd for lightſome ſky,
Racks in ocean buried lie,
Priſons drear in thunders fly:
Juſt puniſhments compleated crimes await,
The barb'rous miſcreants mark the new-year's date,
For pamper'd god of luxury, they eye grim-ſtalking
Fate.

EPODE.

The youth is deſcended from old ſilver Time,
The ſeaſons revolv'd to melodious chyme;
He foots it and capers, beſpangled with dew,
Comes with him the nightingale, thruſh, and
cuckow.
Hark! the azure vault reſounding,
Wings the freſh, tranſporting gale,
Spring and May together bounding
On the banks that ſweets exhale.

VI.

STROPHE.

The flocks more verdant dales admire;
And ah! what ſweets conſpire
Where waves yon feſtive fire!
Lit groves of nard diſpenſe perfume,
Heav'n propitious wide illume,
And Victory on high expands his gliſt'ning plume.

ANTISTROPHE.

The vig'rous woodman loads the lengthened team,
Primes the fir, or hews the beam,
For the dimpled-courting ſtream:

The

The burſten planks ſtrange cloud-cap'd trees renew;
Gay-launch'd the bark round which fierce battle flew,
Th' exulting ſeaman mounts in air, the realms of peace to view.

EPODE.

The Fays and the Fairies, in ermine array'd,
Beſprinkle the green to fair Cynthia diſplay'd;
The Queen leads the Dance to the twinkleing ſtar,
The dulcimer tinkles and ſilv'ry guittar:
And the ſhining waggon rattles,
Whilſt the merry driver ſings,
This the fruit of freedom's battles,
Bracelet 'ſtead of fetter rings.

VII.

STROPHE.

The burniſh'd youth receives each gueſt,
A ſaviour each confeſs'd,
Pil'd high the tropic zeſt.
To Fortune kind, and Bacchus young,
The quiv'ring, thrilling lyre is ſtrung,
Their native Sov'reign bleſs'd with Britain's monarch ſung.

ANTISTROPHE.

The cooling liquor ſcented herbs improve,
Airs entrancing break above,
In the genial voice of love:
The flaming goblets pealing anſwer ſend,
While mellow flutes the ſtrain harmonious blend,
And Cherubs in etherial robes their glancing ſteerage bend.

EPODE.

EPODE.

The traveller faint in the rivulet laves,
O'er which ſpreading myrtle meandering waves;
The melon embroidered wantonly greets
The orange o'er-dangling, and mingles its ſweets.
Alps and Atlas, ſnow-cloath'd mountains,
Are but Liliputians here:
Crackling blaze; or guſhing fountains;
Froſt, or ſun, throughout the year.

VIII.

STROPHE.

The peaſant ſees delighted twine
The purple-cluſter'd vine,
Or crops the wildling pine,
(Ambroſial food that never palls,
Whoſe ſunny juice in ſtreamlets falls)
Nor fears at ev'ry taſte the bondage-wringing calls.

ANTISTROPHE.

Fat dews the ears of conſtant harveſts fill,
Springs ſupply that ſpout the rill,
Sky ſerene and tempeſt ſtill.
Luxuriant graſs involves the ribbon'd mead,
No chilling blaſts the fragrant growth impede,
Soft ſmiling Graces hand in hand, harmonious Seaſons lead.

EPODE.

What's yonder I ſee on the cedar-clad plain,
That gleams in its courſe to the billowy main?

The

The ſplendour quite dazzles the winking-quick eye,
*Flames flaſh as it ſparkles with whirling ſound by.
Surely tis Gold-age returning
Speck'd with di'mond from the mine,
Orient rays together burning,
Viſion glorious and Divine!

---

* I am almoſt afraid to confeſs that I am rather an advocate for an alliteration here and there interſperſed, productive, I think, of a current ſweetneſs. How glorious is Pope's!

" To ſounds of *heav'nly harps* ſhe dies away"

The beſt line of Gray's Elegy

" And wak'd to extaſy the *living lyre*"—

for which, by the way, he is indebted to this of Cowley,

" Begin the ſong and ſtrike the *living lyre*"—.

has an alliteration. But the moſt remarkable one is Virgil's,

" Neu patriæ *validas in viſcera vertite vires*"—

who, among his artifices of verſification, was ſenſible of fluid celérity; witneſs

" Corripuere, ruuntq' effuſi *carcere currus*"—

and again

——— " *volat vi* fervidus axis"—

as was Gray of the importance of pirated thoughts, a mark of his ingenuity, if not a proof of his genius.

As a poetical licence, I have alſo ventured to write *twinkleing* as an expanſion for *twinkling*.

The Reader perceives my reaſon for naming this Ode a Regulated Pindaric, which is becauſe though it contains a variety of verſes, they have a regular recurrence in the reſpective partitions; the former quality, beſides its turn of poetry, intitling it to the appellation of a Pindaric. A *regular* Pindaric I do not name it, becauſe, whatever idea ſome may entertain of the equality of Pindar's metre, I conceive that it would have been a contradiction in terms: Whether the denomination I have aſſigned to the conſtruction of this piece be right or wrong, it is of the ſame nature with that of Gray's two great Odes. W. B.

In *Ben Jonſon's* UNDERWOODS, the Ode to the memory, &c. of *Sir Lucius Cary*, and *Sir H. Morriſon*, " is a true and regulated Pindaric, and the firſt in our language, that hath a juſt claim to that title."

See Mr. *Whalley's* elegant Note, or rather Diſſertation, on the ODE PINDARIC, in his edition of Jonſon, Vol. 6, Page 440.

To which the following may be added, "The correct and laborious Ben Jonſon, as he was the firſt importer of the *Strophe*, *Antiſtrophe* and *Epode*, has given us alſo the firſt Engliſh precedent of an irregular ode, if I miſtake not, in the poem on the burning of his works."

Preſton's Thoughts on Lyric Poetry.

EDITOR.

THE

KING in the COUNTRY.

A

DRAMATIC PIECE,

In TWO ACTS.

Acted at the THEATRES-ROYAL,

At RICHMOND and WINDSOR,

1788.

LONDON;

Printed for the EDITOR, and Sold at No. 62, *Great Wild-Street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; by Meſſ. EGERTON, *Whitehall*; Meſſ. COX and PHILLIPSON, *James-Street, Covent-Garden*; R. RYAN, No. 351, *Oxford-Street*; H. D. SYMONDS, No. 20, *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and W. RICHARDSON, under the *Royal-Exchange*. 1789.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Piece is taken from an underplot in The First Part of King Edward the Fourth, written by Thomas Heywood; the dialogue has been altered a little, to render it fit for modern representation; and a few passages have been added for connexion and conclusion.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King Edward the Fourth.
Lord Howard.
Sir Thomas Sellenger.
Sir Humphrey Bowes.
Juſtice Aſton.
Lord Mayor.
Recorder.
Sheriffs.
Huntſmen.
John Hobbs, the Tanner of Tamworth.
Young Hobbs, his Son.
Dudgeon, his Man.
Hadland.
Goodfellow.
Grudgen.

The Queen.
The Dutcheſs.
Nell, the Tanner's Daughter.

PROLOGUE.

YOU lately read in each news-paper,
At morn, at noon, by evening-taper,
Of Cheltenham-water, wooden-houſe,
Now left to prowling rat or mouſe;
With ſmart bon-mots, and anecdotes
Of Prince and Peaſant, Crowns and Cotes;
And how, ſurpriſed, the ruſtics ran
To ſee the King was but a man;
Wond'ring that blue-coat and bob-wig
Were worn by one they thought ſo big,
Great Gog or Magog's coat of mail
To cover him would ſurely fail:
How ſtars and garters clowns did ſcare,
And make them at a diſtance ſtare;
With Mayors, moſt loyally addreſſing,
To beg of Majeſty the bleſſing
Of one ſhort viſit to their city,
Which they, no doubt, had trimm'd up pretty:
With *female *bell*-man, *ſqueaking out*
"God ſave the King!" while ruſtics ſhout;
And gracious GEORGE, *by chance being nigh her,*
Moſt courteous adds, "God bleſs the cryer!"
Theſe, and a thouſand ſuch-like matters,
By news-papers now worn to tatters,
May prove a theme for ſome Stage-Writer,
Some Laureat-Bard, or Song-Enditer.
Tho' choice the ſubject, yet, thro' fear
We might debaſe it, were it here
Attempted to be dramatized,
It being ſo far overſized
For our weak talents; we, inſtead,
Evoke the Spirits of the Dead!

And

* This anomalous expreſſion is not without a precedent; *Man* Mid-*Wife*, ſo generally uſed, being authority for it.

And crave you to accept a Story
Of our Fourth EDWARD, *England's glory!*
And a blunt Tanner; long ſince writ
By Thomas Heywood, a Stage-Wit:
Antique the phraſe, and coarſe the manners,
Yet ſuch as ſuited Kings and Tanners
Who lived three hundred years ago,
When few could to a gooſe ſay Bo!
And needy Kings would beg or borrow
What their poor ſubjects' toil and ſorrow
Had ſcraped together: happier now!
We under no ſuch bondage bow;
Nor King demands, nor ſubjects grieve,
Beneath our vines content we live!
And read with wonder of thoſe times,
The ſimple theme of this night's Mimes.
If it afford ſome harmleſs mirth,
Nor ſhew of humour quite a dearth;
Kindly o'erlook whate'er's amiſs,
Nor pay our labours with a hiſs:
And ſhould it pleaſe you to commend,
We ſhall atchieve our wiſh'd-for end;
For every thought, deed, and endeavour,
Is bent to gain that Prize, your Favour!

THE

KING in the COUNTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE *A Foreſt.*

Enter Hobbs *and* Dudgeon.

HOBBS.

DUDGEON, doſt thou hear? look well to Brock, my mare, drive Dun and her fair and ſoftly down the hill, and take heed the thorns tear not my cow-hides, as thou goeſt near the hedges.

Dud. Maſter, the bull's hide is down.

Hobbs. Ha! what ſay'ſt thou knave? is the bull's hide down? why then hoiſt it up again. I'll meet thee at the ſtile, and help to ſet all ſtrait. [*Exit* Dudgeon.] And yet, heaven help us, it is a crooked world, and an unthrifty; for ſome that have ne'er a ſhoe had rather go barefoot, than buy clout-leather to mend the old, when they can get no new; well, heaven mend *them*, tho' they will not mend their *ſhoes*. Let me ſee by my executor here, my leather pouch, what I have taken, what I have ſpent, what I have gained, what I have loſt, and what I have laid out: My taking is more than my ſpending, for here's ſtore left. I have ſpent but a groat, a penny for my two jades, a penny to the poor, a penny pot of ale, and a penny cake, for my man and me.—A dicker of cow-hides coſt me ———'ſnails, who comes here? Dame Ploughſhare, or Miſtreſs what d'ye call her? put up, John Hobbs, money tempts beauty.

Enter

Enter the Queen *and* Dutcheſs, *in riding dreſſes, and* Two Huntſmen, *with bows, &c.*

Dut. Well met, good fellow, ſaw'ſt thou not the hart?

Hobbs. My heart? heaven bleſs me from ſeeing my heart?

Queen. Thy heart? the deer, man, we demand the deer.

Hobbs. Do you demand what's dear? marry, corn and cow-hides.—Maſs! a good ſmug laſs. Well like my daughter Nell.

Dut. Cameſt thou not down the wood?

Hobbs. Yes, miſtreſs, that I did.

Queen. And ſaw'ſt thou not the deer imboſt?

Hobbs. By the rood ye make me laugh, ha! ha! ha! what the dickens is it, love! that makes ye prate to me ſo fondly?

1ſt. *Huntſ.* Why how now, Hobbs, ſo ſaucy with the Dutcheſs and the Queen?

Hobbs. *Much Dutcheſs, and much Queen, I trow! theſe be but *women*; and one of them is as like my wench as a raw hide is to one that's not tann'd: I would Nell had her cloaths, I would give a load of hair and horns, and a fat of leather, to match her to ſome Juſtice, by the meg-holly.

2nd. *Huntſ.* Be ſilent, Tanner, and aſk pardon of the Queen.

Hobbs. And ye be the Queen, I cry ye mercy, good Miſtreſs Queen!

Queen. Madam, let's take our bows, and in the ſtanding ſeek to get a ſhoot.

Dut. Come bend our bows, and bring the herd of deer.

[*Exeunt* Queen, Dutcheſs, *and* Huntſmen.

Hobbs. Heaven ſend you good ſtriking, and fat fleſh.—See if all women, high or low, be not alike. I took the Queen for Dame Ploughſhare, as I am a true Tanner.

Enter Sellenger *and* Howard *in hunting dreſſes.*

Hobbs. Soft, who comes here? more knaves yet!

Sel. Ho! good-fellow! ſaw'ſt thou not the king?

Hobbs. No, good-fellow! I ſaw no King.—Which King doſt thou aſk for?

How.

Much] Ben Jonſon uſes this word in the ſame ironical manner, "*much* wench, or *much* ſon!—Whalley's Edition, Vol. I. P. 102.

How. Why, King Edward, what King is there elſe?

Hobbs. There's another King, and ye could hit on him; one Harry, one Harry! and by our Lady they ſay he's the honeſter man of the two.

Sel. Sirrah, beware you ſpeak not treaſon.

Hobbs. What if I do?

Sel. Then you'll be hang'd.

Hobbs. That's a dog's death, I'll not meddle with it. But by my troth I know not when I do ſpeak treaſon, and when I don't; there's ſuch halting betwixt two Kings, that a man cannot go upright but he ſhall offend one of them: I would heaven had them both for me.

How. Well, thou ſaw'ſt not the King?

Hobbs. No; is he in the Country?

How. He's hunting here at Drayton-Baſſet.*

Hobbs. The devil he is, God bleſs his maſterſhip! I ſaw a woman here, that they ſaid was the Queen. She's as like my daughter Nell as ever I ſee, but that my daughter's fairer.

Sel. Farewell, fellow; ſpeak well of the King.

[*Exeunt* Sellenger *and* Howard.

Hobbs. God make him an honeſt man, I hope that's well ſpoken; for, by the mouſe-foot, ſome give him hard words; whether he 'zerves um or not, let him look to that; I'll meddle o'my cow-hides, and let the world wag. [*Enter the* King *in a riding dreſs.*] The devil in a dung-cart! how theſe royſters ſwarm in the country now the King is ſo near. 'deliver me

* "Mr. Urban, I ſhould be obliged to any of your topographical friends, to inform me, why ſo many towns in North Wiltſhire have the addition of *Baſſet* to their names, as *Wotton Baſſet*, *Compton Baſſet*, *Berwick Baſſet*, &c. &c.? Every ſingularity of the kind ſhould be traced to its ſource; as it frequently produces exemplifications of ancient cuſtoms, or leads imperceptibly to diſcuſſions of antiquity. that ſeldom fail of rewarding us with ſome knowledge, that was before loſt to all but the incurious tenant of the ſoil. H."

Gentleman's Magazine, 1788, Part 2, Page 885.

"The ſeveral towns in North Wiltſhire which have the addition of *Baſſet* to their names, derive it from their owner *Philip Baſſet*, who had conſiderable property in the county, and was a younger branch of the Baſſets of Edendon there. See Dugdale's Bar. 1. 383, 385. P.P."

Idem, P. 973.

me from this, for he looks more like a thief than a horſe! but a man cannot tell amongſt theſe court-nols who's true.

King. Now I have let my mother and the Queen, and all our train go by, let me awhile forget my Majeſty; and, 'ſtead of royal Edward, as the King's attendant have ſome ſport with yonder ruſtic. Hollo! my friend! good-fellow, prithee ſtay.

Hobbs. No ſuch matter. I am in haſte.

King. If thou be a good-fellow, let me borrow a word.

Hobbs. My purſe thou mean'ſt.—I am no good-fellow, and I pray heaven thou beeſt not one.

King. Why, doſt thou not love a good-fellow.

Hobbs. No; 'tis a bye-word, good-fellows be thieves.

King. Doſt thou think I am one?

Hobbs. Thought is free, and thou art not my ghoſtly father

King. In faith, I mean thee no harm.

Hobbs. Who knoweth that but thyſelf?—I pray heaven he ſpied not my purſe! [*aſide.*

King. On my troth I mean thee none.

Hobbs. Well, upon thy oath I'll ſtay.—Now what ſay'ſt thou to me? ſpeak quickly, for my company ſtays for me beneath at the next ſtile.

King. The King is hunting hereabouts; did'ſt thou ſee his Majeſty?

Hobbs. His Majeſty? what's that? his horſe or his mare?

King. Tuſh, I mean his Grace.

Hobbs. Grace, quotha! pray heaven he have any.—Which King doth thou 'quire for?

King. Why, for King Edward.—Know'ſt thou any more Kings than one?

Hobbs. I know not ſo many, for I tell thee I know none.—Marry, I hear of King Edward.

King. Did'ſt thou ſee his highneſs?

Hobbs. Now, by my holydame, that's the beſt term thou gaveſt him yet; he's high enough, but he has put poor King Harry low enough.

King. How low hath he put him?

Hobbs. Nay I cannot tell, but he has got the Crown from him, much good do him with it!

King. Amen! I like thy talk ſo well, I would I knew thy name.

Hobbs. Doſt thou not know me?

King. No.

Hobbs. Then thou know'ſt nobody; did'ſt never hear of John Hobbs, the Tanner of Tamworth?

King. Not till now, I promiſe thee; but now I do know thee, I like thee well.

Hobbs. So do not I thee.—I doubt thou art ſome out-rider, that lives by taking of purſes, here on Baſſet-heath.—But I fear thee not; for I have wared all my money in cow-hides, at Coleſill market; and my man and my mare are hard by at the hill-foot.

King. Is that thy grey mare, that's tied at the ſtile, with the hides on her back?

Hobbs. Ay, that's Brock, my mare; and there's Dun, my nag; and Dudgeon, my man.

King. There's neither man, nor horſe; but only the mare.

Hobbs. Od's blue bodkin! has the knave ſerved me ſo? farewell. I may loſe hides, horns, mare, and all, by prating with thee.

King. Tarry, man, tarry! they'll ſooner take my bay gelding, than thy grey mare; for I have tied mine by her.

Hobbs. That will I ſee before I take your word.

King. I'll bear thee company.

Hobbs. If you will, you muſt; but I had much rather go alone. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter the Two Huntſmen.

1ſt. *Huntſ.* Now, by my troth, the Queen ſhoots paſſing well.

2nd. *Huntſ.* So did the Dutcheſs, when ſhe was as young.

1ſt. *Huntſ.* Age ſhakes the hand, and ſhoots both wide and ſhort.

2nd. *Huntſ.* What have they given us?

1ſt. *Huntſ.* Six roſe-nobles juſt.

2nd.

2nd. *Huntſ.* The Queen gave four.

1ſt. *Huntſ.* Right, and the Dutcheſs two; had the King come, he would have rained on us ſhowers of gold.

2nd. *Huntſ.* Why, he is hunting, ſomewhere hereabout.—Let us firſt drink the Queen and Dutcheſs' health, and then go ſeek him.

1ſt. *Huntſ.* Agreed. [Exeunt.

Another part of the Foreſt, at the bottom of the hill.

Enter the King *and* Hobbs.

King. How ſay'ſt thou, Tanner? wilt thou take my courſer for thy mare?

Hobbs. Courſer, call'ſt thou him? he's too fine for me! thy ſkittiſh jade will neither carry my leather, horns, nor hides. But if I were ſo mad to change, what would'ſt thou give me to boot?

King. Nay, boot that's boot-worthy.—I look for boot of thee.

Hobbs. Ha, ha, ha! that's a merry jig! why, man, Brock, my mare, knows *ha* and *ree*; will ſtand when I cry *ho*, let me get up when I ſay *hi*, and down when I ſay *hee*.

King. Well, I'll give thee a noble if I like her pace; lay thy cow-hides on my ſaddle, and let's jog towards Drayton.

Hobbs. 'Tis out of my way; but I begin to like thee well.

King. Thou wilt like me better ere we part.—I pray thee tell me, what ſay they of the King?

Hobbs. Of the Kings, thou mean'ſt,—Art thou no blab if I do tell thee?

King. If the King knows not now, he ſhall never know it for me.

Hobbs. Maſs, they ſay King Harry's a very advowtry man.

King. A devout man; and what's King Edward?

Hobbs. He's a frank franion, a merry companion, and loves a wench well; they ſay he has married a poor widow becauſe ſhe is fair.

King. Doſt thou like him the worſe for that?

Hobbs. No, by my feckens, but the better; for though I be but a plain Tanner, I love a fair laſs myſelf.

King. Prithee, tell me, how love they King Edward?

Hobbs. Faith, as poor folks love holidays.—Glad to have them now and then, but to have them come too often would undo them; ſo to ſee the King now and then is a comfort, but to behold him every day would beggar us; and I may ſay to thee, under the roſe, we fear we ſhall be troubled to lend him money, for we doubt he's but needy.

King. Would'ſt thou not lend him money if he ſhould need it?

Hobbs. Yes, by my holydame! he ſhall have half my purſe, and I'll ſell ſole-leather to help him to more.

King. In faith now, which lov'ſt thou beſt, Harry or Edward?

Hobbs. Nay, that's a ſecret! and two may keep it, if one be away.

King. Shall I ſay my conſcience? I think Harry is the true King.

Hobbs. Art adviſed of that? Harry's of the old houſe of Lancaſter, and that progenity do I love.

King. Then doſt thou hate the Houſe of York?

Hobbs. Why, no; for I am juſt a-kin to Sutton wind-mill; I can grind which way ſoe'er the wind blow: If it be Harry, I can ſay well fare Lancaſter! if it be Edward, I can ſing, York, York for my money!

King. Thou art of my mind, for I ſay Harry is the lawful King; Edward is but a uſurper; fool and a coward.

Hobbs. Nay, there thou lyeſt! he has wit enough, and courage enough; doſt thou not ſpeak treaſon?

King. Ay; but I know to whom I ſpeak it.

Hobbs. Doſt thou? an I were conſtable, I ſhould be forſworn if I ſet thee not in the ſtocks for it.

King. Well, let it go no further; for I did ſerve King Harry, and I love him beſt; though now I ſerve King Edward.

Hobbs. Thou art the arranter knave to ſpeak ill of thy maſter. But, ſirrah, what's thy name? what office haſt thou? and what will the King do for thee? *King.*

King. My name is Ned; I am the King's butler, and he will do more for me than for any nobleman in the court.

Hobbs. The devil he will! the more fool he, and ſo I'll tell him if e'er I ſee him; and I would I might ſee him in my poor houſe at Tamworth.

King. Go with me to the court, and I'll bring thee to the King; and what ſuit ſoever thou have to him, I'll warrant thee to ſpeed.

Hobbs. I ha' nothing to do at court; I'll home with my cow-hides; but if the King will come to me, he ſhall be welcome.

King. Haſt thou no ſuit touching thy trade? to tranſport hides, or have the ſole ſelling of leather within a certain circuit; or about bark, or ſuch like, to have letters patent.

Hobbs. By the maſs, I like not thoſe patents! for, I think it's pity that only one ſubject ſhould have, what might do good to many throughout the land.

King. Say'ſt thou me ſo, Tanner? well, let's caſt lots, whether thou ſhalt go with me to Drayton, or I go home with thee to Tamworth.

Hobbs. Lot me no lotting! I'll not go with thee; if thou wilt go with me, 'cauſe thou'rt my Liege's man (and yet I think he has many honeſter) thou ſhalt be welcome to John Hobbs: thou ſhalt be welcome to beef and bacon; and perhaps a bag-pudding: and my daughter Nell ſhall make a poſſet for thee ere thou goeſt to bed.

King. Here's my hand.—I'll but go and ſee the King ſerved, and be at home as ſoon as thyſelf; ay, and, with thy leave and her's, kiſs thy fair daughter too.

Hobbs. That's hereafter as it may be; but,
Doſt thou hear me Ned? if I ſhall be thy hoſt,
Make haſte, thou wert beſt, for fear thou kiſs the poſt.

[*Exit Hobbs.*

King. Farewell, John Hobbs, the honeſt true Tanner!
I ſee plain men, by obſervation
Of things that alter in the change of times,
Do gather knowledge; and the meaneſt life,

Por-

Portion'd with but content's ſufficiency,
Is happier than the mighty ſtate of Kings.
[*Enter* Howard *and* Sellenger.
How now? what news bring ye, Sirs?
Where's the Queen?
Sel. Her highneſs and your mother, my dread Lord,
Are both invited by Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Where they intend to feaſt and lodge to night,
And do expect your Grace's preſence there.
King. Tom Sellenger, I have other buſineſs.
Aſtray from you and all my other train,
I met a Tanner; ſuch a merry mate,
So frolick, and ſo full of good conceit,
That I have given my word to be his gueſt;
Becauſe he knows me not to be the King:
Good couſin Howard grudge not at the jeſt,
But greet my mother and my wife for me;
Bid them be merry; I muſt have my humour;
Let them both ſup and ſleep when they ſee time;
Commend me kindly to Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Tell him at breakfaſt I will viſit him.
This night Tom Sellenger and I muſt feaſt
With Hobbs, the Tanner; there plain Ned and Tom,
The King and Sellenger awhile forgot.

Enter a Meſſenger, *booted, with letters, and kneeling gives them to the King.*

How. The Queen and Dutcheſs will be diſcontent,
Becauſe his Highneſs comes not to the feaſt.
Sel. Sir Humphrey Bowes may take the moſt offence;
But there's no help; the King will have his pleaſure.
King. Good news, my boys; Harry the ſixth is dead.
Peruſe this letter. Sirrah, drink you that, [*gives his purſe.*
And ſtay not, but poſt back again for life,
And thank my brother Gloſter for his news;
Commend me to him; I'll ſee him tomorrow night.
How like ye it, Sirs? [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Sel.

Sel. O, paſſing well, my Liege;
You may be merry for this happy news.
King. The merrier with our hoſt, the Tanner, Tom;
My Lord, take you that letter to the ladies;
Bid them be merry as good news can make them:
And if we ſee them not before we go,
Pray them to journey eaſily after us.
We'll poſt to London, ſo good night, my Lord.
[*Exit Lord Howard.*
And now ſet forward on thy frolick, Ned!
Come, Tom; the word's *Fat Bacon and Brown Bread!*
[*Exeunt* King *and* Sellenger.

SCENE, Hobbs's *Houſe.*

Enter Hobbs, *and his daughter* Nell.

Hobbs. Come, Nell, come daughter, be your hands and face waſhed?

Nell. Ay, forſooth, father.

Hobbs. Ye muſt be cleanly I can tell ye, for there comes a court-nol hither to-night, the King's maſterſhip's butler, Ned; a ſpruce youth; but beware ye be not in love, nor overtaken by him, for Courtiers be ſlippery lads.

Nell. No, forſooth, father.

Hobbs. God's bleſſing on thee! that half-year's ſchooling at Liechfield, was better to thee than houſe and land, it has put ſuch manners into thee: Ay, forſooth; and no forſooth, at every word. Is ſupper ready?

Nell. Ay, forſooth, father.

Hobbs. Have we a good barley bag-pudding, a piece of fat bacon, a good cow-heel, a hard cheeſe, and a brown loaf?

Nell. All this, forſooth; and more, ye ſhall have a poſſet: but, indeed, the rats have ſpoiled your hard cheeſe.

Hobbs. Now, the devil choak them! for they eat me a whole candle the other night.

Dudgeon. (within) What, Maſter! Maſter!

Hobbs. How, now, Knave? what ſay'ſt thou, Dudgeon?

Dud. Here's gueſts come. Where's Ellen?

Enter

Enter Dudgeon.

Hobbs. What gueſts be they?

Dud. A court-nol; one Ned, the King's butcher, he ſays; and his friend too.

Hobbs. Ned, the King's butcher? ha, ha, ha!—the King's butler, thou mean'ſt; take their horſes, and walk them, and bid them come in doors. [*Exit Dudgeon.*] Nell, lay the cloth, and ſupper o'th' board. [*Exit Nell.*

Enter King *and* Sellenger.

Maſs! here's Ned, indeed; and another miſproud ruffian.—Welcome Ned! I like thy honeſty, thou keep'ſt promiſe.

King. I'faith, honeſt Tanner, I'll ever keep promiſe with thee:—prithee, bid my friend welcome.

Hobbs. By my troth ye are both welcome to Tamworth! friend, I know not your name.

Sel. My name is Tom Twiſt.

Hobbs. Tom Twiſt? belike then you are the King's taylor.

Sel. No, faith.

Hobbs. Ye are welcome both; and I like you well, but for one thing.

Sel. What's that?

Hobbs. Nay, that I keep to myſelf.—For I grieve to think that pride brings many to extruction.

King. Prithee, tell us thy meaning.

Hobbs. Troth, I doubt ye ne'er came truly by all theſe gay trappings. 'Tis not your bare wages, and thin fees ye have of the King, can keep ye thus fine; but either ye muſt rob the King privily, or his ſubjects openly, to maintain your prodigality.—But, come, let's to ſupper.—What, Nell! what, Dudgeon!—where be theſe folks?

Enter Nell *and* Dudgeon, *with a table covered.*

Daughter, bid my friends welcome.

Nell. Ye are welcome, gentlemen, as I may ſay, forſooth.

[*The* King *and* Sellenger *kiſs her.*

Sel. I thank ye, fair maid.

King. A pretty wench, faith!

Hobbs. How lik'ſt her, Ned?

King,

King. I like her ſo well, I would ye would make me your ſon-in-law.

Hobbs. And I like thee ſo well, Ned; that, had'ſt thou an occupation, (for ſervice is no heritage, and a young courtier, an old beggar.) I could find in my heart to caſt her away upon thee; and, if thou wilt forſake the court, and turn Tanner, here with me at Tamworth, or bind thyſelf to a Shoe-maker, in Litchfield, I'll give thee twenty nobles, ready money, with my Nell; and truſt thee with a dicker of leather to ſet up thy trade.

Sel. Ned, he offers ye fair, if ye have the grace to take it.

King. He does, indeed Tom; and hereafter I'll tell him more.

Hobbs. Come, ſit down to ſupper. [*They ſit.*] Go to, Nell! no more ſheep's eyes; ye may be caught, I tell you; theſe be licoriſh lads.

Nell. I warrant ye, father. Yet, in truth, Ned is a very proper man; and to'ther may ſerve, but Ned's a pearl in mine eye.

Hobbs. Daughter, call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a three-man-ſong, to make our gueſts merry. [*Exit* Nell. 'Nails! what court-nols are ye? ye'll neither eat nor talk. What news at the court? do ſomewhat for your meat.

King. Heavy news there. King Henry is dead.

Hobbs. That's light news and merry for your maſter, King Edward.

King. But how will the commons take it?

Hobbs. Troth, the commons will take it as a common thing, and ſay, Well! God be with good King Henry! death's an honeſt man, for he ſpares not the King.———

As one comes, another's ta'en away,
And ſeldom comes a better, as a body may ſay.

King. Shrewdly ſpoken, Tanner, by my faith.

[*Enter* Nell, Dudgeon, *and others.*

Hobbs. Come, fill me a cup of mother Whetſtone's ale, that I may drink to my friends; Here's to ye, Ned and Tom, with all my heart! [*drinks*] and yet, I doubt, if I come to the court, you'll not know me.

King. Yes, faith! Tom ſhall be my ſurety, Tanner, I will know thee.

Sel. If thou doſt not, Ned, thou deſerv'ſt that the King ſhould not know thee.

King. Come, honeſt Tanner, I drink to thy fair daughter, Nell; my wife that may be.

Sel. 'Ifaith Ned, thou may'ſt live to make her a lady.

King. Tuſh, her father offers nothing, having no more children but her.

Hobbs. I would I had not, condition ſhe had all; but I have a knave to my ſon, juſt ſuch an unthrift as one of you two; that ſpends all on gay cloaths and new faſhions, and no work will go down with him, that I fear he'll be hang'd; heaven bleſs you to a better fate! tho', by my troth, I doubt it; but come, let's drive away care with a good old ſong.

[*A Song here by* Dudgeon, &c.

Sel. Well ſung, good fellows, I would the King heard you.

Hobbs. So would I; i'faith, I ſhould ſtrain a note for him. Come, take away, and let's to bed—ye ſhall have clean ſheets, Ned, tho' they be coarſe; good ſtrong hemp, of my daughter's own ſpinning.

King. Thanks, honeſt Hobbs! but we'll not go to bed.

Hobbs. What then? let's ha' more ale.

King. No more, good friend; we'll mount our horſes, and with ſpeed to London, for it is near day; and, honeſt Tanner! gramercy for our hearty cheer. If e'er it be thy chance to come to court, enquire for me, Ned, the King's Butler; or Tom, of the King's Chamber, my companion, and ſee what welcome we will give the there.

Hobbs. I have heard of courtiers have ſaid as much as you, and when they have been tried, would not ſo much as aſk their friends to drink.

King. We are none ſuch, believe me, honeſt Tanner. So now to horſe, for we muſt ſtrait away; and ſo, with hearty thanks, friend Hobbs, farewell.

Hobbs. Fare ye well, both! commend me to the King, and tell him,

I'd ha' been glad to ha' ſeen his worſhip here;
But, come when he will, I promiſe him good cheer! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Antique Hall.*

Sir Humphrey Bowes *and* Juſtice Aſton, *ſeated.*

Hobbs, Hadland, Grudgeon, Goodfellow, *&c.*

SIR HUMPHREY BOWES.

NEighbours and friends, the cauſe why you are call'd
Concerns the King's moſt excellent majeſty,
Whoſe right, you know, by his progenitors,
Unto the crown and ſovereignty of France,
Is wrongfully detained by the French.
Which to revenge and royally regain,
His highneſs means to put himſelf in arms,
And in his princely perſon to conduct
His warlike troops againſt the enemy.
But, for his coffers are unfurniſhed,
Through civil diſcord and inteſtine war,
For York and Lancaſter's diſputed claim,
(Whoſe bleeding ſcars our eyes may yet behold)
He prays his faithful, loving ſubjects' help
To further this his juſt great enterpriſe.

Hobbs. So, the drift and meaning, whereby as it were, of all your long purgation, Sir Humphrey Bowes, is no more in ſome reſpect, but that the King wants money, and would ha' ſome of his commonality.

Sir H. Tanner, you rightly underſtand the matter.

J. Aſton. Note this withall; where his dread majeſty,
(Our lawful ſovereign, and moſt royal King)
Might have exacted or impoſed a tax,
Or borrow'd greater ſums than we can ſpare,
(For all we have is at his dread command)
He doth not ſo; but mildly doth intreat

Our kind benevolence, what we will give,
With willing minds towards this mighty charge.
[*Enter* Lord Howard.
Which to receive, his noble counſellor,
And kinſman, the Lord Howard here is come.
How. Now good Sir Humphrey Bowes, and Juſtice Aſton,
Have ye declared the King's moſt gracious pleaſure?
Sir H. We have, my lord.
How. His highneſs will not force,
As loan or tribute; but will take your gift
In grateful part, and recompence your loves.
Sir H. To ſhew my love, though money now be ſcarce,
A hundred pounds I'll give his majeſty.
How. 'Tis well, Sir Humphrey!
J. Aſton. I a hundred marks.
How. Thanks, Juſtice Aſton! you both ſhew your love.
Now aſk your neighbours what they will beſtow?
Sir H. Come, maſter Hadland, your benevolence.
Had. O, good Sir Humphrey, do not rack my purſe.
You know my ſtate, I lately ſold my land.
J. Aſton. Then you have money; let the King have part.
Hobbs. Ay, do, maſter Hadland, do; they ſay ye ſold a foul deal of dirty land for fair gold and ſilver; let the King have ſome, now, while ye have it; if ye be forborne a while, all will be ſpent: for he who cannot keep land, that lies faſt, will have much ado to hold money: 'tis ſlippery ware! 'tis melting ware!
How. Gramercy, Tanner!
Sir H. Say, what ſhall we have?
Had. My forty ſhillings.
J. Aſton. Robert Goodfellow,
I know you will be liberal to the King.
Goodf. O, Juſtice Aſton, be content I pray ye;
You know my charge, my houſehold very great,
And my houſe-keeping holds me very bare;
Threeſcore up-riſing and down-lying, Sir,
Spend no ſmall ſtore of victuals in a year;
Two brace of greyhounds, twenty couple of hounds;

And

And then my horſes eat a deal of corn;
My chriſtmas coſt, and friends that then do come,
Amounts to charge; I am Robin Good fellow,
That welcome all, and keep a frolick houſe;
But have no money,—pray ye pardon me.

Hobbs. Why hear you, goodman Goodfellow! (tho' you are much miſcall'd) hear a plain Tanner, who will teach you thrift; Keep fewer dogs and horſes, and then you may feed more men; yet feed no idle men, 'tis needleſs charge: but ſurely you, that for hounds and hunting mates do ſpare for nought, will ſomething ſpare unto your king.

Goodf. My brace of angels, by my troth that's all.

Hobbs. Maſs! and 'tis well the curs have left ſo much; I thought they would have eaten up thy land ere this.

Sir H. Now, Harry Grudgen.

Grud. What would you have of me? money I have none, and I'll ſell no ſtock; here's old polling!—ſubſidy, ſoldiers, and to the poor! and you might have your will, you'd ſoon ſhut me out of doors.

Hobbs. Now, by my holydame, neighbour Grudgen, thou'rt but a grumbling, grudging churl! thou haſt two ploughs going, and ne'er a cradle rocking, with many a peck of money; and wilt not ſpare a few pounds to the King.

Grud. Marry come up, goodman Tanner, are you ſo tart? your prolicateneſs has brought your ſon to the gallows almoſt; you can be frank of another man's coſt.

Hobbs. Thou'rt no good man to twit me with my ſon; he may outlive thee yet: my ſon's in jail;—is he the firſt honeſt man's ſon that hath been there? and thou wert a man as thou'rt but a beaſt, I would have thee by the ears.

How. Friend, thou want'ſt nurture to upbraid a father
With a ſon's fault; we ſit not here for this.
What's thy benevolence to his Majeſty?

Hobbs. His beneligence? hang him! he'll not give a penny willingly.

Grud. I care not much to caſt away forty pence.

How. Out, grudging peaſant! baſe, ill-nurtur'd groom!
Is this the love thou bear'ſt unto the King?

Gen-

Gentlemen, take notice of the ſlave,
And if he fault let him be ſoundly plagued.
Now, frolick Tanner, what wilt thou afford?

Hobbs. Twenty old angels, and a ſcore of hides; if that be too little, take twenty nobles more: while I have it my King ſhall never want.

How. The King ſhall know thy loving, liberal heart.

Hobbs. Shall he, i faith? I thank ye heartily! but, hear ye, gentlemen, come ye from the court?

How. I do.

Hobbs. Lord, how does the King? and how does Ned, the King's butler? and Tom of his chamber? I am ſure ye know them.

How. I do, and they are well.

Hobbs. For want of better gueſts they were at my houſe one night.

How. I know they were.

Hobbs. They promiſed me a good turn for kiſſing my daughter, Nell; and now I ha' cagion to try them: my ſon's in Caperdochia, as they call it, in Newgate jail; for peeping into another man's purſe: and outcept the King be miſerable, he's like to totter for lack of ground to ſtand on! can that ſame Ned, the butler, do any thing with the King?

How. More than myſelf or any other Lord.

Hobbs. A halter he can! by my troth ye rejoice my heart to hear it.

How. Come to the court; I warrant thy ſon's life; Ned will ſave that, and do thee greater good.

Hobbs. Then fare ye well, Sirs!
I'll wean my mare's foal, and come up to the King;
And you for your pains, two fat hens will I bring. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,—*A Grand Apartment.*

Enter King, Howard, Sellenger, &c.

King. And have our country ſubjects been ſo frank,
And bountiful in their benevolence,
Toward our preſent expedition?

Thanks

Thanks, couſin Howard, for thy pains herein:
We will have letters ſent to every ſhire,
Of thankful gratitude, that they may know
How highly we reſpect their gentleneſs.
How. One thing, my lord, I had well nigh forgot;
Your pleaſant hoſt, the Tanner of Tamworth—
King. What of him, couſin?
How. He was right liberal;
Twenty old angels and as many nobles,
With a ſcore hides, he gave unto your grace;
And others, ſeeing him ſo bountiful,
Stretch'd further than they otherwiſe had done.
King. Truſt me I muſt requite that honeſt Tanner.
O, had he kept his word, and come to court,
In faith we ſhould have had good ſtore of mirth.
How. That is not long, my lord, which haps at laſt;
He's come to London on an earneſt cauſe.
His ſon lies priſoner in Newgate-jail,
And is condemned for a robbery.
Your higneſs pardoning his ſon's default,
May yield the Tanner no mean recompence.
King. But who hath ſeen him ſince he came to town?
Sel. My lord, in Holborn 'twas my hap to ſee him
Gazing about; I ſent away my men,
And, clapping on one of their livery cloaks,
Accoſted him; the Tanner knew me ſtrait;
How now, Tom? and how doth Ned? quoth he,
That honeſt, merry hangman, how doth he?
I, knowing that your majeſty intended
This day in perſon to come to the Tower,
There bade him meet me, where mad Ned and I
Would bring him to the preſence of the King,
And there procure a pardon for his ſon.
King. Have then a care we be not ſeen of him,
Until we be provided for the purpoſe;
Becauſe once more we'll have a little ſport.
Tom Sellenger, let that care be your's.
Sel. I warrant you, my lord; I will not fail.

Enter

Enter Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Recorder, *&c.*

King. Welcome, Lord Mayor! Recorder, Sheriffs, all!
Say, worthy friends, have you well ſignified
Our thankfulneſs unto our citizens,
For their late gathered benevolence?
Mayor. So, pleaſe your highneſs it has juſt been done;
Before the citizens in our guild-hall,
Maſter Recorder made a long oration
Of thankful gratitude for their kind gifts;
Which they received with ſo great reſpect,
And love unto your royal majeſty,
As it appear'd to us they ſorrowed
Their bounty to your highneſs was no more.
King. Lord Mayor, and Sirs, thanks to yourſelves and them.
And go ye with us now unto the Tower,
To ſee the order that we ſhall obſerve
In this ſo needful warlike preparation,
To gain our lawful right from haughty France;
The better may ye certifie to them,
What need there was of their benevolence.
And, gentle Sheriffs, as we paſs along,
A word in private about other matters.
While we to quell our foes abroad to roam,
Let's not forget our ſubjects' bliſs at home!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Tower.*

Enter King, Lord Mayor, Recorder, Howard, Sellenger, *and the train.*

King. Having awak'd forth of their ſleepy dens
Our drowſy cannon, which ere long ſhall charm
The watchful French, with Death's eternal ſleep,
And all things elſe in readineſs for France,
A while we will give truce unto our care.
There is a merry Tanner near at hand, With

With whom we mean to have a little mirth;
Therefore, Lord Mayor, and you my other friends,
I muſt intreat you not to knowledge me;
No man ſtand bare, but as companions all:
So, Tanner, now come when you pleaſe;—and ſee
Where, in good time, he comes. Go, Tom, and meet him.

Enter Hobbs.

Sel. What, John Hobbs? welcome i'faith, to court.

Hobbs. Gramercy, honeſt Tom! where is the hangman Ned? where is that mad raſcal? ſhall I not ſee him?

Sel. See, there he ſtands; that ſame is he.

Hobbs. What, Ned! a plague on thee, how doſt thou for a mad rogue? and how, and how? [*Shaking him by the Hand.*

King. In health, John Hobbs, and very glad to ſee thee;
But ſay, what wind drove thee to London?

Hobbs. Ah, Ned! I was brought hither with a whirlwind, man; my ſon! my ſon! did I not tell thee I had a knave to my ſon?

King. Yes, Tanner, what of him?

Hobbs. Faith, he's in Caperdochia, Ned; in Newgate-goal, for a robbery: and is like to be hang'd, outcept thou get the King to be more miſerable to him.

King. If that be all, Tanner, I'll warrant him;
I will procure his pardon of the King.

Hobbs. Wilt thou, Ned? for thoſe good words, ſee what my daughter Nell hath ſent thee; a hankercher wrought with as good Coventry-blue* ſilk thread as ever thou ſaw'ſt.

King. And I, perhaps, may wear it for her ſake,
In better preſence than thou art aware of.

* "And ſhe gave me a ſhirt-collar, wrought over
With no counterfeit ſtuff.
What, was it gold?
Nay, 'twas better than gold.
What was it?
Right Coventry blue."
George A Greene, The Pinner of Wakefield, 1599.
By this paſſage *Coventry-blue* appears to have been formerly held in great eſtimation.

Hobbs. How, Ned; a better preſent? that can'ſt thou not have, for ſilk, cloth, and workmanſhip; why Nell made it, man!—But, Ned, is not the King in this company? what's he in the white beard and red petticoat? By the maſs, I miſdoubt, Ned, that is the King: I know it by my Lord What-ye-call-um's players.

King. How by them, Tanner?

Hobbs. Why, ever when they play an Enterlout, or a Commodity, at Tamworth, the King is always in a white-beard, and a red-gown like him; therefore I 'ſpect him to be the King.

King. No, truſt me, Tanner, that is not the King; but thou ſhalt ſee the King before thou goeſt, and have a pardon for thy ſon with thee.

Hobbs. Then what is he i'th'red-gown, and he i'th'black?

King. That is the Mayor, Lord-Mayor of London; the other is the Recorder.

Hobbs. What nick-names theſe Court-nols have for one-another! Mare and Corder, quotha!—We have no ſuch at Tamworth or Liechfield; there is the honeſt bailiff and his brethren: ſuch words 'gree beſt with us.

King. My Lord-Mayor, and good Mr. Recorder, I pray ye, for my ſake, to bid this honeſt Tanner welcome.

Mayor. You are welcome, my honeſt friend!
In ſign whereof, I pray you ſee my houſe,
And ſup with me this night.

Record. And, if it pleaſe you, dine with me tomorrow.

Hobbs. I thank ye, goodman Mare! and Maſter Corder! but I care not for no meat; my ſtomach is like to a ſick ſwine's, that will neither eat nor drink, 'till ſhe know what will become of her pig.—Ned and Tom, ye promiſed me a good turn when I came to Court; either do it now, and ſave my ſon from the gallows, or go hang yourſelves.

King. No ſooner comes the King, but I will do it.

Sel. I warrant thee, Tanner; fear not thy ſon's life.

Hobbs. Nay, I fear not his life; 'tis his death I fear.

Enter

Enter the Sheriffs *and* Young Hobbs.

[*They kneel.*

1*ſt. Sher.* All health and happineſs attend my ſovereign!

2*d. Sher.* Here is the young man, Hobbs, condemn'd to die.

Hobbs. Sovereign! and my ſon! O that ever I was born!

King. Look to the Tanner! chafe his temples, Sirs!
This unlook'd meeting and diſcovery
Have overpower'd his faculties.

Hobbs. Let me alone,—I'm a dead man!—
Ah, my liege! that ye ſhould deal ſo with a poor ſimple Tanner! but its no matter, I can but die.

King. But when, Tanner? can'ſt thou tell?

Hobbs. Nay, e'en when ye pleaſe; for I have ſo defended ye, by calling ye plain Ned, mad rogue, and raſcal, that I know ye'll have me hang'd. Therefore, no more ado, but let my ſon and I e'en be truſs'd up together.—And here's another, as honeſt as yourſelf no doubt; ye made me call him plain Tom, and I warrant his name is Thomas, and ſome man of worſhip too; therefore, let's to our doom, e'en when and where ye will.

King. Tanner, attend! not only do we pardon thee
Thy plain and blunt, tho' honeſt, well-meant ſpeech,
But in all princely kindneſs welcome thee!
And thy ſon's treſpaſs do we pardon too; [Young Hobbs *kneels.*
With this obſervance, that he ſin no more
In ſuch-like ſort, elſe ſhall he ſurely die!
For he who from his prince's clemency
Hath once received a juſtly-forfeit life,
And brings it into jeopardy again,
Deſerves not mercy, nor e'en pity merits.

Y. Hobbs. If I offend again, my gracious liege!
Let me not mercy, nor e'en pity find.

King. 'Tis well! Receive with kindneſs thy repentant ſon;
And in return for what thou freely gav'ſt
To aid our enterpriſe 'gainſt haughty France,
We give to thee and thine in yearly fee
An hundred marks; now, Tanner, what doſt ſay?

Hobbs. Why, an'like your kingſhip, I can ſcarce ſay at all! but, I thank ye!—I thank ye for my ſon's life, I thank ye for not putting me to death; and when I get back to Tamworth, my Nell ſhall work a ſcarf, and ſend ye; and I'll not forget a ſkin of choice cordovan, of my own tanning, to make ye boots againſt ye next go a hunting: when, if ye would but once more leave your kingſhip behind ye, come to my poor hovel, and be plain hail-fellow Ned again, we'd have ſuch a rowſe, as ſhould make all the hair on my hides ſtand an end! and ſo, farewell!

Heaven bleſs ye! ſtill I'll ſay or ſing,
Long live your Majeſty! God ſave the King!

King. The Drama ended, EDWARD is no more!
But for his loſs we little need deplore;
GEORGE, great and good! yet lives, and may he long!
Join, then, all loyal hearts in cheerful ſong;
Lift high your voices 'till the roof doth ring,
In duteous homage to great GEORGE our KING!

Song and Chorus of

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 7, line 2, *read* from ſeeing my heart!
Page 9, near the bottom, *read* Which King doſt thou 'quire for?
Page 12, *ibid.* *read* a fool and a coward.
Page 17, line 18, *read* and t'other may ſerve.
Idem, line 24, *read* Heavy news there.
Page 18, near the bottom, *read* we will give thee there.
Idem, Divide the laſt ſpeech but one into verſe, e. g.

We, &c.
So now, &c
And ſo, &c.

The like may be neceſſary in ſome other places overlook'd.
Page 23, line 20, *read* Your highneſs pardoning, &c.
Page 24, line 22, *read* abroad do roam, &c.
Correct alſo *you* into *ye*, wherever it may occur in HOBBS's ſpeeches.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Dramatic Piece of "*The King in the Country*," was compiled and performed laſt ſummer, immediately on *His Majeſty's* return from Cheltenham; when Entertainments of various kinds were exhibited at the different Places of Public Amuſement, having relation to the Royal Excurſion. The Calamity which, to the grief of every good mind, has ſince befallen *Our Beloved Sovereign*, does not, it is preſumed, render the publication of this Drama improper; had the Editor thought it ſo, it would certainly have been withheld: for, having been honoured with *The Royal Authority* to ſuperintend Theatrical Entertainments theſe ten years paſt (during which period it has been neceſſary for him to adapt pieces of a local, or temporary nature, to Provincial Theatres), no one can entertain a more proper ſenſe of duty, reſpect, loyalty, and affection, to *Our moſt gracious King*, whom God preſerve and reſtore!

Written on the Bank of the Thames, oppoſite KEW,
December 29, 1788.

By *Winter's* chilling breath now Silver *Thames*
Is ice-bound, and his gently-gliding ſtream,
That late convey'd each product of the land
To all who wanted, ſtill diffuſing good,
In torpid ſtupor lies! But oh! worſe grief!
Benign and gracious GEORGE, whoſe every deed
Throughout his holy life was amiable,
Diſpenſing bleſſings ever o'er his realms,
Under th' ALMIGHTY's viſitation lies!
The ſtream of reaſon, and the ſpring of ſenſe,
Faſt bound! cloſe lock'd!
Moſt merciful, juſt GOD!
As thou ſtill ſendeſt kindly, genial warmth,
To looſe the bands of *Winter* in due time;
So may it pleaſe THEE ſhortly to reſtore
To reaſon, health, and happineſs, OUR KING!

For the Literary Muſeum, No. III.

Written by the Author of the Lines on
His Majeſty's late Derangement,
inſerted in No. I.

PRAIS'D be our God, th' Almighty Lord!
Praiſe the Moſt High with one accord;
Let no diſſent be heard;
For gracious George, ſtill good and great,
His Mind relum'd, reſumes his State:.
Nor Anarchy be fear'd.

Ambition, Envy, hide your heads!
Serene he ſpeaks, auguſt he treads,
To re-aſcend his Throne;
Th' acclaim of Millions meets his ear,
Th' o'erflowing joy of hearts ſincere
Succeeds an Empire's moan.

Fiction avaunt! nor hope to raiſe
A power unknown in former days,
The Eaglet's eyes to ſeel;
To blunt his talons, ſoil his plumes;
While Owl, or Bat obſcene, preſumes
To mould the Commonweal.

Generous

Generous Hibernia! thine the praiſe,
Fit ſubject for a Hayley's lays,
To ſcorn a niggard mite!
Him thou deem'ſt worthy thee to rule,
Maugre the knave, or knave-led fool,
Thou freely doſt invite!

Nor thou, Britannia! proud, diſdain,
Should (Heaven avert it!) George again
An invaleſcence prove,
To emulate thy Siſter's ſoul;
And give Young George, without controul,
Thy ſceptre, faith, and love!

But may his Sire, till Time ſay no,
And Death compel him to forego,
Through length of days, the Crown;
O'er Britain's Empire mildly reign;
That when the Heir is call'd again,
It be with full renown!

Roſcius Anglicanus,

OR, AN

HISTORICAL

REVIEW OF THE

STAGE,

After it had been Suppreſs'd by means of the late Unhappy Civil War, begun in 1641, 'till the Time of King *Charles* the IId's. Reſtoration, in *May*, 1660. Giving an Account of its Riſe again; of the Time and Places the Governours of both the Companies firſt erected their Theatres.

The Names of the Principal Actors and Actreſſes, who Performed in the Chiefeſt Plays in each Houſe. With the Names of the moſt taking Plays, and Modern Poets, for the ſpace of 46 Years, and during the Reign of Three Kings, and part of our preſent Sovereign Lady, Queen *ANNE*, from 1660, to 1706.

Non Audita narro, ſed Comperta.

London, Printed and Sold by *H. Playford*, at his Houſe in *Arundel-Street*, near the Water-ſide, 1708.

With ADDITIONS,

By the late Mr. THOMAS DAVIES,

Author of *The Life of Garrick*, and *Dramatic Miſcellanies.*

LONDON,

Printed for the EDITOR, and Sold at No. 62, *Great Wild-Street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*; by Meſſ. EGERTON, *Whitehall*; Meſſ. COX and PHILLIPSON, *James-Street*, *Covent-Garden*; R. RYAN, No. 351, *Oxford-Street*; H. D. SYMONDS, No. 20. *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and W. RICHARDSON, under the *Royal-Exchange*. 1789.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

Downes's Roſcius Anglicanus, *however inelegantly written, is valuable, as it contains ſome ſtage-hiſtory no where elſe to be met with.*

In Meſſ. Egerton's Sale-catalogue of the late Mr. Henderſon's library, was a manuſcript copy of "Davies's Additions to Downes's Roſcius Anglicanus;" *which being claimed as the property of The Hon. Mr. Byng, who had purchaſed it of Mr. Davies's widow, and by whom it had been lent to Mr. Henderſon, was reſtored to that Gentleman: and by him entruſted to the preſent editor, with permiſſion to make whatever uſe of it he might think proper.*

The Roſcius Anglicanus *having become ſo extremely ſcarce, that a copy of it in Mr. Henderſon's collection, was ſold for* 1*l.* 5*s. it was thought that the reprinting it, with Mr. Davies's Additions, and ſuch others as might appear neceſſary, would not be unacceptable. The original edition is faithfully followed, evident errors excepted; the notes ſigned* D *were written by Mr. Davies, thoſe ſigned* W *by the preſent editor.*

TO THE

READER.

THE *Editor of the enſuing Relation, being long Converſant with the Plays and Actors of the Original Company, under the Patent of Sir* William Davenant, *at his Theatre in* Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, *Opened there* 1662. *And as Book-Keeper* and Prompter, continued ſo, 'till* October 1706. *He Writing out all the Parts in each Play; and*

* *Book-Keeper* means here, not one who *keeps accounts*, but the perſon who is *entruſted with*, and *holds a book of the Play*, in order to furniſh the Performers with written parts, and to prompt them when neceſſary. In "*The Spaniſh Tragedy*; or *Hiernonimo is mad again*," a play is introduced, as in Hamlet, and this is ſpoken relative to it;

"Here, brother, you ſhall be the *book-keeper*,
"This is the argument of that they ſhow."

Old Plays, 1780, Vol. 3, Page 224.

Ben Jonſon, in his Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, calls this retainer to the ſtage *the Book-holder*. W.

and Attending every Morning to the Actors Rehearſals, and their Performances in Afternoons; Emboldens him to affirm, he is not very Erroneous in his Relation. But as to the Actors of Drury-Lane *Company, under* Mr. Thomas Killigrew, *he having the Account from* Mr. Charles Booth, *ſometimes Book-Keeper there; if he a little Deviates, as to the ſucceſſive* Order, *and exact Time of their Plays Performances, he begs Pardon of the Reader and Subſcribes himſelf,*

His very humble Servant,

John Downes.

Roſcius

Roſcius Anglicanus,

OR AN

HISTORICAL REVIEW

OF THE

STAGE.

IN the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, there were Six Play-Houſes allowed in Town: The *Black-Fryars* Company, His Majeſty's Servants; the Bull, in St. *John's-Street*; another in *Saliſbury-Court*; another called the *Fortune*; another at the *Globe*; and the Sixth at the Cock-Pit, in *Drury-Lane*; all which continued Acting till the beginning of the Civil Wars.* The ſcattered Remnant of ſeveral of theſe Houſes, upon

* *Prynne*, in his *Hiſtrio-Maſtix*, reckons up 19 Play-houſes in London, about the year 1630.

From *Rymer's M. S.* we learn that there were no leſs than 23 Theatres in the Metropolis.

The Fortune was built from the ground by E. Allen, or perhaps rebuilt; it was a large, round, brick building: *Prynne* ſays that it was burned to the ground by ſome accident, which I ſuppoſe he thought a judgment, as all ſuch fanatical writers generally do.

1617, March 4.

The Play-houſe lately erected in Drury-Lane was pulled down by the Mob, and all the Apparel torn in pieces.

1623, Auguſt.

By the fall of the Play-Houſe in Black-Fryars 81 Perſons of Quality were killed. Camden's Annals of James I. D.

In

upon King *Charles's* Reſtoration, Fram'd a Company who Acted again at the Bull, and Built them a New Houſe in *Gibbon's*

In Randolph's Muſes Looking-Glaſſe, 1630, is the following humorous dialogue between *Bird*, a Featherman, and *Mrs. Flowrdew*, wife to a Haberdaſher of ſmall wares; two of the ſanctified fraternity at that time dwelling in *Black-friers:* the one having brought feathers to the Play-houſe, the other Pins and Looking-glaſſes.

" *Flow.* It was a zealous prayer,
I heard a Brother make, concerning Play-houſes.
Bird. For Charity what is it?
Flow. That the *Globe*
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been conſumed! The *Phœnix* burnt to aſhes;
The *Fortune* whipt for a blind whore: *Black-friers*
He wonders how it ſcap'd demoliſhing
I'th'time of reformation: laſtly he wiſhed
The *Bull* might croſſe the *Thames* to the *Bear-garden*,
And there be ſoundly baited!
Bird. A good prayer.
Flow. Indeed it ſomething pricks my Conſcience,
I come to ſell 'em Pins and Looking-glaſſes.
Bird. I have their cuſtome too for all their feathers:
'Tis fit that we which are ſincere Profeſſors
Should gain by Infidels." Act 1. Scene 1. W.

" The fanatical zeal of the Nonconformiſts could bear no exhibitions or ſhows but their own: all ſtage-plays theſe religioniſts looked upon as profane; and devoted the actors, whom they denominated the children of Satan, to perdition. That tedious writer, William Prynne, in his Hiſtrio-Maſtix, had, with as much folly as brutality, involved the King and Queen in the guilt of encouraging, by their preſence, the Satanical diverſions of the theatre."

Davies's Dramatic Miſcellanies, 1784, Vol. 1, Page 323.

The Author of *Comus* and *Samſon Agoniſtes*, having been accuſed of joining this puritanical outcry againſt the ſtage; the following extracts and obſervations, will not, it is preſumed, be thought impertinent.

" Milton ought to be read and ſtudied by all our young Gentlemen as an *Oracle*. He was a great and noble genius, perhaps the greateſt that ever appeared among men; and his learning was equal to his Genius. He had the higheſt ſenſe of liberty, glorious thoughts, with a ſtrong and nervous ſtyle. His works are full of wiſdom, a treaſure of knowledge. In them the Divine, the Stateſman, the Hiſtorian, the Philologiſt, may be all inſtructed and entertained."

The Editor's Preface to Baron's Edition of Milton's Eiconoclaſtes. 8vo. 1770.

If

Gibbon's Tennis-Court, in *Clare-Market*; in which Two Places they continued Acting all 1660, 1661, 1662, and part

If Milton merit the above eulogy, the ſlighteſt endeavour to clear him from any unfavourable imputation is ſurely commendable; the attempt is the more neceſſary when objections fall from ſuch pens as cannot be influenced by any motives, excepting a love of truth, and a deſire to do juſtice: But it is moſt particularly requiſite, when probity and candour are guided in their deciſions by learning and penetration. An attempt to controvert an opinion ſo founded is certainly an arduous one; but, as it is made with every poſſible deference to the judgments it preſumes, in this inſtance, to diſſent from, any further apology would be but mock humility.

The following paſſages are adverted to.

"It is lamentable to ſee how far party and prejudice will carry the wiſeſt men, even againſt their own practice and opinions. Milton in his Εικονοκλάστες cenſures King Charles for reading, "one whom," ſays he, "we well knew was the cloſet companion of his ſolitudes, *William Shakeſpeare*."

FARMER. Shakſpeare, Edit. 1778, Vol. 4. Page 283.
See alſo, Vol. 7, Page 52.

"To read and amuſe himſelf with the writings of Shakſpeare, the great Milton moſt ſhamefully charged upon Charles as a crime: though Milton himſelf was a profeſſed admirer of our great bard. Such is the malignant ſpirit of party! and ſo little able are the nobleſt minds to reſiſt its influence!"

Davies's Dramatic Miſcellanies, 1784, Vol. 1, Page 323.

"Milton's writings afford a ſtriking example of the ſtrength and weakneſs of the ſame mind. His fineſt feelings, his warmeſt poetical predilections, were at laſt totally obliterated by civil and religious enthuſiaſm. Seduced by the gentle eloquence of fanaticiſm, he liſtened no longer to the "wild and native woodnotes of fancy's ſweeteſt child." In his ICONOCLASTES, he cenſures King Charles for ſtudying, "One, whom we well know was the cloſet-companion of his ſolitudes, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."

PROSE-WORKS, Vol. 1. Page 368.

This remonſtrance, which not only reſulted from his abhorrence of a King, but from his diſapprobation of plays, would have come with propriety from Prynne or Hugh Peters. Nor did he now perceive, that what was here ſpoken in contempt, conferred the higheſt compliment on the elegance of Charles's private character."

Warton's Milton, 1785. Page 436, N. 41.

Without entering into the argument, pro or con Royaliſts or Republicans, it is doing Milton but juſtice to ſay he is entirely innocent of the charge brought againſt him by Dr. Farmer, repeated by Mr. Davies, and enforced by Mr. Warton; he does not cenſure Charles

part of 1663. In this time they Built them a New Theatre in *Drury-Lane*: Mr. *Thomas Killigrew* gaining a

Charles for reading and amuſing himſelf with the writings of Shakſpeare, but for imitating the hypocriſy of Richard, as drawn by our dramatic hiſtorian, ſo cloſely, that in the paſſage animadverted on he utters the very ſentiment put into Richard's mouth by the poet.

"—— the deepeſt policy of a Tyrant hath bin ever to counterfet Religious. And *Ariſtotle* in his Politics, hath mentioned that ſpecial craft among twelve other tyrannical *Sophiſms*. Neither want wee examples. *Andronicus Comnenus* the *Byzantine* Emperor, though a moſt cruel Tyrant, is reported by *Nicetas* to have bin a conſtant reader of Saint *Pauls* Epiſtles: and by continual ſtudy had ſo incorporated the phraſe & ſtile of that tranſcendent Apoſtle into all his familiar Letters, that the imitation ſeemed to vie with the Original.

Yet this availed not to deceave the people of that Empire; who notwithſtanding his Saints vizard, tore him to peeces for his Tyranny. From Stories of this nature both Ancient and Modern which abound, the Poets alſo, and ſom Engliſh, have bin in this point ſo mindfull of *Decorum*, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any perſon, then of a Tyrant. I ſhall not inſtance an abſtruſe Author, wherein the King might be leſs converſant, but one whom wee well know was the Cloſet Companion of theſe his ſolitudes, *William Shakeſpeare*; who introduced the Perſon of *Richard* the third, ſpeaking in as high a ſtrain of pietie, and mortification, as is utterd in any paſſage of this Book [ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ]; and ſometimes to the ſame ſenſe and purpoſe with ſome words in this place, *I intended*, ſaith he, *not onely to oblige my Friends but mine enemies*. The like ſaith *Richard*, *Act* 2, *Scene* 1,

I doe not know that Engliſhman alive
With whom my ſoule is any jott at odds,
More than the Infant that is borne to night;
I thank my God for my humilitie.

Other ſtuff of this ſort may be read throughout the whole Tragedie, wherein the Poet us'd not much licence in departing from the truth of Hiſtory, which delivers him a deep diſſembler, not of his affections onely, but of religion," ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΗΣ. 4to. 2d. Edit. 1650, Page 10.

The following reply to Milton, however virulent, does not ſuggeſt the leaſt idea of what Dr. Farmer, Mr. Warton, &c. object to him.

"The inſtances of *Tyrants* counterfeiting Religion are frequent, and that hipocriſie is inſeperable from Tyrants by uſurpation, ſuch as this libellers Maſters, whoſe want of right, ſeekes protection from diſſembled vertue, but this ſeldome happens to Kings by juſt Title, whoſe power wants not that ſupport. His comparing his late Majeſt:

a Patent from the King, in order to Create them the King's Servants; and from that time, they called themſelves his Majeſty's Company of Comedians in *Drury Lane*.

B Whoſe

Majeſt: to knowne uſurpers, that confirmed their Crownes, gained by robbery, and kept with falſhood and blood, [by counterfeiting religion,] ſhewes his odious ſhameleſſnes in the diſſimilitude, & whoever obſerves the prophane aſſumption of the Titles of pietie, by theſe Monſters, & their hipocriticall profeſſions, to maſke their wicked ends, ſhall finde, that *Andronicus Comnenus*, and our Engliſh *Rich.* 3. came ſhort of them, not only in counterfeiting Religion, and conſcience, but in falſhood and crueltie. Inſteede of Shakeſpeares ſcene of *Rich.* 3. the libeller may take the Parliaments declaration of the 29. May, where their words are. *The providing for the publique peace and proſperitee of his Majeſt: and all his Realmes, we proteſt in the preſence of the all-ſeeing Deitie to have been, and ſtill to be, the only end of our Councells, & endeavours, wherein wee have reſolved to continue freed, and enlarged from all private aimes, p. rſonall reſpects, or paſſions whatſoever*, and againe in their petition of the ſecond of June, they tell him, *that they have nothing in their thoughts, and deſires more pretious, and of higher eſteeme next to the honour, and immediate ſervice of God, then the juſt, and faithfull performance of their dutie to his Majeſt:* and the libeller will not finde in hiſtorie or poet, wordes of a deeper hipocriſie in the mouth of a villaine, nor more contradicted by their Actions. That which he adds from his Teſtimony out of Shakeſpeare of the imagined vehemence of *Rich. the* 3. in his diſſembled profeſſions, holds noe proportion with theis hipocriſies, really acted, not fancyed by a poet, and this libeller hath learnt to act a part out of Shakeſpeare, and with *Rich.* 3. accuſing loyaltie, and innocency for high Crymes, and crying out againſt their wickednes, that fought to reſtore the diſpoſeſſed heires of the Crowne to their right, and amplifying their offence, as the higheſt againſt God, and man, and wherein comes the libeller ſhort of his patterne in this ſcene?"

ΕΙΚΩΝ ΑΚΛΑΣΤΟΣ. 4to. 1651. Page 81.

This laſt quotation might perhaps have been ſpared, but that it was thought neceſſary to bring the whole into one point of view; to, as it is conceived, the entire exoneration of *Milton*, ſo far as relates to his ſuppoſed cenſure of *Charles*, for merely the *reading* of *Shakſpeare:* ſhould the argument be thought undeſerving of ſo much notice, it may be ſaid, with Mr. Richardſon, "Theſe indeed are trifles; but even ſuch contract a ſort of greatneſs, when related to what is great."

W.

Whoſe names were *viz.* †

Mr. *Theophilus Bird*,	Mr. *Robert Shatterel*,
Mr. *Hart*,	Mr. *William Shatterel*,
Mr. *Mohun*,	Mr. *Duke*,
Mr. *Lacy*,	Mr. *Hancock*,
Mr. *Burt*,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Mr. *Cartwright*,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Mr. *Clun*,	Mr. *Bateman*,
Mr. *Baxter*,	Mr. *Blagden.*

Note,

† It appears by this Liſt of the Actors of Drury-Lane, that all the Performers who had acted before the Civil Wars, were ſelected to complete the King's Company; and *Kynaſton* taken from the Company that acted under *Rhodes*, the Bookſeller, at the Cock-Pit, Drury-Lane.

Winterſel originally belonged to the Private Houſe in Saliſbury-Court; and is mentioned in the Key to the Rehearſal, as a very judicious Actor.

Cartwright was of the ſame Company of Actors as *Winterſel.*

Hart was Apprentice to *Robinſon**, an Actor who lived before the Civil Wars; he afterwards had a Captain's Commiſſion, and fought for Charles the Firſt. He acted Women's Parts when a Boy.

Mohun was brought up under *Robinſon*, as *Hart* and others were; in his youth he acted *Bellamente*, in *Love's Cruelty*, which Part he retained after the reſtoration.

Burt was a Boy or Apprentice to *Shanke***, and acted in his youth Women's Parts; this ſeems to have been the Practice of the old Actors to initiate their Apprentices in Women's Characters.

Langbaine ſpeaks of *Lacy*‡ as of the moſt perfect Comic Actor of his time; he was one of the Recruits which they engaged in the King's Company, for there is no trace of his having ever acted before the Reſtoration. He wrote three Plays and died about the year 1684. D.

* See an intereſting account of *Robinſon* in Malone's Appendix to Johnſon and Steevens's Shakſpeare, Vol. 1, Page 57. To which the following may be added.

"Reader, this play was made but th'other day.
Yet 'tis not ſtuff'd with names of Gods,——

——— ——— ——— ———

Nor has't a part for *Robinſon*, whom they
At School account eſſential to a Play."

Dedication of *Cowley's* Love's Riddle.

** See an account of *Shanke*, Malone, ibid.

‡ See an account of *Lacy* and his works, *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol 1, page 277. W.

Note, Theſe following came not into the Company, 'till after they had begun in *Drury-Lane*.

Mr. *Hains*,
Mr. *Griffin*,
Mr. *Goodman*,
Mr. *Lyddoll*,
Mr. *Charleton*,
Mr. *Sherly*,
Mr. *Beeſton* §,

Theſe Four were bred up from Boys, under the Maſter ACTORS.

Mr. *Bell*,
Mr. *Reeves**,
Mr. *Hughs*,
Mr. *Harris*.

Women.

Mrs. *Corey*,
Mrs. *Ann Marſhall*,
Mrs. *Eaſtland*,
Mrs. *Weaver*,
Mrs. *Uphill*,
Mrs. *Knep*,
Mrs. *Hughs*.

NOTE, theſe following came into the Company ſome few Years after.

Mrs. *Boutel*,
Mrs. *Ellin Gwin*,
Mrs. *James*.
Mrs. *Rebecca*

§ Verſes by *Chriſtopher Beeſton*, a Player, are prefixed to *Heywood's* Apology for Actors, 1612. Poſſibly he was the Father of *this Beeſton*. W.

* *Reeves* is in the copy this edition was printed from; but the table of errrata prefixed thereto ſays, *Read* Reeves *for* Knight. Quere, which is the right name? *Mrs Knight* occurs in the following liſt of Women; I therefore think the erratum ſhould have been *Read* Knight *for* Reeves.

W.

Mrs. *Rebecca Marſhal*,	Mrs. *Verjuice*,
Mrs. *Rutter*.	Mrs. *Knight**.

The Company being thus Compleat, they opened the New Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, on *Thurſday* in *Eaſter* Week, being the 8*th* Day of *April*, 1663, with the Humorous Lieutenant.

Note, This Comedy was Acted Twelve Days Succeſſively.

I.

The Humorous Lieutenant.

King,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Demetrius,	Mr. *Hart*,
Seleucus,	Mr. *Burt*,
Leontius,	Major *Mohun*,
Lieutenant,	Mr. *Clun*,
Celia,	Mrs. *Marſhal*.

II.

Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife.

Don Leon,	Major *Mohun*,
Don Juan de Caſtro,	Mr. *Burt*,
Michael Perez,	Mr. *Hart*,
Cacafogo,	Mr. *Clun*,
Margaretta,	Mrs. *Ann Marſhal*,
Eſtifania,	Mrs. *Boutel*.

III.

* This liſt of "*Women*" ſtands thus, in regard to its diviſion in two pages, in the firſt edition. I don't know whether Downes meant that *Marſhal*, *Rutter*, *Verjuice*, and *Knight*, "came into the Company ſome few Years after," or *Boutel*, *Gwin*, *James*, *Verjuice*, and *Knight*; whoſe names ſtand in the right-hand column, over which is his "*NOTE*." W.

III.

The Fox.

Volpone,	Major *Mohun*,
Moſca,	Mr. *Hart*,
Corbaccio,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Voltore,	Mr. *Shatterel*,
Corvino,	Mr. *Burt*,
Sir Politique Wou'd-be,	Mr. *Lacy*,
Peregrine,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Lady Wou'd be,	Mrs. *Corey*,
Celia,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,

IV.

The Silent Woman.

Moroſe,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
True-Wit,	Major *Mohun*,
Clerimont,	Mr. *Burt*,
Dauphine,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Sir Amorous,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Sir John Daw,	Mr. *Shatterel*,
Captain Otter,	Mr. *Lacy*,
Epicene,	Mrs. *Knep*,
Lady Haughty,	Mrs. *Rutter*,
Mrs. Otter,	Mrs. *Corey*.

V.

The Alchemiſt.

Subtle,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Face,	Major *Mohun*,
Sir Ep. Mammon,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Surly,	Mr. *Burt*,
Ananias,	Mr. *Lacy*,
*Wholeſome,	Mr. *Bateman*,
Dol Common,	Mrs. *Corey*,
Dame Plyant,	Mrs. *Rutter*.

VI.

**Wholeſome.*] There is no ſuch character in *The Alchemiſt*: perhaps it ſhould be *Tribulation*, which is wanting in this liſt; as alſo are *Lovewit*, *Dapper*, *Drugger*, and *Kaſtril*. W.

VI.

The Maid's Tragedy.

King,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Melantius,	Major *Mohun*,
Amintor,	Mr. *Hart*,
Calianax,	Mr. *Shatterel*,
Evadne,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,
Aſpatia,	Mrs. *Boutel*.

VII.

King and no King.

Arbaces,	Mr. *Hart*,
Tygranes,	Mr. *Burt*,
Mardonius,	Major *Mohun*,
Gobrias,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Lygones,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Beſſus,	Mr. *Shotterel**,
Arane,	Mrs. *Corey*,
Panthea,	Madam *Gwin*.

VIII.

Rollo, Duke of Normandy.

Rollo,	Mr. *Hart*,
Otto,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Aubrey,	Major *Mohun*,
La Torch,	Mr. *Burt*,
Dutcheſs,	Mrs. *Corey*,
Edith,	Mrs. *Marſhal*.

IX.

The Scornful Lady.

Elder Loveleſs,	Mr. *Burt*,
Younger Loveleſs,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Welford,	Mr. *Hart*,
Sir Roger,	Mr. *Lacy*,
The Lady,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,
Martha,	Mrs. *Rutter*,
Abigail,	Mrs. *Corey*,

X.

* Sometimes ſpelt Shatterel, and ſometimes Shotterel, in the original.

W.

X.

The Elder Brother.

Charles,	Mr. *Burt*,
Euſtace,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Their Father,	Mr. *Loveday*,
The Uncle,	Mr. *Gradwel*,
Charles's Man,	Mr. *Shotterel*,
Lady,	Mrs. *Rutter*,
Lilia Bianca,	Mrs. *Boutel*.

XI.

The Moor of Venice.

Brabantio,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Moor,	Mr. *Burt*,
Caſſio,	Mr. *Hart**,
Iago,	Major *Mohun*,
Rodorigo,	Mr. *Beeſton*,
Deſdemona,	Mrs. *Hughs*,
Emilia,	Mrs. *Rutter*.

XII.

King Henry the Fourth.

King,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Prince,	Mr. *Burt*,
Hotſpur,	Mr. *Hart*,
Falſtaff,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Poyns,	Mr. *Shotterel*,

XIII.

* *Mr. Hart* became ſoon ſo ſuperior to *Burt*, that he took the lead of him in almoſt all the Plays acted at Drury-Lane; *Othello* was one of his maſter-parts. D.

† *Falſtaff.*] *Lacy* play'd *Falſtaff* during the life of *Cartwright*; on account, I ſuppoſe, of his ſuperior excellence: *Langbaine* ſpeaks of Lacy's admirable repreſentation of *Falſtaff*. D.

XIII.

The Maiden Queen.

Lyſimantes,	Mr. *Burt*,
Philocles,	Major *Mohun*,
Celadon,	Mr. *Hart*,
Queen,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,
Aſteria,	Mrs. *Knep*,
Florimel,	Mrs. *Elen. Gwin*,
Meliſſa,	Mrs. *Corey*.

XIV.

Mock Aſtrologer.

Don Alonzo,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Don Lopez,	Mr. *Burt*,
Belamy,	Major *Mohun*,
Wildblood,	Mr. *Hart*,
Maſkal,	Mr. *Shatterel*,
Theodoſia,	Mrs. *Hughs*,
Jacyntha,	Mrs. *Elen. Gwin*,
Aurelia,	Mrs. *Quyn*.

XV.

Julius Cæſar*.

Julius Cæſar,	Mr. *Bell*,
Caſſius,	Major *Mohun*.
Brutus,	Mr. *Hart*,
Anthony,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Calphurnia,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,
Portia,	Mrs. *Corbet*.

Note, That theſe being their Principal Old Stock Plays; yet in this Interval from the Day they begun, there were divers others Acted.

As

* In this liſt of fifteen plays, there are ſeven of Beaumont and Fletcher, three of B. Jonſon, and three [only] of Shakſpeare, ſo little was this great author known and followed at that time. D.

In the following liſt of twenty-one plays, there are, at moſt, but *two* by Shakſpeare. W.

As

Cataline's Conſpiracy*.	Argalus and Parthenia.
The Merry Wives of Windſor.	Every Man in his Humour.
The Opportunity.	Every Man out of his Humour.
The Example.	The Carnival.
The Jovial Crew.	Sejanus.
Philaſter.	The Merry Devil of Edmonton.
The Cardinal.	Vittoria Corrombona.
Bartholemew Fair.	The Beggars Buſh.
The Chances.	The Traytor.
The Widow.	Titus Andronicus.
The Devil's an Aſs.	

Theſe being Old Plays, were acted but now and then; yet being well performed, were very ſatisfactory to the Town.

Next follow the Plays writ by the then *Modern Poets*, As

The Indian Emperour.

Emperour,	Major *Mohun*,
Odmar,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Guyomar,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Prieſt,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Cortez,	Mr. *Hart*,
Vaſquez,	Mr. *Burt*,
Cydaria,	Mrs. *Elen. Gwin*,
Almeria,	Mrs. *Marſhal*.

*Catiline.] This (*B. Jonſon's* favourite) was condemned on its original repreſentation, and though *Hart's* excellent action kept it alive during the Reign of *Charles* II. it has never been revived ſince the death of that actor. D.

Since the foregoing ſheet was printed off, *The Rev. Mr. Whalley*, the learned Editor of *Ben Jonſon*, has done me the favour to point out a miſtake in the note, page 13, relating to *Wholſome* in THE ALCHEMIST; that being the Sur-name of *Tribulation*: *e. g.*

Subtle. O, you are ſent from maſter *Wholſome*,
Your teacher?
Ananias. From *Tribulation Wholſome*,
Our very zealous paſtor."

Act 2, Sc. 5. W.

Plain Dealer.

Manly,	Mr. *Hart*,
Freeman,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Verniſh,	Mr. *Griffin*,
Novel,	Mr. *Clark**,
Major Oldfox,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Lord Plauſible,	Mr. *Haines*,
Jerry Blackacre,	Mr. *Charleton*,

Women.

Olivia,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,
Fidelia,	Mrs. *Boutel*.
Eliza,	Mrs. *Knep*,
Widow Blackacre,	Mrs. *Corey*.

Tyrannick Love.

Maximin,	Major *Mohun*,
Porphyrius,	Mr. *Hart*,
Placidius,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Nigrinus,	Mr. *Beeſton*,
Amariel,	Mr. *Bell*,
Charinus,	Mr. *Harris*,
Valerius,	Mr. *Lydal*,
Albinus,	Mr. *Littlewood*,
Apollonius,	Mr. *Cartwright*,

Women.

Empreſs,	Mrs *Marſhal*,
Valeria,	Mrs. *Elen. Gwin*,
St. Catharine,	Mrs. *Boutel*.
Nakar,	Mrs. *Knep*,
Damilcar,	Mrs. *James*.

Aureng

* *Mr. Clark.*] This Actor ſeems to have made a figure for a ſhort time only; I do not find his name after the junction of the companies in 1681. D.

Aureng Zebe.

Old Emperour,	Major *Mohun*,
Aureng Zebe, *his Son*,	Mr. *Hart*,
Morat, *the younger Son*,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Arimant,	Mr. *Winterſel*,

Women.

Nourmahal, *the Empreſs*,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,
Indamora,	Mrs. *Cox*,
Meleſinda,	Mrs. *Corbet*.

Alexander the Great.

Alexander,	Mr. *Hart*,
Clytus,	Major *Mohun*,
Lyſimachus,	Mr. *Griffin*,
Hepheſtion,	Mr. *Clark*,
Caſſander,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Polyperchon,	Mr. *Goodman**.

Women.

Syſigambis,	Mrs. *Corey*.
Statira,	Mrs. *Boutel*.
Roxana,	Mrs. *Marſhal* †.

All for Love, or the World well Loſt.

Marc Anthony,	Mr. *Hart*,
Ventidius, *his General*,	Major *Mohun*.
Dolabella, *his Friend*,	Mr. *Clark*,
Alexas, *the Queen's Eunuch*,	Mr. *Goodman*,
Serapion,	Mr. *Griffin*.

Women.

Cleopatra,	Mrs. *Boutel*,
Octavia,	Mrs. *Corey*,

* *Goodman* was afterwards a celebrated actor, and famous for the part of Alexander the Great; which he acted occaſionally to pleaſe the *Dutcheſs of Cleveland*, whom he uſed familiarly to call *his Dutcheſs*. D.

† *Mrs. Marſhal* was the firſt actreſs of the King's Theatre; ſhe was a woman of virtue, and tricked into a ſham-marriage by a nobleman: *King Charles* II. obliged him to ſettle an annual income on the Lady. D.

The Aſſignation, or Love in a Nunnery.

Duke of Mantua,	Major *Mohun*,
Prince Frederick,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Aurelian,	Mr. *Hart*,
Camillo, *his Friend*,	Mr. *Burt*,
Mario,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Aſcanio, *Page* to the *Prince*,	Mr. *Reeves**,
Benito,	Mr. *Haines*,

Women.

Sophronia,	Mrs. *James*.
Lucretia,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,
Hippolita, *a Nun*,	Mrs. *Knep*,
Laura,	Mrs. *Boutel*,
Violetta,	Mrs. *Cox*.

Mythridates, King of *Pontus*.

Mythridates,	Major *Mohun*,
Ziphares,	Mr. *Hart*,
Pharnaces,	Mr. *Goodman*,
Archelaus,	Mr. *Griffin*,
Pelopidus,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Aquilius,	Mr. *Clark*.

Women.

Monima,	Mrs. *Corbet*,
Semandra,	Mrs. *Boutel*.

The Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*.

Titus Veſpaſian,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Phraartes,	Mr. *Hart*,
Matthias, *High Prieſt*,	Major *Mohun*,
John,	Mr. *Cartwright*.

Women.

Clarona, *D. to Mathias*,	Mrs. *Boutel*,
Queen Berenice,	Mrs. *Marſhal*.

Marriage

* See an obſervation on *Reeves* and *Knight*, Page 11. W.

Marriage Alamode.

Polydamus,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Leonidas,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Harmogenes,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Rhodophil,	Major *Mohun*,
Palamede,	Mr. *Burt*.

Women.

Palmira,	Mrs. *Cox*,
Amathea,	Mrs. *James*,
Doralice,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,
Melantha,	Mrs. *Boutel*.

The Unhappy Favourite, or the Earl of *Eſſex*.

The Earl of Eſſex,	Mr. *Clark*,
The Earl of Southampton,	Mr. *Griffin*,
Lord Burleigh,	Major *Mohun*,

Women.

Queen Elizabeth,	Mrs. *Gwin*,
Counteſs of Rutland,	Mrs. *Cook*,
Counteſs of Nottingham,	Mrs. *Corbet*.

The Black Prince.

King Edward the IIId.	Major *Mohun*,
King John *of* France,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
The Black Prince,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Lord Delaware,	Mr. *Hart*,
Count Gueſelin,	Mr. *Burt*,
Lord Latimer,	Mr. *Cartwright*,

Women.

Alizia,	Mrs. *Gwin*,
Plantaganet,	Mrs. *Marſhall*,
Cleorin,	Mrs. *Corey*,
Valeria, *diſguiſed*,	*F. Damport*,
A Lady,	*Betty Damport*.

The

The Conqueſt of *Granada*. 2 Parts.

Mahomet Boabdelin, *laſt King of* Granada	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Prince Abdalla,	Mr. *Lydal*,
Abdemelech,	Major *Mohun*,
Abenamar,	Mr. *Cartwright*,
Almanzor,	Mr. *Hart*,
Ferdinand, *K. of Spain*,	Mr. *Littlewood*,
Duke of Arcos,	Mr. *Bell*.

Women.

Almahide, *Q. of* Granada,	Mrs. *Elen Gwin*,
Lindaraxa,	Mrs. *Marſhal*,
Benzaida,	Mrs. *Boutel*,
Eſperanza,	Mrs. *Reeves**.
Iſabella, *Q. of* Spain,	Mrs. *James*.

Sophoniſba, or *Hanibal's* Overthrow.

Hanibal,	Major *Mohun*,
Maherbal,	Mr. *Burt*,
Bomilcar,	Mr. *Winterſel*,
Scipio,	Mr. *Kynaſton*,
Lelius,	Mr. *Lydal*,
Maſſaniſſa,	Mr. *Hart*,
Maſſina,	Mr. *Clark*.

Women.

Sophoniſba,	Mrs. *Cox*,
Roſalinda,	Mrs. *Boutel*.

Note, All the foregoing, both Old and Modern Plays, being the Principal in their Stock and moſt taking, yet, they Acted

* *Mrs. Knight*, mentioned in the firſt liſt of women, Page 12, has no character ſet down to her; poſſibly the erratum already noticed might relate to *Mrs.* not *Mr.* Knight and Reeves. W.

Acted divers others, which to Enumerate in order, would tire the Patience of the Reader. As *The Country Wife*; *Love in a Wood*, or *St. James's-Park*; *Amboyna*; *The Cheats*; *Selindra*; *The Surprizal*; *Veſtal Virgin*; *The Committee*; *Love in a Maze*; *The Rehearſal:* In which laſt, *Mr. Lacy*,

For his juſt acting, all gave him due praiſe,
His part in The Cheats, Jony Thump, Teg, and Bayes,
In theſe Four excelling; the Court gave him the Bays.†

And many others were acted by the Old Company at the Theatre-Royal, from the time they begun, 'till the Patent deſcended to Mr. *Charles Killigrew*, which in 1682, he joined it to Dr. *Davenant's* Patent, whoſe Company acted then in *Dorſet* Garden, which upon the Union, were created the King's Company: After which, Mr. *Hart** Acted no more, having a Penſion to the Day of his Death, from the United Company.

I muſt not omit to mention the Parts in ſeveral Plays of ſome of the Actors; wherein they excelled in the performance of them. Firſt, *Mr. Hart*, in the Part of *Arbaces*, in King and no King; *Amintor*, in the Maids Tragedy; *Othello*; *Rollo*; *Brutus*, in Julius Cæſar; *Alexander*; towards the latter end of his Acting, if he acted in any one of theſe but once in a fortnight, the houſe was filled as at a new play, eſpecially *Alexander*; he acting that with ſuch grandeur and agreeable Majeſty, that one of the Court was pleaſed to honour him with this commendation; that *Hart* might teach any King on earth how to comport himſelf §.

He

† *Downes* was determined that his *verſe* ſhould not put his *proſe* out of countenance. W.

* Mr. *Hart* acted no more] *Downes* takes no notice of *Mohun's* quitting the ſtage, who was one of the greateſt performers belonging to the King's Theatre; we muſt therefore ſuppoſe that he died ſometime before the union of the Two Companies: poſſibly his death might accelerate the agreement, as the loſs of him muſt have been ſeverely felt by the Company he belonged to. D.

§ The great Critic, *Rymer*, in his Diſſertation on Tragedy ſpeaks thus of this celebrated Actor, "The eyes of the audience are prepoſſeſſed and charmed by his action, before aught of the Poet can approach their ears; and to the moſt wretched of Characters *Hart* gives a luſtre which dazzles the ſight that the deformities of the Poet cannot be perceived." D.

He was no leſs excellent [*inferior*, in the original,] in Comedy; as *Moſca*, in the Fox; *Don John*, in the Chances; *Wildblood*, in the Mock Aſtrologer; with ſundry other Parts. In all the Comedies and Tragedies he was concern'd [in], he perform'd with that exactneſs and perfection, that not any of his ſucceſſors have equall'd him.

Major *Mohun*, he was eminent for *Volpone*; *Face*, in the Alchemiſt; *Melantius*, in the Maid's Tragedy; *Mardonius*, in King and no King; *Caſſius*, in Julius Cæſar; *Clytus*, in Alexander; *Mithridates*, &c. An eminent Poet ſeeing him act this laſt, vented ſuddenly this ſaying; *Oh, Mohun, Mohun! thou little man of mettle, if I ſhould write a* 100 *Plays, I'd write a part for thy mouth**; in ſhort, in all his parts, he was moſt accurate and correct.

Mr.

* This was an expreſſion of *Lee*, as it is ſaid; yet he was himſelf ſo good a reader of his own Tragedies, that *Mohun* frequently threw down his part, in deſpair of approaching to his excellence of expreſſion. King *Charles* 2d. being aſked how he liked *Mohun's* acting in a certain Play? ſaid that *Mohun*, or *Moon* as uſually pronounced, *ſhone like the Sun*, and *Hart like the Moon* †. No man had the art of putting ſpirit and paſſion into the heavieſt poetry like *Mohun; Rymer* celebrates both theſe great Actors in his Remarks on Tragedy‡. Yet notwithſtanding the acknowledged abilities of *Hart* and *Mohun*, they were confined to two or three walks of playing; they were not, like *Betterton* and *Harris*, general actors §. D.

† *Charles* 2d. is ſomewhere characterized as having *never ſaid a fooliſh thing, nor ever done a wiſe one*; (the latter imputation, however, is contradicted by the note at bottom of Page 19,) this play upon the words *Sun* and *Moon* might paſs for wit in a King, but would not be ſo reputed in a Subject.

‡ The proper title of *Rymer's* Remarks is "*The Tragedies of the Laſt Age conſidered, &c.*" in which the following compliment is paid to *Hart* and *Mohun*. "We may remember (however we find this ſcene of *Melanthius* and *Amintor* written in the Book) that at the *Theater* we have a good Scene Acted; there is work cut out, and both our *Æſopus* and *Roſcius* are on the Stage together:—Whatever defect may be in *Amintor* and *Melanthius*, Mr. *Hart* and Mr. *Mohun* are wanting in nothing. To theſe we owe what is pleaſing in the Scene; and to this Scene we may impute the ſucceſs of the *Maids Tragedy*.

2d. Edit. 1692, Part 1, Page 138.

§ *Randolph's* complimentary verſes "To his dear friend *Thomas Riley*," prefixed to his Comedy of *The Jealous Lovers*, in which *Riley* performed, are not inapplicable to *Mohun*; both for the excellence of his acting, and the ſmallneſs of his ſtature. W.

Mr. *Winterſel*, was good in Tragedy, as well as in Comedy; eſpecially in *Cokes*, in Bartholemew Fair; that the famous Comedian *Nokes* came in that part far ſhort of him.

Then Mr. *Burt*, *Shatterel*, *Cartwright*, and ſeveral other good actors, but to particularize their commendations would be too tedious; I refer you therefore to the ſeveral Books, their names being there inſerted.

Next follows an account of the riſe and progreſſion of the Duke's Servants, under the Patent of *Sir William Davenant*; who, upon the ſaid junction in 1682, remov'd to the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*; and [were] created the King's Company.

In the Year 1659, General *Monk*, marching then his army out of *Scotland* to *London*, *Mr. Rhodes*, a Bookſeller, being Wardrobe-Keeper formerly (as I am informed) to King *Charles* the Firſt's Company of Comedians in *Black-Friars*, getting a Licenſe from the then Governing State, fitted up a houſe then for Acting call'd the *Cock-Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, and in a ſhort time compleated his company.

Their Names were, *viz.*

Mr. *Betterton*,
Mr. *Sheppy*,
Mr. *Lovel*,
Mr. *Lilliſton*,
Mr. *Underhill*,
Mr. *Turner*,
Mr. *Dixon*,
Robert Nokes.

NOTE, Theſe ſix commonly Acted Womens Parts.

Mr. *Kynaſton*,
James Nokes,
Mr. *Angel*,
*William Betterton**,
Mr. *Moſely*,
Mr. *Floid*.

* *William Betterton.*] This Actor has been ſuppoſed by *Curl*, and others, to be the ſon of *Mr. Thomas Betterton*; but the abſurdity of ſuch a ſuggeſtion appears from this Liſt of the Actors of *Sir William Davenant's* Company. He could not be much younger than his name-ſake. D.

Poſſibly he was brother to *Thomas Betterton*. W.

The Plays there Acted were,

The Loyal Subject.	Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.
Maid in the Mill.	The Tamer Tamed.
The Wild Gooſe Chaſe.	The Unfortunate Lovers.
The Spaniſh Curate.	Aglaura.
The Mad Lover.	Changling.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.	Bondman*.
A Wife for a Month.	*With divers others.*

Mr. Betterton, being then about 22 Years Old, was highly applauded for his acting in all theſe plays; but eſpecially for The Loyal Subject; The Mad Lover; *Pericles*; The Bondman; *Deflores*, in the Changling: his voice being then as audibly ſtrong, full, and articulate, as in the prime of his acting.

Mr. Sheppy performed *Theodore* in the Loyal Subject; Duke *Altophil*, in the Unfortunate Lovers; *Aſotus* in the Bondman; and ſeveral other Parts very well: But above all *the Changling*, with general Satisfaction.

Mr. Kynaſton acted *Arthiope*, in the Unfortunate Lovers; *the Princeſs*, in the Mad Lover; *Aglaura*; *Iſmenia*, in the Maid in the Mill; and ſeveral other Womens Parts: he being then very young, made a compleat Female Stage Beauty; performing his Parts ſo well, eſpecially *Arthiope* and *Aglaura*, being Parts greatly moving compaſſion and pity; that it has ſince been diſputable among the judicious, whether any Woman that ſucceeded him ſo ſenſibly touch'd the Audience as he ‡.

Mr.

* *Bondman.*] This was the only Play of *Maſſinger* revived after the Reſtoration; till *Mr. Betterton* took a fancy to the Part of *Paris*, in the *Roman Actor*. D.

‡ After the Reſtoration, (we are told by old Mr. Cibber,) it was a frequent practiſe of the ladies of quality, to carry Mr. Kynaſton the actor, in his female dreſs, after the play, [which began then at three o'clock] in their coaches, to Hyde-Park.
Malone's Supplement, Vol. 1, Page 34. W.

Mr. James Nokes acted first The Maid in the Mill; after him *Mr. Angel*; *Aminta*, in the ſame play was acted by *Mr. William Betterton* (who not long after was drowned in ſwimming at *Wallingford)*. They acted ſeveral other Womens Parts in the ſaid Plays, very acceptable to the Audience: *Moſely* and *Floid* commonly acted the Part of a Bawd and Whore.

In this interim, *Sir William Davenant* gain'd a Patent from the King, and created *Mr. Betterton*, and all the reſt of *Rhodes's* Company, the King's Servants*; who were Sworn by my Lord *Mancheſter*, then Lord Chamberlain, to ſerve his Royal Highneſs the Duke of *York*, at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

Note, *The four following were new Actors taken in by* Sir William, *to compleat the Company he had from* Mr. Rhodes.

Mr. *Harris*,	Mr. *Richards*,
Mr. *Price*,	Mr. *Blagden*.

The Five following came not in 'till almoſt a year after they begun.

Mr. *Smith*,	Mr. *Young*,
Mr. *Sandford*,	Mr. *Norris*.
Mr. *Medburn* ‡,	

Sir

* I do not find that any of *Sir William Davenant's* Company were of the old Stock of Actors, who play'd before the Civil Wars. D.

‡ *Matthew Medburn* was an actor of merit, and no contemptible writer; he tranſlated the *Tartuffe* of *Moliere*, a Comedy, which was acted with Applauſe. Unfortunately *Medburn* was a bigotted Papiſt, and his conduct rendered him ſo obnoxious that, during the proſecution of the Popiſh Plot, he was thrown into Newgate, and died there. He merited, as *Langbaine* juſtly obſerves, a better fate. D.

Sir William Davenant's Women Actreſſes * were
Note, Theſe Four being his Principal Actreſſes, he boarded them at his own Houſe.

Mrs. *Davenport*,	Mrs. *Davies*,
Mrs. *Saunderſon* †,	Mrs. *Long*.
Mrs. *Ann Gibbs*,	Mrs. *Holden*,
Mrs. *Norris*,	Mrs. *Jennings*.

His

* It is well known, that in the time of Shakſpeare, and for many years afterwards, female characters were repreſented by boys or young men. Sir William D'Avenant, in imitation of the foreign theatres, firſt introduced females in the ſcene, and Mrs. Betterton is ſaid to have been the firſt woman that appeared on the Engliſh Stage. Andrew Pennycuicke played the part of *Matilda*, in a tragedy of Davenport's, in 1655: and Mr Kynaſton acted ſeveral female parts after the Reſtoration". *Malone's* Supplement, Vol. 1, Page 29.

However ſtrange this may appear to thoſe, who have been accuſtomed to ſee the Womens Parts performed by Females, it ſhould be remembered that in the infancy of the Engliſh ſtage, whole plays were performed by the Children of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel; and one Boy (Sal. Pavy), who died in his thirteenth year, was ſo admirable an Actor of *Old Men*, that Ben Jonſon, in his elegant epitaph on him, ſays the *Fates* thought him one, and therefore cut his thread of life. Jonſon's Works not having been reprinted theſe thirty years, and having conſequently become very ſcarce, the inſertion of it here may not be unacceptable.

"Epitaph on S. P. a child of Q. El. Chappel.

Weepe with me all you that read
This little ſtorie:
And know, for whom a teare you
Death's ſelfe is ſorry.
'Twas a child, that ſo did thrive
In grace and feature,
As *Heaven* and *Nature* ſeem'd to
Which own'd the creature.
Yeereshe numbred ſcarce thirteene
When *Fates* turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he
beene
The ſtages jewell;
And did act, (what now we mone)
Old men ſo duely,
As, ſooth, the *Parcæ* thought him
one,
He plai'd ſo truely.
So, by error, to his fate
They all conſented;
But viewing him ſince, (alas, too
late)
They have repented.
And have ſought (to give new
birth)
In bathes to ſteepe him;
But, being ſo much too good for
earth,
Heaven vowes to keepe him."

Ben Jonſon's Works, Folio, 1616, P. 808;
And Vol. 6, P. 275, Whalley's Edition.

This celebrated Child performed originally in *Jonſon's* Cynthia's Revels, and Poetaſter, in the Years 1600 and 1601. W.

† *Mrs. Saunderſon*] The appellation of *Miſtreſs* has deceived ſome writers who have pretended to give the Hiſtory of this Lady; they did not recollect that the title of *Miſs* was not given to unmarried Females 'till after the Revolution. D.

His Company being now compleat, *Sir William*, in order to prepare Plays to open his Theatre, it being then a building in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, rehearſed the Firſt and Second Part of the Siege of *Rhodes*; and the *Wits* at *Apothecaries-Hall:* and in Spring 1662, opened his Houſe with the ſaid Plays, having new Scenes and Decorations, being the firſt that e'er were introduced in England*.

Mr. *Betterton* acted *Solyman* the Magnificent; Mr. *Harris*, *Alphonſo*; Mr. *Lilliſton*, *Villerius*, the Grand Maſter; Mr. *Blagden*, the Admiral; Mrs. *Davenport*, *Roxolana*; Mrs. *Saunderſon*, *Ianthe:* All Parts being juſtly and excellently perform'd, it continued acting 12 days without interruption with great applauſe.

The next was *The Wits*, a Comedy writ by *Sir William Davenant*; the Part of the elder *Palatine* performed by Mr. *Betterton*; the younger *Palatine* by Mr. *Harris*; *Sir Morglay Thwack*, by Mr. *Underhill*; *Lady Ample*, by Mrs. *Davenport:* All the other Parts being exactly performed, it continued 8 days acting ſucceſſively.

The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, *Hamlet* being performed by Mr. *Betterton: Sir William* (having ſeen Mr. *Taylor*, ‡ of the *Black-Fryars* Company, act it; who being inſtructed by the Author Mr. *Shakeſpear*) taught Mr. *Betterton* in every particle of it, gain'd him eſteem and reputation ſuperlative to

* "Downes himſelf acted in *The Siege of Rhodes*, on the opening of Sir William D'Avenant's Houſe.—Scenes, however, had been before uſed in private exhibitions; he ought therefore to have added "on a public theatre." They had been introduced by Sir William, probably in a leſs perfect ſtate, about four years before the period Downes ſpeaks of, not indeed in a play, but in an entertainment, entitled, "*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, expreſt by vocal and inſtrumental muſick, and *by Art of perſpective in Scenes*. Repreſented daily at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, 1658;" a performance which Cromwell, from his hatred to the Spaniards, permitted, though he had prohibited all other theatrical exhibitions"

Malone's Supplement, Vol. 1, Page 18, Note.

‡ See an Account of *Taylor*, Idem, Page 56.

I might have enriched this tract by more numerous and copious extracts from *Mr. Malone's* very curious and elaborate work; but it being in the hands of almoſt every elegant reader, I have made free with only a few indiſpenſible paſſages. W.

to all other plays*. *Horatio* by Mr. *Harris*; the *King* by Mr. *Lilliſton*; the *Ghoſt* by Mr. *Richards*; (after by Mr. *Medburn.*) *Polonius* by Mr. *Lovel* †; *Roſencrans* by Mr. *Dixon*; *Guilderſtern* by Mr. *Price*; 1ſt. Gravemaker by Mr. *Underhill*; the 2d. by Mr. *Dacres*; the *Queen* by Mrs. *Davenport*; *Ophelia* by Mrs. *Saunderſon:* No ſucceeding Tragedy for ſeveral years got more reputation or money to the Company than this.

Love and Honour, wrote by *Sir William Davenant:* This Play was richly cloath'd? the King giving Mr. *Betterton* his Coronation Suit, in which he acted the Part of Prince *Alvaro*; the Duke of *York* giving Mr. *Harris* his, who did Prince *Proſpero*; and my Lord of *Oxford* gave Mr. *Joſeph Price* his, who did *Lionel*, the Duke of *Parma's* ſon: The *Duke* was acted by Mr. *Lilliſton*; *Evandra* by Mrs. *Davenport*; and all the other parts being very well done: The Play having a great run, produced to the Company great gain and eſtimation from the Town.

Romeo and *Juliet*, wrote by Mr. *Shakeſpear: Romeo* was acted by Mr. *Harris* §; *Mercutio* by Mr. *Betterton*; Count *Paris* by Mr. *Price*; the *Fryar* by Mr. *Richards*; *Sampſon* by Mr. *Sandford*; *Gregory* by Mr. *Underhill*, *Juliet* by Mrs. *Saunderſon*; Count *Paris's* Wife by Mrs. *Holden*.

Note,

* *Betterton* continued to act *Hamlet* with great ſpirit and with much applauſe 'till the laſt year of his life. Vide *Tatler*. D.

† *Nokes* acted *Polonius* after *Lovel*. D.

‡ *Romeo* by Mr. *Harris*.] By the variety of parts which this gentleman ſuſtain'd, we may fairly conjecture that he was a general as well as favourite actor; a complete maſter of his profeſſion: *Romeo*, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*, Cardinal *Wolſey*, *Medley* in the Fop's Fortune, *Sir Joſlin Jolley* in She Wou'd if She Cou'd, *Harry* the Fifth, and *A Ballad Singer*, required various and oppoſite abilities. He either died, or left the Stage, ſome years before the union of the King's and Duke of York's Company, for I do not ſee his name in any Dramatis Perſonæ of a new play, after 1676.

Downes takes no notice of *Caius Marius*, written by *Otway*; and chiefly taken from Shakſpeare's *Romeo* and *Juliet*: It was acted much about the time of the Popiſh Plot, the Author having introduced the diſſentions of *Marius* and *Sylla*, and applied them to the Factions in the reign of *Charles* II. D.

Note, * There being a Fight and Scuffle in this Play between the Houſe of *Capulet*, and Houſe of *Paris*; Mrs. Holden acting his wife, entered in a hurry, crying, O my dear *Count!* She inadvertently left out O in the pronuntiation of the word *Count*! giving it a vehement accent, put the Houſe into ſuch a laughter, that London-Bridge at low-water was ſilent to it.

This Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet* was made ſome time after into a Tragi-comedy, by Mr. *James Howard*, he preſerving *Romeo* and *Juliet* alive; ſo that when the Tragedy was reviv'd again, 'twas play'd alternately, tragically one day, and tragicomical another, for ſeveral days together.

† *The Adventures of Five Hours*, wrote by the *Earl of Briſtol*, and *Sir Samuel Tuke*: This play being cloath'd ſo excellently fine in proper habits, and acted ſo juſtly well. Mr. *Betterton* acting *Don Henriq*; Mr. *Harris*, *Antonio*; Mr. *Young*, *Octavio*; Mr. *Underhill*, *Diego*; Mr. *Sandford*, *Erneſto*; Mr. *Smith*, the *Corrigidor*; Mr. *Price*, *Silvio*; Mrs. *Davenport*, *Camilla*; Mrs. *Betterton*, *Portia*; Mrs. *Long*, *Flora:*

* *Note.*] In the Advertiſement to this Edition, the Original is ſaid to be faithfully followed; this ſilly and indecent paſſage had not been remarked when that was written, otherwiſe both would have been omitted: now there is a neceſſity to retain it. It is proper, however, to obſerve that it is founded in error; there is no contending "Houſe of *Paris*" in *Romeo* and *Juliet:* nor could Mrs. *Holden*, whether acting *Capulet's*, *Montague's*, or *Paris's* Wife, (there is, however, no ſuch character as the latter in the Play) have occaſion to ſay, "O my dear *Count!*" there being no ſuch expreſſion in Shakſpeare's Tragedy: Lady Capulet ſays only "By my *Count*," i. e. *reckoning;* "Juliet, the *County* ſtays;" and "The *County Paris*." *Howard's* Tragi-comedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, ſaid in the next paragraph to have been "*made ſome time after*," could not, of courſe, be the Piece in the repreſentation of which the accident happened; and *Otway's* Caius Marius, altered from *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and adapted to *Roman* manners and names is entirely out of the queſtion. W.

† This play of *The Adventures of Five Hours* was publiſhed in 1663. It appears that Mrs. *Sanderſon's* name was then chang'd to *Betterton*, but ſhe was not a widow when married to the great Actor of that name, as *Curl* ſays in his hiſtory of the Stage. [See a preceding note on Mrs. *Sanderſon.*] This amicable couple lived together 47 years. She ſurvived her huſband more than a year. D.

Flora: It took ſucceſſively 13 days together, no other Play intervening.

Twelfth Night, or what you will; wrote by Mr. *Shakeſpear*, had mighty ſucceſs by its well performance: *Sir Toby Belch* by Mr. *Betterton*; *Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek* by Mr. *Harris*; *Fool* by Mr. *Underhill*; *Malvolio*, the Steward, by Mr. *Lovel*; *Olivia* by Mrs. *Ann Gibbs:* All the Parts being juſtly acted crown'd the Play.

Note, *It was got up on purpoſe to be acted on Twelfth Night.*

The Villain, written by Major *Thomas Porter*; this play by its being well perform'd, had ſucceſs extremely beyond the Company's expectation. Mr. *Betterton* acting *Monſieur Briſac*; Mr. *Harris*, *Monſieur Beaupre*; Governour, Mr. *Lilliſton*; *Bontefeu*, Mr. *Young*; *Maligni*, the Villain, Mr. *Sandford*; *Coligni*, the Scrivener's Son, by that inimitable ſprightly Actor, Mr. *Price* (eſpecially in this part); *Bellmont* by Mrs. *Betterton:* It ſucceeded 10 days with a full houſe to the laſt.

*The Rivals**, a Play, wrote by *Sir William Davenant*; having a very fine interlude in it, of vocal and inſtrumental muſic

* I know not on what authority this Play of *The Rivals* is aſcribed to *Davenant*; it is not in the Folio collection of his works, nor does the 4to edition of it, 1668, bear his name. It is a very indifferent alteration of *Shakſpeare* and *Fletcher's* TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, and containsſeveral Songs, &c. not in the Original; particularly a hunting-dialogue ſung by Forreſters, Hunters, and Huntreſſes: the ideas and hunting-terms in which are entirely borrowed from *Ben Jonſon's* Paſtoral of *The Sad Shepherd.*

Downes has forgot to tell us the name of the actreſs who performed *Celia*, which name likewiſe he has miſ-written for *Celania*; the character was repreſented, according to the 4to. 1668, by Mrs. *Davis:* [Spelt *Davies* by Downes, See P. 28.] of whom the following extracts will give the reader all the information I have been able to collect.

"The practice [of marrying with ruſh rings] is alluded to in a ſong in a play written by Sir William Davenant, called The Rivals:

"I'll crown thee with a garland of ſtraw then,
And I'll marry thee with a ruſh ring."

Which ſong was firſt ſung by Miſs Davis; ſhe acted the part of Celania in the play; and King Charles II. upon hearing it, was ſo

muſic, mixt with very diverting dances; Mr. *Price* introduced the dancing by a ſhort comical prologue, gain'd him an univerſal applauſe of the town. The part of *Theocles* was done by Mr. *Harris*; *Philander*, by Mr. *Betterton*; *Cunopes*, the Jailor, by Mr. *Underhill*; And all the Women's Parts admirably acted; chiefly *Celia*, a Shepherdeſs, being mad for Love; eſpecially in ſinging ſeveral wild and mad ſongs; *My Lodging it is on the Cold Ground*, &c. She performed that ſo charmingly, that not long after, it rais'd her from her bed on the cold ground, to a Bed Royal.

The Play by the excellent performance laſted uninterruptedly Nine Days, with a full audience.

ſo pleaſed with her voice and action, that he took her from the ſtage, and made her his Miſtreſs." Sir *J. Hawkins's* Note in Vol. 4. Page 51. Shakſpeare. Ed. 1778.

"The following ballad [My lodging it is on the cold ground] was originally ſung in a Play called the Rivals, by Mrs. *Davis*, which King *Charles* the ſecond hearing, he was ſo pleaſed, that he took her off the ſtage, and had a daughter by her, who was named *Mary Tudor*, and was married to *Francis* Lord *Radcliffe*, afterwards Earl of *Derwentwater*." *Evans's Ballads*, 1784. Vol. 3. Page 285.

"*Nell Gwyn* having notice that *Miſs Davis* was to be entertain'd at night by the King in his Bed-chamber, ſhe invited the Lady to a collation of Sweetmeats, which being made up with phyſical ingredients, [an indelicate paſſage is here omitted,] cauſed her Royal Maſter to turn her off with the *ſmall* penſion of *a Thouſand Pounds per Annum*, in conſideration for her former ſervices in the Affairs of Love; after which ſhe never appeared again at Court."

Lives of the moſt celebrated Beauties, &c. 1715.

From a paſſage in a Satirical poem by *Sir Geo. Etheredge*, in the ſame book, it appears that *Nell Gwyn* was kept by *Lacy*, and afterwards by *Hart*, previous to her elevation to the "Bed Royal."

There is a mezzotinto print by *R. Tompſon*, after Sir *Peter Lely*, of "*Madame Davis*," playing on a Lute; and another of "*Madam Davids*," without the Lute, by *G. Valck*, after *Lely*: they are undoubtedly portraits of the Actreſs of *Celania*, and ſhew her (eſpecially the latter one, which is very fine) to have been a moſt beautiful creature. *Downes* erroneouſly calls *Celia* (properly *Celania*) a Shepherdeſs; ſhe is daughter to the Governor or Keeper of the Caſtle or Priſon wherein *the Kinſmen* are confined: In the original Piece the character is nameleſs, being called ſimply *The Jailor's Daughter*. An alteration of THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, by the Editor of this Tract, was performed at the Theatre-Royal, Richmond, 1779.

King *Henry* the 8th. This Play, by order of *Sir William Davenant*, was all new cloathed in proper habits: The King's was new, and all the Lords, the Cardinals, the Biſhops, the Doctors, Proctors, Lawyers, Tipſtaves, new Scenes: The Part of the King was ſo right and juſtly done by Mr. *Betterton*, he being inſtructed in it by Sir William, who had it from Old Mr. *Lowen**, that had his inſtructions from Mr. *Shakeſpear* himſelf, that I dare and will aver, none can, or ever will come near him in this age, in the performance of that part: † Mr. *Harris's* performance of Cardinal *Wolſey* was little inferior to that, he doing it with ſuch juſt ſtate, port, and mein, that I dare affirm none hitherto has equalled him: †

The Duke of *Buckingham* by Mr. *Smith*; *Norfolk* by Mr. *Nokes*; *Suffolk* by Mr. *Lilliſton*; Cardinal *Campeius* and *Cranmer* by Mr. *Medburn*; Biſhop *Gardiner* by M. *Underhill*; Earl of *Surrey* by Mr *Young*; Lord *Sands* by Mr. *Price*; Mrs. *Betterton*, Queen *Catherine:* Every Part, by the great care of Sir *William*, being exactly perform'd; it being all new cloath'd and new ſcenes; it continued acting 15 days together with general applauſe.

Love in a Tub, wrote by *Sir George Etheridge*; Mr. *Betterton* performing Lord *Beauford*; Mr. *Smith*, Colonel *Bruce*; Mr. *Norris*, *Lovis*; Mr. *Nokes*, Sir *Nicholas Cully*; Mr. *Underhill*, *Palmer*; Mr. *Saunford*, *Wheadle*; Mrs. *Betterton*, *Graciana*; Mrs. *Davies*, *Aurelia*; Mrs. *Long*, the Widow; Mr. *Harris*, Sir *Frederick Frolick*; Mr. *Price*, *Dufoy*.

Sir

* See an account of *Lowen*, or *Lowin*, in Malone's Supplement. Vol. 1, Page 54.

†† I know of no folly greater, or more common, in writing or diſcourſing on theatrical ſubjects, than this of praiſing living performers, by derogating from the merit of not only their predeceſſors, but that alſo which may be poſſeſſed by thoſe who are to come; when *Booth*, *Wilks*, and *Cibber* formed ſo bright a conſtellation, would it not have been abſurd to ſay neither of them would ever be outſhone, *Garrick* having ſince concentered all their radiance; and why may not future Luminaries dim the effulgence of his fame, as he eclipſed the ſplendor of all who went before him? W.

Sir Nich'las, *Sir* Fred'rick; *Widow and* Dufoy,
Were not by any ſo well done, Maſoy:

The clean and well performance of this Comedy, got the Company more reputation and profit than any preceding Comedy; the Company taking in a month's time at it 1000l.

* *Cutter* of *Coleman-Street*; Written by Mr. *Abraham Cowley*; Colonel *Jolly*, performed by Mr. *Betterton*; Old *Trueman*, by Mr. *Lovel*; Young *Trueman*, Mr. *Harris*; *Cutter*, Mr. *Underhill*; Captain *Worm*, Mr. *Sandford*; Parſon *Soaker*, Mr. *Dacres*; *Puny*, Mr. *Nokes*; *Will*, Mr. *Price*; *Aurelia*, by Mrs. *Betterton*; *Lucia*, Mrs. *Ann Gibbs*; Laughing *Jane*, by Mrs. *Long*: This Comedy being acted ſo perfectly well and exact, it was performed a whole week with a full audience.

Note, This play was not a little injurious to the Cavalier indigent Officers; eſpecially the characters of *Cutter* and *Worm*.

The Dutcheſs of *Malfey*; wrote by Mr. *Webſter*: Duke *Ferdinand*, performed by Mr. *Harris*; *Boſola*, by Mr. *Betterton*; *Antonio*, Mr. *Smith*; *Cardinal*, Mr. *Young*; Dutcheſs of *Malfey*, by Mrs. *Betterton*; *Julia*, the *Cardinal's* Miſtreſs, by Mrs. *Gibbs*: This Play was ſo exceeding excellently acted in all parts; chiefly, Duke *Ferdinand* and *Boſola*; it fill'd the Houſe 8 days ſucceſſively, it proving one of the beſt of Stock Tragedies,

The Tragedy of *Muſtapha*, wrote by the Earl of *Orrery*. The part of *Solyman*, the Magnificent, was done by Mr. *Betterton*; *Muſtapha*, Mr. *Harris*; *Zanger*, Mr. *Smith*; *Ruſtan*, Mr. *Sandford*; *Pyrrhus*, Mr. *Richards*; [the name of ſome character is here wanting in the original,] Mr. *Young*; *Haly*, Mr.

* The Author of *The Cutter of Coleman Street* was charged with an intent to ridicule the Cavaliers, from which charge he defended himſelf; the Play, though rejected at firſt, was afterwards reſumed, and acted with applauſe: however, *The Cutter of Coleman Street* being a temporary Satire, was ſoon baniſhed the Theatre, notwithſtanding it had the great name of *Cowley* to ſupport it. D.

Mr. *Cademan*: *Roxolana*, Mrs. *Davenport*; (afterwards [by] Mrs. *Betterton*, and then by one Mrs. *Wiſeman*); Queen of *Hungaria*, Mrs. *Davies*. All the parts being new cloath'd, with new ſcenes, *Sir William's* great care to have it perfect and exactly performed, it produc'd, to himſelf and company vaſt profit.

Theſe being all the principal, which we call Stock-plays, that were acted from the time they open'd the Theatre in 1662, to the beginning of May, 1665, at which time the *Plague* began to rage, the company ceas'd acting 'till the *Chriſtmas* after the Fire in 1666. Yet there were ſeveral other Plays acted from 1662 to 1665, both old and modern: as a comedy call'd, *A Trick to catch the Old One*; *The* Sparagus *Garden*; *Wit in a Conſtable*; Tu Quoque; *The Tragedy of King* Lear, as Mr. *Shakeſpear* wrote it*; before it was altered by Mr. *Tate*. *The Slighted Maid*; *The Step Mother*; both written by Sir *Robert Stapleton*. *Law againſt Lovers*, by Sir *William Davenant*; *'Tis better than it was*; *Worſe and Worſe*: Theſe two Comedies were made out of *Spaniſh*, by the Earl of *Briſtol*. *The Ghoſts*, wrote by Mr. *Holden*; *Pandora*, wrote by Sir *William Killigrew*. The Company ending as I ſaid with *Muſtapha*, in *May* 1665. After a year and a half's diſcontinuance they, by Command, began with the ſame play again at Court, the *Chriſtmas* after the Fire in 1666; and from thence continued again to act at their Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

The firſt new Play that was acted in 1666 was the Tragedy of *Cambyſes*, King of *Perſia*; wrote by Mr. *Settle*: *Cambyſes* was performed by Mr. *Betterton*; *Prexaſpes*, the General, by Mr. *Harris*; Prince *Smerdis*, Mr. *Young*; *Mandana*, by Mrs. *Betterton*: all the other parts being perfectly well acted, ſucceeded ſix days with a full audience.

After

* *Betterton*, we muſt ſuppoſe, acted *Lear*. D.

Betterton being at this period a young man, it is more probable that *Lear* was performed by ſome Veteran: and that *he* did not repreſent the old Monarch 'till *Tate's* alteration was produced. W.

After this the Company reviv'd Four Comedies of Mr. Shirley's*, *viz.*

The Grateful Servant.	*The School of Complements.*
The Witty Fair One.	*The Woman's a Weathercock.*

These Plays being perfectly well perform'd, eſpecially *Dulcino*, the Grateful Servant, being acted by Mrs. *Long*; and the firſt time ſhe appeared in Man's Habit, prov'd as beneficial to the Company as ſeveral ſucceeding new Plays.

Richard the Third, or the *Engliſh* Princeſs, wrote by Mr. *Carrol*, was excellently well acted in every part; chiefly King *Richard*, by Mr. *Betterton*‡; Duke of *Richmond*, by Mr. *Harris*; Sir *William Stanley*, by Mr. *Smith*; gain'd them an additional eſtimation, and the applauſe from the town, as well as profit to the whole company.

King *Henry* the 5th, wrote by the Earl of *Orrery*. Mr. *Harris* acted the *King*; Mr. *Betterton*, *Owen Tudor*; Mr. *Smith*, Duke of *Burgundy*; Duke of *Bedford*, Mr. *Lilliſton*; Earl of *Warwick*, Mr. *Angel*; *Clermont*, Mr. *Medburn*; Queen, Mrs. *Betterton*. This Play was ſplendidly cloath'd; the King, in the Duke of *York's* Coronation Suit; *Owen Tudor*, in King *Charles's*; Duke of *Burgundy*, in the Lord of *Oxford's*; and the reſt all new. It was excellently perform'd and acted 10 days ſucceſſively.

After this, my Lord *Orrery* writ two Comedies; the firſt call'd *Guſman:* the other, Mr. *Anthony Guſman*, took very well; the former [*the other* in the original,] but indifferent.

There

* The ſucceſs of *Shirley's* Plays, when *Dryden* was ſtriving to puſh his fortune in the Dramatic World, perhaps induced that Poet to give him a place in his *Mc. Flecnoe*. D.

‡ *Betterton's* action muſt have been very excellent to ſupport ſo wretched a piece, of which the Author has not borrowed a line from Shakſpeare D.

The following eulogy confirms Mr. *Davies's* ſuppoſition. "Upon the Stage it [*Tamerlane*] may appear well, but he [*Rowe*] had ſome of the beſt Tragedians in the World to act it, and who knows not the Advantage a Play receives from their mouths? Who knows not the effect of *Betterton's* fine Action? Who is not charm'd with Mrs. *Barry?* What beauty do they not give every thing they repreſent?"

A Compariſon between the Two Stages, 1702, Page 190.

See alſo the extracts from *Rymer*, Pages 23 and 24 of his Tract. W.

There being an odd ſort of Duel in it between Mr. *Nokes* and Mr. *Angel*, both Comicks meeting in the field to fight; one came arm'd with a *Blunderbuſs*, the other with a *Bow* and *Arrows*.

Sir *Martin Marall*. The Duke of *Newcaſtle* giving Mr. *Dryden* a bare tranſlation of it, out of a Comedy of the famous *French* Poet, *Monſieur Moliere*; he adapted the part purpoſely for the mouth of Mr. *Nokes**, and curiouſly poliſhed the whole; Mr. *Smith* acting *Sir John Swallow*; Mr. *Young*, Lord *Dartmouth*; Mr. *Underhill*, *Old Moody*; Mr. *Harris*, *Warner*; Mrs. *Norris*, Lady *Dupe*; Mrs. *Milliſent*, Madam *Davies* ‡. All the parts being very juſt and exactly perform'd, 'ſpecially *Sir Martin* and his Man, Mr. *Smith*, and ſeveral others ſince have come very near him but none equall'd, nor yet Mr. *Nokes* in *Sir Martin* ||. This Comedy was crown'd with an excellent Entry, in the laſt act at the Maſk, by Mr. *Prieſt* and Madam *Davies*; this, and *Love in a Tub*, got the Company more money than any preceding Comedy.

She wou'd if ſhe cou'd, wrote by *Sir George Etheridge*; *Courtall*, acted by Mr. *Smith*; Freeman, Mr. *Young*; Sir *Joſlin*, Mr. *Harris*; Sir *Oliver*, Mr. *Nokes*; *Ariana*, Mrs. *Jennings*; *Gatty*, Mrs. *Davies*; Lady *Cockwood*, Mrs. *Shadwell*; It took well, but inferior to *Love in a Tub*.

After this were acted, *The Queen of Arragon*, and *Cupid's Revenge*.

The

* If *Downes* is to be credited *Sir Martin Marall* was not an original piece of *Dryden's*, but reviſed and poliſhed from a meer verbal tranſlation of *Moliere's L'Etourdi*; the Song in it is a tranſlation from *Voiture:* this Play owed its Theatrical Life to the excellent action of *Nokes*; for ſince his death I do not find that it was ever revived. D.

‡ Elevation to the "Bed Royal" conferred, in *Downes's* opinion, the title of *Madam* on the quondam *Mrs.* Davies; as it had before done on her rival *Gwyn*. W.

|| This paſſage is involved in ſuch impenetrable darkneſs, that, in deſpair of being able to throw light on it, I leave it in its original obſcurity. W.

The Impertinents; or *Sullen Lovers*: wrote by Mr. *Shadwell*. This Comedy being admirably acted, especially *Sir Positive At-all*, by Mr. *Harris*; Poet *Ninny*, by Mr. *Nokes*; *Woodcock*, by Mr. *Angel*; *Standford* and *Emilia*, the Sullen Lovers; One by Mr. *Smith*, and the other by Mrs. *Shadwell**. This Play had wonderful success, being acted 12 days together, when our Company were commanded to *Dover*, in *May* 1670. The King with all his Court meeting his sister, the Dutchess of *Orleans* there. This Comedy and *Sir Solomon Single*, pleas'd Madam the Dutchess, and the whole Court extremely.

The *French* Court wearing then excessive short lac'd coats; some scarlet, some blew, with broad wast belts; Mr. *Nokes* having at that time one shorter than the *French* fashion, to act *Sir Arthur Addle* in; *the Duke of Monmouth* gave Mr. *Nokes* his Sword and belt from his side, and buckled it on himself, on purpose to ape the French; that Mr. *Nokes* lookt more like a drest up Ape, than a *Sir Arthur*: which upon his first entrance on the stage, put the King and Court to an excessive laughter; at which the *French* look'd very Shaggrin, to see themselves ap'd by such a buffoon as *Sir Arthur* ‡. Mr. *Nokes* kept the Duke's sword to his dying day.

Sir Solomon Single, wrote by Mr. *Carrol*. *Sir Solomon* acted by Mr. *Betterton*; *Peregrine Woodland*, by Mr. *Harris*; *Single*, by Mr. *Smith*; Mr. *Wary*, by Mr. *Sandford*; *Timothy*, by Mr. *Underhill*; *Betty*, by Mrs. *Johnson*; *Julia*, Mrs. *Betterton*. The Play being singularly well acted, it took 12 days together.

The Woman made a Justice; wrote by Mr. *Betterton*. Mrs. *Long* acting the Justice so charmingly, and the Comedy being perfect and justly acted, so well pleas'd the audience, it continu'd acting 14 days together: the prologue being spoke to it each day.

The

* Mrs. *Shadwell*] Quere, if the wife of *Shadwell* the Poet? W.

‡ I do not think that even the Savages of *Owhyee* would, in similar circumstances, have been guilty of such an incivility. W.

The Amorous Widow; or, *The Wanton Wife:* wrote by the ſame author. Mr. *Betterton* acted *Lovemore*; Mr. *Smith*, *Cunningham*; Mr. *Nokes*, *Barnaby Brittle:* The Widow, Mrs. *Betterton:* She performed it ſo well, that none equall'd her but Mrs. *Bracegirdle.**

The Unjuſt Judge; or, *Appius and Virginia:* done by the ſame author. *Virginius*, acted by Mr. *Betterton*; *Appius*, the Unjuſt Judge, by Mr. *Harris*; *Virginia*, by Mrs. *Betterton*. And all the other parts exactly performed. It laſted ſucceſſively 8 days, and very frequently acted afterwards.

The Man's the Maſter, wrote by *Sir William Davenant*, being the laſt play he ever wrote, he dying preſently after; and was bury'd in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, near Mr. *Chaucer's* Monument, our whole Company attending his funeral. This Comedy in general was very well perform'd, eſpecially *the Maſter*, by Mr. *Harris*; *the Man*, by Mr. *Underhill*; Mr. *Harris* and Mr. *Sandford* ſinging the Epilogue, like two Street Ballad-ſingers.

Note, Mr. *Cademan* ‡ in this play, not long after our Company began in *Dorſet-Garden*, his part being to fight with Mr. *Harris*, was unfortunately, with a ſharp Foil pierc'd near

* Mrs. *Oldfield's* ſuperior merit in this part, [*Mrs. Brittle*] as it was decided by the audience, in a conteſt for pre-eminence between her and Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, occaſion'd the latter to leave the Stage about the year 1707.

Norris, [the original *Scrub*,] who was a very little man, acted *Barnaby Brittle* when Mrs. *Oldfield* play'd Mrs. *Brittle*; during an indiſpoſition of *Norris*, *Colley Cibber* play'd the part of *Brittle:* when Mrs. *Oldfield* ſaid ſhe could not play ſo well with the latter as the former, becauſe *Norris* look'd more like a cuckold than *Cibber*. D.

‡ "*The Rivals* a Comedy, acted by His Highnes the Duke of York's Servants," attributed to *Sir William Davenant*, was "Printed for *William Cademan*, at the Pope's-Head in the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1668." If this was *Cademan*, the Actor, *Downes* might, in addition to his own official knowledge as prompter, have been certified by *him* that *Davenant* was the Author or Alterer of it; which ſuppoſition clears up the doubt expreſſed in *Note*, Page 32. W.

near the eye; which ſo maim'd both his hand and his ſpeech, that he can make but little uſe of either; for which miſchance he has received a penſion ever ſince 1673, being 35 years ago.

This being the laſt New Play that was acted in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, yet there were ſundry others done there, from 1662, till the time they left that Houſe: As, *Love's Kingdom*, wrote by Mr *Fleckno*; *The Royal Shepherdeſs*, by Mr. *Shadwell*; *Two Fools well met*, by Mr. *Lodwick Carlile*; the *Coffee-Houſe*, by Mr. *Sincerf*; *All Plot*; or, *The Diſguiſes*; by Mr. *Stroude*: All which expired the third day, ſave *The Royal Shepherdeſs*, which liv'd ſix.

Note, About the year 1670, Mrs. *Aldridge*, after Mrs. *Lee*, after *Lady Slingſby*; alſo Mrs. *Leigh*, wife of Mr. *Anthony Leigh*; Mr. *Croſby*, Mrs. *Johnſon*, were entertained in the Duke's Houſe.

The new Theatre in *Dorſet Garden* being finiſhed, and our Company after *Sir William's* death being under the rule and dominion of his widow, the *Lady Davenant*, Mr. *Betterton*, and Mr. *Harris* (Mr. *Charles Davenant*, her ſon, acting for her), they removed from *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* thither: and on the ninth day of November, 1671, they opened their new Theatre with *Sir Martin Marall*, which continued 3 days together, with a full audience each day; notwithſtanding it had been acted 30 days before in *Lincolns-Inn Fields*, and above 4 times at Court.

Next was acted *Love in a Tub*, it was performed 2 days together to a full audience.

The firſt new Play acted there, was *King Charles* the 8th of *France*; it was all new cloath'd, yet laſted but 6 days together, but 'twas acted now and then afterwards.

The next new Comedy was *The Mamamouchi*; Or, *The Citizen turn'd Gentleman*: wrote by Mr. *Ravenſcraft*. *Trickmore* and *Fencing Maſter*, by Mr. *Harris*; *French Tutor*, and *Singing Maſter*, by Mr. *Haines*: (He having affronted Mr. *Hart*, he

gave him a diſcharge, and then [*Haines*] came into our Houſe)* *Old Jorden*, Mr. *Nokes*; Dr. *Cural*, Mr. *Sandford*; *Sir Simon Softhead*, Mr. *Underhill*; *Lucia*, Mrs. *Betterton*; *Betty Trickmore*, *Mrs. Leigh*; This Comedy was look'd upon by the Criticks for a fooliſh Play; yet it continued acting 9 days with a full houſe; upon the Sixth the Houſe being very full, the Poet added 2 more lines to his Epilogue, *viz.*

The Criticks come to hiſs and damn this play,
Yet ſpite of themſelves they can't keep away.

However Mr. *Nokes* in performing the *Mamamouchi* pleas'd the King and Court, next *Sir Martin*, above all Plays.

The third new Play acted there was *The Gentleman Dancing Maſter*, wrote by Mr. *Witcherly*, it laſted but 6 days, being liked but indifferently, it was laid by to make room for other new ones.

Note, Several of the old Stock Plays were acted between each of theſe 3 new ones.

Epſom-Wells, a Comedy wrote by Mr. *Shadwell*. Mr. *Rains* was acted by Mr. *Harris*; *Bevil*, by Mr. *Betterton*; *Woodly*, by Mr. *Smith*; Juſtice *Clodpole*, Mr. *Underhill*; *Carolina*, Mrs. *Johnſon*; *Lucia*, Mrs. *Gibbs*; Mrs. *Filt*, by Mrs. *Betterton*; Mr. *Nokes*, Mr. *Biſket*; Mr. *Angel*, *Fribble*. This Play in general being admirably acted produced great profit to the company.

Note, Mrs. *Johnſon* in this comedy, dancing a Jigg ſo charming well, Love's power in a little time after coerc'd her to dance more charming elſe where.

A Comedy call'd *The Reformation*, written by a Maſter of Arts in *Cambridge*; The Reformation in the Play being the reverſe to the Laws of Morality and Virtue, it quickly made its Exit, to make way for a Moral one.

The Tragedy of *Macbeth*, altered by *Sir William Davenant*; being dreſt in all its finery, as new cloaths, new ſcenes, machines,

* *Joe Haines* was, on account of his pretending to great gallantry, call'd *Count Haines*; he was a man of humour, and ſometimes threw out vivacities which paſs'd for wit: he was extremely irregular in his way of life.

See *his Life*, *Dennis's* Letter to *Sir John Edgar*, (i. e. Sir Richard Steele) and *Dryden's* Epilogue to *The Pilgrim*. D.

chines, as flyings for the witches§, with all the ſinging and dancing in it: the firſt compoſed by Mr. *Lock*, the other by Mr. *Channell* and Mr. *Joſeph Prieſt*; it being all excellently performed, being in the nature of an Opera, it recompenced double the expence: it proves ſtill a laſting play †.

Note, That this Tragedy, *King Lear*, and *The Tempeſt*, were acted in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; *Lear* being acted as Mr. *Shakeſpear* wrote it*; as likewiſe *The Tempeſt*, altered by *Sir William Davenant* and Mr. *Dryden*, before 'twas made into an Opera.

Love's Jealouſy, and *The Morning Ramble*, written by Mr. *Nevil Pain*. Both were very well acted, but after their firſt run were laid aſide to make room for others; the company having then plenty of new poets.

The Jealous Bridegroom, wrote by *Mrs. Bhen*, a good play, and laſted ſix days; but this made its Exit too, to give room for a greater, *The Tempeſt*.

Note, In this play, Mr. *Otway*, the poet, having an inclination to turn actor, Mrs. *Bhen* gave him the King in the play, for a probation part; but he being not us'd to the ſtage, the full houſe put him to ſuch a ſweat, and tremendous agony,

§ In the modern repreſentation of *Macbeth*, *Hecate* is the only character which aſcends; the three Witches who open the play depart with theſe words, "*Hover thro' the fog and filthy air*," but they are improperly made to ſink thro' a trap-door in the ſtage, inſtead of being rais'd by a machine into the clouds. W.

† In the Dramatis Perſonæ of the 4to. Edition of *Davenant's* alteration of *Macbeth* we read that *Banquo* and *the Ghoſt of Banquo* were repreſented by dividual performers; the former, I believe, by *Smith*, the latter by *Sandford*; the reaſon for which I cannot gueſs, unleſs it was that *Sandford's* countenance was naturally formed to inſpire terror; while the repreſentative of the living Banquo had, as was neceſſary, a placid mein. W.

*There can be no doubt that *Betterton* acted the Part of *Lear*; [See a doubt of it expreſſed in the laſt note, Page 36.] but ſince it was perform'd as originally written; it were to be wiſhed that *Downes* had given us ſome account of its reception from the audience; with a caſt of the characters in ſo remarkable a play: I ſhould ſuppoſe that *Nokes* acted *The Fool*. Some admirers of *unſophiſticated Shakſpeare* wiſhed to have ſeen *Mr. Garrick* in *Lear*, as originally written; though I believe the diſtreſs would have been more than any audience could bear. D.

being dash't, spoilt him for an actor*. Mr. *Nat. Lee* had the same fate in acting *Duncan*, in *Macbeth*, ruin'd him for an actor too†.

I must not forget myself, being listed for an actor in *Sir William Davenant's* Company in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*; the very first day of opening the house there with the *Siege of Rhodes*, being to act *Haly*, the King, Duke of *York*, and all the Nobility in the house, and the first time the King was in a public Theatre, the sight of that august presence spoil'd me for an actor too. But being so in the company of two such eminent poets, as they prov'd afterward, made my disgrace so much the less; from that time their Genius set them upon Poetry: the first wrote *Alcibiades*; the latter, the tragedy of *Nero*; the one for the Duke's, the other for the King's House.

The year after in 1673, *The Tempest*, or *Inchanted Island*§; made into an Opera by Mr. *Shadwell*: having all new in it; as Scenes, Machines; particularly, one scene painted with myriads of *Ariel* [*aerial*] Spirits; and another flying away with a table, furnisht out with fruits, sweet-meats, and all sorts of viands, just when Duke *Trinculo* and his companions were going to dinner; all things perform'd in it so admirably well, that not any succeeding opera got more money.

About this time the Company was very much recruited, having lost by death Mr. *Joseph Price*, Mr. *Lovell*, Mr. *Lilliston*, Mr. *Robert Nokes*, Mr. *Mosely*, Mr. *Coggan*, Mr. *Floid*, Mr. *Gibbons*; Mrs. *Davenport*, Mrs. *Davies*, Mrs. *Jennings*, &c. The three last by force of Love were crept the Stage.

In

* This was in the year 1671, sometime before *Otway* had written a play. D.

† *Lee's* misfortune, or repulse happen'd the year after *Otway's*.

Lee, after having been some time in Bedlam, was, on the return of his senses, releas'd; returning home from the Bear and Harrow, in Butcher Row, where he had drunk abundance of liquors, he fell down and was stifled in one of the Inns: some say he was found dead on a bulk D.

Otway is said to have perish'd thro want! W.

§ Here we may see the origin, I believe, of *Dryden's* resentment to *Shadwell*; who should not, he imagined, have meddled with the subject after so great a master: but it was a still greater provocation to *Dryden*, that *Shadwell's* Plays pleas'd better than his own. D.

In their rooms came in Mr. *Anthony Leigh*[1], Mr. *Gillo*[2], Mr. *Jevon*, Mr. *Percival*, Mr. *Williams*, who came in a boy, and ſerv'd Mr. *Harris*, Mr. *Boman*[3], a boy likewiſe; Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Currer*, Mrs. *Butler*, Mrs. *Slaughter*, Mrs. *Knapper*, Mrs. *Twiford*.

After *The Tempeſt* came *The Siege of Conſtantinople*, wrote by Mr. *Nevil Pain*.

Then the Conqueſt of *China*, by the *Tartars*, by Mr. *Settle*; in this Play Mr. *Jevon*, acting a *Chineſe* Prince and Commander in it, and being in the battle vanquiſhed by the *Tartars*, he was by his part to fall upon the point of his ſword and kill himſelf, rather than be [made] priſoner by the *Tartars*: Mr. *Jevon*, inſtead of falling on the point of his ſword, laid it in the ſcabbard at length upon the ground and fell upon't, ſaying, now I am dead; which put the Author into ſuch a fret, it made him ſpeak treble inſtead of double. *Jevon's* anſwer was, did you not bid me fall *upon* my ſword*?

In *February* 1673, the long expected Opera of *Pſyche* came forth in all her ornaments; new ſcenes, new machines, new cloaths, new French dances: this Opera was ſplendidly ſet out, eſpecially in ſcenes; the charge of which amounted to above 800*l*. It had a continuance of performance about 8 days

[1] *Anthony Leigh* was a favourite actor of *Charles* 2d. who uſed to call him *his Actor*.

[2] *Gillo* generally play'd the graver kind of characters, ſuch as *Acaſto*, in *The Orphan*.

[3] *Boman*, or *Bowman*, was ſuppoſed to be near ninety years old when he died; no Coquette was ever more careful to conceal her age than this actor: to thoſe who aſked him his age, his conſtant reply was, *Sir, I am very well*. D.

* *Jevon* was a good comic actor, and died young. D.

From this ſample of *Jevon's* humour I venture to pronounce him a contemptible buffoon: extempore ſallies, and eccentricities in *comedy*, are generally reprehenſible in the actor who indulges in them; but to make a mockery of what was intended to excite *pity* or *terror*, deſerves the ſevereſt cenſure words can convey. W.

days together; it prov'd very beneficial to the Company: yet *The Tempeſt* got them more money.

After this *Sir Patient Fancy* was acted, then *The Rover*; both wrote by Mrs. *Bhen. Alcibiades**, the firſt play that Mr. *Otway* wrote. *Madam Fickle*, by Mr. *Durfey*.

Then *Don Carlos*, Prince of *Spain*; the ſecond play wrote by Mr. *Otway*: the King was performed by Mr. *Betterton*; Prince by Mr. *Smith*; *Don John* of *Auſtria*, by Mr. *Harris*; *Gomez*, Mr. *Medburn*; Queen, Madam *Slingſby*; and all the parts being admirably acted it laſted ſucceſſively 10 days; it got more money than any preceding modern Tragedy.

After this, in 1676, *The Man of Mode*, or *Sir Fopling Flutter*, was acted: *Dorimant*, by Mr. *Betterton*; *Medley*, Mr. *Harris*; *Sir Fopling* by Mr. *Smith*; *Old Bellair*, Mr. *Leigh*; *Young Bellair*, Mr. *Jevon*: Mrs. *Lovit*, Mrs. *Barry*; *Bellinda*, Mrs. *Betterton*; *Lady Woodvil*, Mrs. *Leigh*; *Emilia*, by Mrs. *Twiford*. This comedy being well cloath'd, and well acted, got a great deal of money.

The Soldier's Fortune, wrote by Mr. *Otway*. Then the *Fond Huſband*‡, by Mr. *Durfey*.

Theſe two Comedies took extraordinary well, and being perfectly acted, got the Company great reputation and profit.

Circe, an Opera, wrote by Dr. *Davenant*. *Oreſtes* was acted by Mr. *Betterton*; *Pylades*, Mr. *Williams*; *Ithacus*, Mr. *Smith*; *Thoas*, Mr. *Harris*; *Circe*, Lady *Slingſby*; *Iphigenia*, Mrs. *Betterton*; *Oſmida*, Mrs. *Twiford*. All the Muſick was ſet by Mr. *Baniſter*, and being well performed, it anſwer'd the expectation of the Company.

The

* *Alcibiades*] acted 1675. The Author in his preface celebrates Mrs *Barry's* acting in this Play. D.

‡ *The Fond Huſband*, or *Plotting Siſters*. This is the beſt of all *Durfey's* comedies, and was acted at Drury-Lane little more than forty years ſince. D.

The Siege of Troy, *Anna Bullen**, by Mr. *Banks*.

The Feign'd Courtezans. *The City Heireſs*, Both by Mrs. *Behn*. Theſe four were well acted; three of them liv'd but a ſhort time: but *Ann Bullen* prov'd a Stock-Play.

Timon of Athens§, alter'd by Mr. *Shadwell*, was very well acted, and the muſick in't well performed; it wonderfully pleas'd the Court and City, being an excellent moral.

The Libertine‖, and *Virtuoſo*; both wrote by Mr. *Shadwell*; they were both very well acted, and got the Company great reputation: the *Libertine* perform'd by Mr. *Betterton* crown'd the play.

The Spaniſh Fryar, wrote by Mr. *Dryden*; 'twas admirably acted, and produced vaſt profit to the Company.

Oedipus, King of Thebes‡, wrote by Mr. *Nat. Lee*, and Mr. *Dryden*: the laſt writing the firſt two acts, and the firſt the three

* *Anna Bullen* has not been revived ſince the death of Mrs. *Oldfield*, who acted the Principal Part. D.

§ *Timon*, by *Shadwell*, was acted at the Theatres of Drury-Lane, and Lincoln's-Inn Fields, about forty-five years ſince.

Mills play'd *Timon*, and Mrs. *Thurmond*, *Evandra*, at Drury-Lane; *Walker*, *Timon*, and *Quin*, *Apemantus*, at Lincoln's-Inn Fields. D.

An alteration of *Timon* from *Shakſpeare* and *Shadwell*, by *Love*, (an aſſumed name, his real one being *Dance*,) was perform'd about twenty years ſince at the Theatre-Royal, Richmond; the ſcenery, dreſſes, and decorations were very ſplendid, the play well performed, and the receipts to it conſiderable.

It has been ſince revived at Drury-Lane, with alterations by Mr. *Cumberland*; when *Barry* play'd *Timon*, and *Love*, *Apemantus*. W.

‖ *The Libertine* was acted frequently at Drury-Lane, during the management of *Booth*, *Wilks*, and *Cibber*; but it dwindled by degrees to a meer Holiday-Play: the elder *Mills* acted *The Libertine*. D.

‡ *Oedipus, K. of Thebes*. This play has often been reviv'd, but never with any great ſucceſs: the critics tell us it is the maſter-piece of antiquity: the fable is admirably work'd up by Sophocles, it is confeſs'd; but the moral, which is, that no man, though ever ſo happy in appearance, can be ſecure of felicity till his death; is bought too dearly, by involving an innocent man in the murder of his father, and the commiſſion of inceſt with his mother. The tearing out his eyes is a cataſtrophe too ſhocking. D.

three laſt. This Play was admirably well acted; eſpecially the Parts of *Oedipus* and *Iocaſta*; one by Mr. *Betterton*, the other by Mrs. *Betterton*: it took prodigiouſly, being acted 10 days together.

The Orphan; or, *the Unhappy Marriage:* wrote by Mr. *Otway*. *Caſtalio* acted by Mr. *Betterton*; *Polydore*, by Mr. *Williams*; *Chamont*, Mr. *Smith*; *Chaplain*, Mr. *Percival*; *Monimia*, Mrs. *Barry*; *Serina* Mrs. *Monford*. All the Parts being admirably done, eſpecially the Part of *Monimia*. This, and *Belvidera* in *Venice Preſerv'd*; or, *A Plot Diſcovered*; together with *Iſabella*, in *The Fatal Marriage*: Theſe three Parts gain'd her the name of *Famous* Mrs. *Barry**, both at Court and City, for whenever ſhe acted any of thoſe three parts, ſhe forc'd tears from the eyes of her Auditory, eſpecially thoſe who have any ſenſe of pity for the diſtreſs'd.

Theſe 3 Plays, by their excellent performance, took above all the modern Plays that ſucceeded.

Titus and Berenice,, wrote by the ſame Author†, conſiſting of 3 Acts; with the *Farce* of *The Cheats of Scapin*‡ at the end. This Play, with the *Farce*, being perfectly well acted, had good ſucceſs.

Theodoſius

* *Famous* Mrs. *Barry*.] This Actreſs was the firſt comedian that was favour'd with a Benefit, on account of her great merit; which was about the year 1687.

It does not appear that *Betterton* accepted a Benefit till 1709. D.

† *The ſame Author*.] *Downes* means *Otway*; tho' the author of the laſt-mentioned piece (*Iſabella*) was *Southern*. D.

‡ This was about the period when the cuſtom of annexing *Farces* to *Plays* was introduced. W.

Theodoſius, or *The Force of Love*;* wrote by Mr. *Nathaniel Lee*: *Varanes*, the *Perſian* Prince, acted by Mr. *Betterton*; *Marcian*, the General, Mr. *Smith*; *Theodoſius*, Mr. *Williams*; *Athenais*, Mrs. *Barry*: All the Parts in't being perfectly perform'd, with ſeveral Entertainments of Singing, compos'd by the famous maſter, Mr. *Henry Purcell* (being the firſt he ever compoſed for the ſtage), made it a living and gainful play to the Company: the Court, eſpecially the Ladies, by their daily charming preſence, gave it great encouragement.

Note, Mr. *Lee* wrote the tragedy of *Nero*, The Court of *Auguſtus*, for Drury-Lane Houſe; The Prince of *Cleve* for Dorſet-Garden: being well acted, but ſucceeded not ſo well as the others.

The Lancaſhire Witches†, acted in 1681, made by Mr. *Shadwell*, being a kind of Opera, having ſeveral *Machines* of Flyings for the Witches, and other diverting Contrivances in't: All being well perform'd, it prov'd beyond expectation very beneficial to the Poet and Actors.

All the preceding Plays, being the chief that were acted in Dorſet-Garden, from November 1671, to the year 1682; at which time the Patentees of each Company united Patents; and, by ſo incorporating, the *Duke's* Company were made

G the

* *Theodoſius*, or *The Force of Love*.] A Play was written by *Maſſinger* on this ſubject, and acted with ſucceſs; there are many good ſcenes, and juſt ſentiments in it, but upon the whole it is one of that Author's leaſt meritorious productions: *Theodoſius* is juſtly eſteem'd as *Lee's* maſter-piece. D.

† *Shadwell*, in this play, has borrowed the name and epithet of *Puckhairy*, with various reputed magical ingredients, from the renowned (as he ſtiles him) *Ben Jonſon's* Fragment, of THE SAD SHEPHERD. See the Supplemental Notes to *The Sad Shepherd*, and *Continuation* thereof, by the Editor of this Tract, 8vo. 1783, P. 134 and 135. *Shadwell* has more merit than is generally allowed; in "*A Compariſon between the two Stages*," 1702, P. 57, the following compliment is paid to him. "*Fletcher* and *Beaumont* are every where irregular, but always gentile [genteel] and eaſy; their Tragedies are moving, and their Comedies diverting; *Shakeſpear* ſublime in the firſt, and always natural in the latter; *Jonſon* humourous in one, and very correct in both: I deſcend to no others, only I can't omit *Shadwel*, whoſe Comedies are true Copies of Nature." W.

the *King's* Company, immediately removed to the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane*.

Upon this Union, Mr. *Hart*, being the *Heart* of the Company under Mr. *Killigrew's* Patent, never acted more, by reaſon of his malady; being afflicted with the Stone and Gravel, of which he died ſome time after: having a Salary of 40 Shillings a Week to the day of his death. But the remnant of that Company, as Major *Mohun*†, Mr. *Cartwright*,

* It is ſaid that Mr. *Betterton*, by his ſkill in negotiation, contributed greatly to this Union of the King's and Duke of York's Companies. See BIOG. BRIT. Article *Betterton*. D.

† *Major Mohun* acted in 1682, in The Perſian Prince, by Southern; and Burleigh in The Unhappy Favourite, by Banks, in 1685. D.

This being the laſt mention (of any conſequence) made of *Hart* and *Mohun*, by *Downes* or *Davies*; I will take my leave of them with the following extract from

"*A Compariſon between the Two Stages*," P. 48. ſeq.

"The late *Duke of Monmouth* was a good judge of dancing, and a good dancer himſelf; when he returned from *France*, he brought with him *St. Andre*, then the beſt Maſter in *France*: The *Duke* preſented him to the Stage, the Stage to gratifie the *Duke* admitted him, and the *Duke* himſelf thought he might prove a mighty advantage to 'em, tho' he had nobody elſe of his Opinion: A Day was publiſhed in the Bills for him to dance, but not one more beſides the *Duke* and his Friends came to ſee him; the reaſon was, the Plays were then ſo good, and *Hart* and *Mohun* acted 'em ſo well, that the Audience wou'd not be interrupted for ſo ſhort a time, tho' 'twas to ſee the beſt Maſter in *Europe*."

Madam Davies and *Madam Gwyn* having alſo made their *Exeunt*, the following extracts from *Granger's* Biographical Hiſtory of England, 8vo. 2d. Ed. 1775, Vol. 4. which ſhould have followed my note, at bottom of P. 33, had the work they are taken from occurred before that was printed, are inſerted here; and the reader is requeſted to refer them to that place. W.

Madam DAVIS; *Lely p. Valk f.* 1678; *4to. mezz.*
Madam DAVIS; *Lely p. Tompſon exc. h. ſh. mezz.*

*She is repreſented as playing on a guitar.**

At Billingbere, in Berkſhire, the ſeat of Richard Neville Neville, eſq. is a fine portrait of her by Kneller, with a Black. This picture, which

wright, Mr. *Kynaſton*, Mr. *Griffin*, Mr. *Goodman*, Mr. *Duke*-*Watſon*, Mr. *Powel* Senior, Mr. *Wiltſhire*, Mrs. *Corey*, Mrs.

 Bowtell,

which is in the painter's beſt manner, was the property of Baptiſt May, who was privy purſe to Charles II. and of ſingular ſervice to, to him in his private pleaſures‖.

Mary Davis, miſtreſs to Charles II. was ſome time comedian in the duke of York's theatre. She had one daughter by the king; namely Mary, who took the ſurname of Tudor, and was, in 1687, married to the ſon of Sir Francis Ratcliffe, who became earl of Derwentwater**.

* The guitar was never in ſo general vogue in England, as it was in this reign. The king was pleaſed with hearing Signor Franciſco, [Franceſco Corbetta. See Granger, V. 4. P. 146.] an Italian, play on this inſtrument; as he knew how to fetch better muſic out of it than any other performer. Hence it became faſhionable at court, and eſpecially among the king's miſtreſſes, who were greater leaders in faſhions of all kinds, than the queen herſelf.

[Mr. Pope, in the following lines, hints at the vogue of this inſtrument in the reign of Charles.

"No wonder then, when all was love and ſport,
"The willing Muſes were debauch'd at court;
"*On each enervate ſtring they taught the note*
"*To pant*, or tremble through an eunuch's throat."

Imit. of the 1ſt. Epiſt. of the 2d. Book of Horace.
Granger. V. 4. P. 146.]

‖ John Wilmot, earl of Rocheſter; John Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave; lord Buckhurſt, afterwards earl of Dorſet; Henry, ſon of Thomas Killegrew; Henry Saville, Fleetwood Sheppard, and Baptiſt May, were generally of the number of thoſe ſelect and facetious parties which enlivened the evenings of Charles II. in the apartments of his miſtreſſes. The laſt but one of theſe perſons, who, as well as the earl of Dorſet, was a friend and patron of Prior, was a gentleman-uſher and daily-waiter, and afterwards uſher of the black rod to king William. See more of theſe favourites in "Athen. Oxon." ii. col. 1039. See alſo lord Clarendon's "Continuat." fol. p. 338, 355, 438, &c.

** Wood.

It would be too indelicate to mention the particular conſequences of the jalap, which was given to Moll Davies ["*Moll Davies*". Granger

Bowtell, Mrs. *Cook*, Mrs. *Monfort*, &c. [continued to perform, ſhould follow, but is wanting in the original.]

Note,

ger here adapts his ſtile to his anecdote.] at ſupper by Nell Gwynn, who knew that ſhe was to lie the ſame night with the king. It is ſufficient to hint at the violence of its operation, and the diſaſtrous effects; ſuch effects as the ancients would have attributed to Anteros, [Ἀντέρως], a malignant deity, and the avowed enemy of Cupid.

Granger, V. 4. P. 186, ſeq.

Madam ELEANORA GWYNN,
Madam ELEANOR GWYNN,
Madam ELLEN GWYNN,
Madam ELLEN GWIN,
Mrs. ELLEN GWYNN,

In which various manners ſhe is deſcribed in the different portraits of her mentioned by Granger, is by that Biographer thus recorded, P. 188.

Eleanor Gwynn; better known by the familiar name of *Nell*, was, at her firſt ſetting out in the world, a plebeian of the loweſt rank, and ſold oranges in the theatre. Her perſon, though below the middle ſize, was well-turned; ſhe had a good natural air, and a ſprightlineſs that promiſed every thing in comedy. She was inſtructed by Hart and Lacy, who were both actors of eminence; and, in a ſhort time ſhe became eminent herſelf in the ſame profeſſion. She acted the moſt ſpirited and fantaſtic parts*, and ſpoke a prologue or epilogue with admirable addreſs. The pert and vivacious prattle of the orange-wench, was, by degrees, refined into ſuch wit as could please Charles II. Indeed it was ſometimes carried to extravagance: but even her higheſt flights were ſo natural, that they rather provoked laughter than excited diſguſt. [A remarkable inſtance is recorded of her, when, upon the Stage-Keeper preparing to carry her off the ſtage, after ſhe had died in ſome character, ſhe ſtarted up, and exclaimed,

"Hold, you damn'd confounded dog,
"I'm to riſe, and ſpeak the Epilogue."]

She is ſaid to have been kept by lord Dorſet, before ſhe was retained by the king, and to have been introduced to the latter, by the duke of Buckingham, with a view of ſupplanting the dutcheſs of Cleveland†. Nell, who knew how to mimic every thing ridiculous about

Note, now Mr. *Monfort* and Mr. *Carlile* were grown to the maturity of good actors.

The

about the court, preſently ingratiated herſelf with her merry ſovereign, and retained a conſiderable place in his affections to the time of his death. She continued to hang on her cloaths with her uſual negligence when ſhe was the king's miſtreſs, but whatever ſhe did became her.

Ob. 1687‡.

* She very rarely appeared in tragedy, but is known to have acted the part of Almahide; to which lord Lanſdown alludes, in his "Progreſs of Beauty."

"And Almahide once more by kings adored".

† See Burnet, i. P. 263.

‡ She was, or affected to be, very orthodox, and a friend to the clergy and the church. The ſtory of her paying the debt of a worthy clergyman, whom, as ſhe was going through the city, ſhe ſaw ſome bailiffs hurrying to priſon, is a known fact; as is alſo that of her being inſulted in her coach at Oxford, by the mob, who miſtook her for the dutcheſs of Portſmouth. Upon which ſhe looked out of the window, and ſaid, with her uſual good humour, *Pray, good people be civil; I am the proteſtant whore*, [the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth was a Frenchwoman, and a papiſt.] This Laconic ſpeech drew upon her the bleſſings of the populace, who ſuffered her to proceed without further moleſtation.

Granger. V. 4. P. 187, ſeq.

Mrs. KNIGHT, a famous ſinger, and favourite of king Charles II*.

[Mrs. *Knight* occurs in the former part of this tract.]

* If any credit may be given to a manuſcript lampoon, dated 1686, Mrs. Knight was employed by Charles as a procureſs: particularly, ſhe was ſent with overtures to Nell Gwynn; whom, as the ſame authority ſays, lord Buckhurſt would not part with, 'till he was reimburſed the expences he had laviſhed upon her. The king at length created him earl of Middleſex for his compliance.

"Gave him an earldom to reſign his b—tch."

Granger. V. 4. P. 189.

The mixt company then reviv'd the ſeveral old and modern plays, that were the propriety of Mr. *Killigrew*: as, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*; Mr. *Betterton* acting *Michael Perez*; *Don Leon*, Mr. *Smith*; *Cacafogo*, Mr. *Cartwright*; *Margaretta*, Mrs. *Barry*; *Eſtifania*, Mrs. *Cook*.

Next, *The Scornful Lady*, *The Plain Dealer*, *The Mock Aſtrologer*, *The Jovial Crew*, *The Beggars Buſh*, *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Moor of Venice*,*, *Rollo*, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, *The Double Marriage*; with divers others.

Next new play was the Tragedy of *Valentinian*; wrote by the Lord *Rocheſter*, from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. Mr. *Goodman* acted *Valentinian*; Mr. *Betterton*, *Æcius*; Mr. *Kynaſton*, *Maximus*; Mr. *Griffin*, *Pontius*; Madam *Barry*, *Lucina*, &c.

The

In ſome of the State Poems, Charles II. is ridiculed under the nick-name of Old Rowley, which was an ill-favoured ſtallion kept in the Meuſe, that was remarkable for getting fine colts.—Mrs. Holford, a young lady much admired by Charles, was ſitting in her apartment, and ſinging a ſatirical ballad upon "Old Rowley the King", when he knocked at the door. Upon her aſking who was there? he, with his uſual good humour replied, "Old Rowley himſelf, madam".
Granger, V. 4. P. 49.

In the note, P. 33, I have erroneouſly ſtiled the *Guittar*, which "*Madame Davis*" is repreſented as playing on, a *Lute*; which the reader will be ſo good as to correct. W.

* This was the firſt opportunity *Betterton* could obtain of acting *Othello*. D.

If *Downes* is to be credited, (to uſe Mr. *Davies's* expreſſion in Note, P. 38) the propriety or property of *Othello* was in Mr. *Killigrew*, ſo late as the year 1682; *Shakſpeare's* ſuppoſed ſupineneſs reſpecting the publication, or correction of his plays, originated therefore in neceſſity; he having no right to print, or publiſh, what had been already ſold by him to others. W.

The well performance, and the vaſt intereſt the author made in town*, crown'd the play with great gain of reputation, and profit to the actors.

In *Anno* 1685, the Opera of *Albion* and *Albianus* was perform'd; wrote by Mr. *Dryden*, and compoſed by Monſieur *Grabue*, this being perform'd on a very unlucky day, being the day the *Duke* of *Monmouth* landed in the *Weſt*, the nation being in great conſternation, it was perform'd but ſix times; which not anſwering half the charge they were at, involv'd the Company very much in debt.

The firſt new Comedy after King *James* came to the Crown, was *Sir Courtly Niece*, wrote by Mr. *Crown*: *Sir Courtly* acted by Mr. *Mounford*; *Hothead*, Mr. *Underhill*; *Teſtimony*, Mr. *Gillo*; Lord *Beaugard*, Mr. *Kynaſton*; *Surley*, by Mr. *Griffin*; *Sir Nicholas Callico* by the famous Mr. *Antony Leigh*: *Leonora*, Madam *Barry*, &c. This Comedy being juſtly acted, and the characters in't new, crown'd it with a general applauſe. *Sir Courtly* was ſo nicely perform'd, that not any ſucceeding, but Mr. *Cyber*, has equall'd him.

Note, Mr. *Griffin* ſo excell'd in *Surly*, *Sir Edward Belfond*, *The Plain Dealer*, none ſucceeding in the 2 former have equall'd him, except his predeceſſor Mr. *Hart* in the latter†.

The Squire of *Alſatia*, a Comedy wrote by Mr. *Shadwell*; *Sir William Belfond* done by Mr. *Leigh*; *Sir Edward*, Mr. *Griffin*; *the Squire* by Mr. *Nokes*, afterwards by Mr. *Jevon*; *Belfond* Junior, Mr. *Mounfort*; *Termagant*, Mrs. *Boutel*; *Lucia*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*. This Play by its excellent acting, being

* Mr. *Davies's* Ms. directs, on what authority I know not, "*And the vaſt intereſt the author made in town*," to be *intirely left out*. I think it ſhould on no account be omitted; as it ſerves to ſhew, that tho' indifferent Pieces have been brought on the Stage, and rendered faſhionable, by the influence of Authors of rank, in our days; to the excluſion, or depreſſion, of writers of perhaps more merit, and certainly leſs intereſt; it is no new artifice, but a ſtale trick practiced by dignified authors above a century ago. W.

† This paſſage is of kin to that adverted to in the laſt note, P. 38. W.

being often honour'd with the presence of Chancellour *Jefferies*, and other great persons; had an uninterrupted run of 13 days together.

Note, Mr. *Leigh* was eminent in this part of *Sir William*, and *Scapin*, *Old Fumble*, *Sir Jolly Jumble*, *Mercury* in *Amphitryon*, *Sir Formal*, *Spanish Fryar**, *Pandarus* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*.

Note, The Poet receiv'd for his third day in the House in Drury-Lane at single Prices 130*l.* which was the greatest receipt they ever had at that house at single prices§.

About this time were several other new plays acted, as *The True Widow*, *Sir Anthony Love*, *The Scowrers*, *Amphitrion*, *Love in*, *and Love out of Fashion*, *Greenwich Park*, *Cleomenes*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Cæsar Borgia*.

All but *Amphitrion* succeeding but indifferently†; I omit the Persons names that acted in this Play, this proving a Stock-Play.

The *Old Batchelor*, wrote by Mr. *Congreve*; *The Fatal Marriage*, or *Innocent Adultery*; by Mr. *Southern*. *The Double Dealer* by Mr. *Congreve*.

All 3 good Plays; and by their just performances, 'specially Mr. *Dogget's* and Madam *Barry's*, unparallel'd.

The Boarding School, wrote by Mr. *Durfy*; it took well, being justly acted.

The

* There is a fine print extant of *Leigh*, in the character of *Dominic*, the *Spanish Fryar*. W.

§ *Single Prices*] Boxes 4s. Pit 2s. 6d. First Gallery 1s. 6d. Upper Gallery 1s. D.

It is said in "*A Comparison between the Two Stages*," P. 10, speaking of the expences of a Benefit Night at the *Old House*, i. e. *Drury-Lane Theatre*, to an Author at that period, 1702, that "the ordinary Charge is about four and thirty pounds a day." In Mr Garrick's time the Ordinary Charges were Sixty Four Pounds; they are now considerably advanced. W.

† In the original it is "All but *Amphitrion*; which succeeding but indifferently; I &c." Mr. *Davies's* Ms. properly directs *which* to be omitted. W.

The Marriage Hater Match'd, wrote by the ſame Author; there Mr. *Dogget* perform'd the part of *Solon* inimitably; likewiſe his part in *The Boarding School*.

King Arthur, an Opera, wrote by Mr. *Dryden*; it was excellently adorn'd with Scenes and Machines: The Muſical Part ſet by Famous Mr. *Henry Purcell*, and Dances made by Mr. *Jo. Prieſt*: the Play and Muſick pleas'd the Court and City; and being well perform'd, 'twas very gainful to the Company.

*The Propheteſs**, or, *Dioclesian*; an Opera, wrote by Mr. *Betterton*; being ſet out with coſtly ſcenes, machines, and cloaths; the vocal and inſtrumental muſick done by Mr. *Purcell*; and dances by Mr. *Prieſt*; it gratify'd the expectation of Court and City; and got the Author great reputation.

The Fairy Queen, made into an Opera, from a Comedy of Mr. Shakeſpear's†: This in ornaments was ſuperior to the other two; eſpecially in cloaths for all the Singers and Dancers; Scenes, Machines, and Decorations; all moſt profuſely ſet off, and excellently perform'd: chiefly the inſtrumental and vocal part compos'd by the ſaid Mr. *Purcell*, and dances by Mr. *Prieſt*. The Court and Town were wonderfully ſatisfy'd with it; but the expences in ſetting it out being ſo great, the Company got very little by it.

Note, Between theſe Operas there were ſeveral other Plays acted, both Old and Modern; As, *Bury Fair*, *Wit without Money*, *The Taming of a Shrew*, *The Maiden Queen*, by Sir

* *The Propheteſs*, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, was reviv'd at Lincoln's Inn-Fields, and Covent-Garden with ſucceſs; entirely owing to the comic powers of *Spiller* and *Shuter*. D.

† From Shakſpeare's *Midſummer Night's Dream* Mr. Garrick fabricated an operatical piece call'd *The Fairies*, in 1754; to which he ſpoke a Prologue. D.

Charles Sedley, *Iſland Princeſs*, *A Sea Voyage*, *The Engliſh Fryar*, by Mr. Crown, *Buſſy D'Ambois*, *The Maſſacre of Paris*, &c.

Some time after, a difference happening between the United Patentees and the chief Actors, as Mr. *Betterton*, Mrs. *Barry*, and Mrs. *Bracegirdle*; the latter complaining of oppreſſion from the former; they for redreſs appeal'd to my Lord of *Dorſet*, then Lord Chamberlain, for juſtice: who eſpouſing the cauſe of the Actors, with the aſſiſtance of *Sir Robert Howard*, finding their complaints juſt, procur'd from King *William* a ſeperate Licenſe for Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Betterton*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, Mrs. *Barry*, and others, to ſet up a new Company, calling it The New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and the Houſe being fitted up from a Tennis-Court, they open'd it the laſt day of April, 1695, with a new Comedy, call'd,

Love for Love, wrote by Mr. *Congreve*; this play was ſuperior in ſucceſs to moſt of the precedent plays: *Valentine*, acted by Mr. *Betterton*; *Scandal*, Mr. *Smith**; *Foreſight*, Mr. *Sandford*; [*Sir*] *Sampſon*, Mr. *Underhill*; *Ben*, the Saylor, Mr. *Dogget*; *Jeremy*, Mr. *Bowen*; Mrs. *Frail*, by Madam *Barry*; *Tattle*, Mr. *Boman*; *Angelica*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*: This Comedy being extraordinary well acted, chiefly the part of *Ben*, the Sailor, it took 13 days ſucceſſively.

The principal new plays that ſucceeded this from *April*, 1695, to the year 1704, were

Lovers Luck, wrote by Captain *Dilks*, which fill'd the Houſe 6 days together, and above 50*l*. the 8th, the day it was left off.

The

§ This was the firſt part *Smith* acted after having left the ſtage for ſome years. Neither *Downes* or *Cibber* give any character of *Smith* as an actor; but *Booth*, in a very elegant Latin epitaph, praiſes him highly: he ſtiles him a man of much humanity, and one greatly beloved by the players, and the people in general. As an actor he ſays *Smith* was almoſt equal to *Betterton*. D.

The Grand Cyrus, wrote by Mr. *Banks*; it was a good play; but Mr. *Smith* having a long part in it, fell ſick upon the fourth day and died* ; upon that it lay by, and ne'er has bin acted ſince‖.

The Mourning Bride, a Tragedy, wrote by Mr. *Congreve*; had ſuch ſucceſs, that it continued acting uninterrupted 13 days together.

Boadicia, the Britiſh Queen, wrote by Mr. *Hopkins*; 'twas a well writ play, in an *Ovidean* Stile in verſe ; it was lik'd and got the company money‡.

Heroic Love, wrote by Mr. *George Greenvil*; ſuperlatively writ; a very good Tragedy, well acted, and mightily pleas'd the Court and City§.

Love's a Jeſt, a Comedy, done by Mr. *Motteux*; ſucceeded well, being well acted, and got the company reputation and money.

* He was ſeized with the cramp in the night time, and to relieve himſelf from the violence of the pain, he jumped out of bed; but remained ſo long in the cold, that it occaſioned his death. D.

‖ "*Cyrus* the Great. Whoſe was that? *Banks's*, which the Players damn'd and wou'd not act of a great while; but at length it was acted, and damn'd then in manner and form".
"*A Compariſon between the Two Stages.*" 1702, P. 24.

‡ "Here's *Pyrrhus* King of Epire. Whoſe is that? *Charles Hopkins's*, an Iriſh gentleman of good ſenſe, and an excellent *Ovidian*. What was it's fate? Damn'd". *Ibid.*

"*Boadicia.* This is *Cha. Hopkins's*, and did very well."
Idem. P. 31. W.

§ "*Heroic Love.* That I think is Mr. *Granvill's*: 'Tis ſo, and the language is very correct: but with ſubmiſſion to him, his fable is not well choſen; there's too little buſineſs in't for ſo long a repreſentation: but if Mr. G. had taken the ſtory at a greater length, and contriv'd the incidents to ſurprize, he had made it an admirable tragedy."
"*A Compariſon, &c.*" P. 31. W.

The Anatomiſt, or *Sham Doctor*‡; had proſperous ſucceſs, and remains a living play to this day; 'twas done by Mr. Ravenſcroft.

Don Quixot, both parts made into one, by Mr. *Durfey*, Mrs. Bracegirdle acting, and her excellent ſinging in't, the play in general being well perform'd, 'tis little inferior to any of the preceding Comedies*.

The She-Gallants, a Comedy, wrote by Mr. *Greenvil*, when he was very young: extraordinary witty, and well acted; but offending the ears of ſome Ladies who ſet up for Chaſtity, it made its Exit. And gave place to,

Iphigenia, a Tragedy, wrote by Mr. *Dennis*, a good Tragedy and well acted; but anſwer'd not the expences they were at in cloathing it.

The

‡ *The Anatomiſt* has, for many years, been reduced to a Farce. Mr. *Blakes* gave a new life to it by making the Doctor a Frenchman. D.

There is a good print extant of *Blakes*, in the character of *Monſieur Le Medicin*, in *The Anatomiſt*. W.

* In "*A Compariſon, &c.*" P. 25, is the following dialogue concerning *Durfey* and his *Don Quixote*.

S. The third Part of *Don Quixote*.

R. Oh, the overunning ſtreams of *Helicon*! by all that's poetical, my friend *Durfey*; well, in the name of impudence, what luck?

S. Damn'd, damn'd to all intents and purpoſes.

R. His *firſt* and *ſecond* Part did well.

S. Thanks to honeſt *Miguel Cervantes*, who gave him not only the ſtory, but the very words." W.

The Fate of Capua, wrote by Mr. *Southern*‡‡, better to read than act; 'twas well acted, but anſwer'd not the Companies expectation.

Juſtice Buſy, a Comedy, wrote by Mr. *Crown*; 'twas well acted, yet proved not a living play. However Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, by a potent and magnetic charm in performing a ſong in't, caus'd *the Stones of the Streets to fly in the Men's Faces.*

The Way of the World, a Comedy, wrote by Mr. *Congreve*‡‡, 'twas curiouſly acted; Madam *Bracegirdle* performing her Part ſo exactly and juſt, gain'd the applauſe of Court and City; but being too keen a Satyr had not the Succeſs the Company expected.*

The Ambitious Step-mother, done by Mr. *Rowe*; 'twas very well acted, eſpecially the Parts of [by] Mr. *Betterton*, Mr. *Booth*, and Madam *Barry*; the Play anſwer'd the Companies expectation.

Tamerlane§, wrote by the ſame Author; in general well acted; but chiefly the Parts of [by] Mr. *Betterton*, [Mr.] *Vanbruggen*†, Mr. *Powel*, Madam *Bracegirdle* and [Madam] *Barry*; which made it a Stock-Play.

The

‡‡ Mr. *Southern*, Mr. *Congreve*.] Theſe Authors and their writings are praiſed, and criticiſed, with proper diſcrimination, in "*A Compariſon, &c.*" W.

* Some part of this play, I think it was the laſt act, was much hiſſed by the critics; the author never after wrote any thing for the ſtage, though he lived to ſee his comedy a very favorite entertainment of the public. D.

§ See the laſt note, P. 37. W.

† *Vanbruggen*] Or *Verbruggen*, as his name is ſpelt in the Dramatis Perſonæ of ſeveral plays. No Stage-Hiſtorian has taken notice of the particular merit of this actor; and *Cibber*, who is large enough in the accounts of others, has only juſt mentioned his name, as an actor

of

The Fair Penitent, by the ſame Author; a very good play for three Acts: but failing in the two laſt, anſwer'd not their expectation.

The Biter‡, a Farce; wrote by the ſame Author: it had a ſix days run; the ſix days running it out of breath, it ſicken'd and expir'd.

Abra-mule, wrote by Mr. *Trap* of Oxford; a very good play, and exceedingly well acted.

Theſe being all the chiefeſt new Plays, that have been acted by Mr. *Betterton's* Company, ſince its ſeparation from Mr. *Rich* in the Year 1695. The Names of ſeveral of the Actors I have not mention'd or offer'd to your view, as in the others, by reaſon the late acting of them makes them live in your memories.

Note, In the ſpace of Ten years paſt, Mr. *Betterton*, to gratify the deſires and Fancies of the Nobility and Gentry; procur'd

of ſome merit, tho' inferior to others: but that he was an actor of great merit we learn from *Southern*, in his dedication of *Oronooko* to the firſt duke of Devonſhire. D.

The following extract from "*A Compariſon, &c.*" will ſhew the opinion entertained of *Verbruggen*, by a contemporary writer.

"*Batt.* [*Batterton* or *Betterton*] wears away apace; his activity is at an end, and his memory begins to die.

But there's a young one to ſucceed him, *Verbruggen*.

A fellow with a crackt voice: he clangs his words as if he ſpoke out of a broken drum." P. 198 and 199. W.

‡ Nobody, it has been ſaid, was merry at this farce but the author; who was ſeen to laugh heartily at the performance, while the audience round him were grave and ſilent. *Rowe*, it ſeems, had attacked the comedies of *Wycherly*, who in revenge wrote ſome lines on this farce; one of which I remember was,

"Damns the Plain-Dealer, and writes the Biter."

D.

procur'd from Abroad the beſt Dancers and Singers, as Monſieur *L'Abbe*, Madam *Sublini*, Monſieur *Balon*, *Margarita Delpine*, *Maria Gallia*, and divers others; who being exorbitantly expenſive, produc'd ſmall Profit to him and his Company, but vaſt Gain to themſelves; Madam *Delpine* ſince her arrival in *England*, by modeſt computation; having got by the Stage and Gentry, above 10,000 Guineas.

Note, From *Candlemas* 1704, to the 23*d*, of *April* 1706, there were 4 Plays commanded to be acted at Court at St. *James's*, by the Actors of both Houſes, *viz.*

Firſt, *All for Love*; Mr. *Betterton* acting *Marc. Antony*; Mr. *Vanbruggen*, *Ventidius*; Mr. *Wilks*, *Dolabella*; Mr. *Booth*, *Alexas* the Eunuch; Mrs. *Barry*, *Cleopatra*; Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, *Octavia*; All the other Parts being exactly done, and the Court very well pleas'd.

The Second was Sir *Solomon*, or *The Cautious Coxcomb*: Mr. *Betterton* acting Sir *Solomon**; Mr. *Wilks*, *Peregrine*; Mr.

* Mr. *Betterton* acting Sir *Solomon*.] Nothing ſhews the richneſs of this actor's genius ſo much as the variety of different characters which he repreſented. The firſt tragedian of the age, acting the ſolemn coxcomb would appear ſurprizing to us, had we not ſeen Mr. *Garrick* perform *Sir Anthony Branville*, in *The Diſcovery*. The accompliſh'd actor is maſter of the whole buſineſs of his profeſſion; and no one, excepting Mr. *Garrick*, performed ſuch a number of different characters as *Betterton*. D.

Whether *Betterton* or *Garrick* was moſt excellent in the performance of Hamlet, Richard, Macbeth, Lear, &c. cannot be aſcertained; but the latter, we are ſure, far exceeded the former, in the variety of characters he appeared in: the moſt ſublime, terrible, or pathetic in tragedy; the moſt humourous, vacant, or vivacious in comedy; the arduous medium between both, of which his chef d'ouvres, *Kitely*, was a perfect inſtance; the moſt abject and ridiculous of farce; the hero, the lunatic, the villain, the lover, the rake, the fop, the drunkard, the valet, the clown, the ideot; the hoary monarch, or playful ſchool-boy: all were to him as himſelf, and he to his audience as them all! W.

Mr. *Booth*, Young *Single*; Mr. *Dogget*, Sir *Arthur Addle*; Mr. *Johnson*, Juſtice *Wary*; Mr. *Pinkethman*, *Ralph*; Mr. *Underhill*, *Timothy*; Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, *Julia*; Mrs. *Mounfort*, *Betty*; The whole being well perform'd, it gave great Satisfaction.

The next was *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, acted the 23*d* of *April*, the Queen's Coronation-Day: Mr. *Betterton*, acting Sir *John Falſtaff*; Sir *Hugh*, by Mr. *Dogget*; Mr. *Page*, by Mr. *Vanbruggen*; Mr. *Ford*, by Mr. *Powel*; Dr. *Caius*, Mr. *Pinkethman*; the Hoſt, Mr. *Bullock*; Mrs. *Page*, Mrs. *Barry*; Mrs. *Ford*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*; Mrs. *Ann Page*, Mrs. *Bradſhaw*.

The laſt was, *The Anatomiſt*, or *Sham-Doctor*; it was performed on *Shrove-Tueſday*, the Queen's Birth-Day, it being done by the Actors of both Houſes, and perfectly perform'd; there being an Additional Entertainment in't of the beſt Singers and Dancers, Foreign and *Engliſh*: As *Margarita D'elpine*, *Maria Gallia*, Mrs. *Lindſey*, Mrs. *Hudſon*, and Mr. *Leveridge*, and others; The Dances were perform'd by Monſieur *L'Abbe*; Mr. *Ruel*; Monſieur *Cherrier*; Mrs. *Elford*; Miſs *Campion*; Mrs. *Ruel*, and [the, *or* a] *Devonſhire* Girl: 'Twas very well lik'd by the whole Court.

About the end of 1704, Mr. *Betterton* aſſign'd his Licenſe, and his whole Company over to Captain *Vanbrugg* to Act under His, at the Theatre in the *Hay-Market*.

And upon the 9*th* of *April*, 1705. Captain *Vanbrugg* open'd his new Theatre in the *Hay-Market*, with a Foreign Opera, Perform'd by a new Set of Singers, arriv'd from *Italy*; (the worſt that e'er came from thence) for it laſted but 5 Days, and they being lik'd but indifferently by the Gentry; they in a little time marcht back to their own Country.

The

The first Play acted there, was *The Gamester*. Then *The Wanton Wife*. Next, *Duke and no Duke*. After that, *She wou'd if She Cou'd*; and half a Score of their old Plays, acted in old Cloaths, the Company brought from *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*. The Audiences falling off extremely with entertaining the Gentry with such old Ware, whereas, had they open'd the House at first, with a good new *English* Opera, or a new Play, they wou'd have preserv'd the Favour of Court and City, and gain'd Reputation and Profit to themselves.

The first new Play acted there, was *The Conquest of Spain*; the beginning of *May* 1705, written by Mrs. *Pix*: it had not the life of a Stock-Play, for it expir'd the 6th day.

The next new one was *Ulysses*, wrote by Mr. *Row*: The Play being all new Cloath'd, and excellently well perform'd, had a successful run; but fell short of his *Ambitious Step-Mother*, and his *Tamerlane*.

Then was acted a Comedy call'd *The Confederacy*, wrote by Captain *Vanbrugg*; an excellent Witty Play, and all Parts very well acted: But the nice *Criticks Censure* was, it wanted just *Decorum*, made it flag at last.

Trelooby, a *Farce*, wrote by Captain *Vantbrugg*, Mr. *Congreve*, and Mr. *Walsh*; Mr. *Dogget* acting *Trelooby* so well, the whole was highly Applauded.

The Mistake, wrote by Captain *Vantbrugg*; a very diverting Comedy, Witty and good Humour in't, but will scarce be enroll'd a Stock-Play.

The next new Play was, *The Revolution of Sweden*; wrote by Mrs. *Trotter*: she kept close to the History, but wanting the just Decorum of Plays, [it] expir'd the Sixth Day.

Then a new Opera, call'd *The British Enchanters*, wrote by the Honourable Mr. *George Greenvil*; very exquisitely done, especially the Singing Part; making Love the *Acme* of all Terrestrial Bliss: Which infinitely arrided both Sexes,

and pleas'd the Town as well as any *Engliſh* Modern Opera.

After this was perform'd an Opera, call'd *The Temple of Love*; conſiſting all of Singing and Dancing: The Singing Compoſed by Monſieur *Sidgeon*: The Verſion into *Engliſh*, by Monſieur *Moteux* from the *Italian*: The Singing perform'd by Mr. *Laurence*, Mr. *Laroon*, Mr. *Cook*, Mrs *Bracegirdle*, *Maria Gallia*, and ſeveral other Men and Women for the Chorus's: The Dances, made and perform'd all by *French*-Men; it laſted but Six Days, and anſwer'd not their Expectation.

The laſt Opera was, *The Kingdom of Birds*; made by Mr. *Durfey*, perform'd in *July*, 1706. The Singers in't were, Mr. *Cook*, Mr. *Laroon*, Mr. *Laurence*, Mrs. *Hudſon* and others: Dancers were Monſieur *De Bargues*, Monſieur *L'Abbe's* Brother, Mr. *Fairbank*, Mrs. *Elford* and others: It laſted only Six Days, not anſwering half the expences of it.

After this, Captain *Vantbrugg* gave leave to Mr. *Verbruggen* and Mr. *Booth*, and all the Young Company to Act the remainder of the Summer, what Plays they cou'd by their Induſtry get up for their own Benefit; continuing till *Bartholomew-Eve*, 23*d* of *Auguſt*, 1706, ending on that Day, with *The London Cuckolds*: But in all that time their Profit amounted not to half their Salaries, they receiv'd in Winter.

From *Bartholomew-Day*, 1706, to the 15*th* of *Oct.* following, there was no more Acting there.

In this Interval Captain *Vantbrugg* by Agreement with Mr. *Swinny*, and by the Concurrence of my Lord Chamberlain, Transferr'd and Inveſted his Licenſe and Government of the Theatre to Mr. *Swinny*; who brought with him from Mr. *Rich*, Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Cyber*, Mr. *Mills*, Mr. *Johnſon*, Mr. *Keene*, Mr. *Norris*, Mr. *Fairbank*, Mrs. *Oldfield* and others; United them to the Old Company; Mr. *Betterton* and

and Mr. *Underhill*, being the only remains of the Duke of *York's* Servants, from 1662, till the Union In *October*, 1706. Now having given an Account of all the Principal Actors and Plays, down to 1706. I with the ſaid Union conclude my Hiſtory.

Next follows the Account of the preſent Young Company, (which United with the Old, in October, 1706.) *Now Acting at the Theatre-Royal in* Drury-Lane; *Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians, under the Government of Col.* Brett.

MR. *Wilks*, proper and comely in Perſon, of graceful Port, Mein and Air; void of Affectation; his Elevations and Cadencies juſt, Congruent to Elocution; eſpecially in Gentile Comedy; not inferior in Tragedy. The emiſſion of his Words free, eaſy, and natural; attracting attentive ſilence in his Audience, (I mean the Judicious) except where there are Unnatural Rants, As,

——————*I'le mount the Sky,*
And kick the G—ds like Foot-balls, as I fly:

As Poet *D—rfey* has it,

Which put the Voice to ſuch obſtreperous ſtretch,
Requires the Lungs of a Smith's *Bellows to reach.*

He is indeed the finiſht Copy of his famous predeceſſor, Mr. *Charles Hart**.

Mr. *Cyber*, A Gentleman of his time has arriv'd to an exceeding Perfection, in hitting juſtly the Humour of ſtarcht Beau or Fop; as the Lord *Fopington*, Sir *Fopling* and Sir *Courtly*,

* Here honeſt *Downes* forgets himſelf ſtrangely. *Wilks* did not leave Dublin till about the year 1690, conſequently he could not have ſeen Mr. *Hart*, who died in 1682. Nor can I conceive how a man could copy another whom he had never ſeen. *Cibber* with more truth tells us that *Wilks's* Model was *Montford*. D.

Courtly, equalling in the laſt, the late eminent Mr. *Mountfort*, not much inferior in Tragedy, had Nature given him Lungs ſtrenuous to his finiſht Judgment.

Mr. *Eſtcourt*, *Niſtrio Natus*†; he has the Honour (Nature enduing him with an eaſy, free, unaffected Mode of Elocution) in Comedy always to Lætificate his Audience, eſpecially Quality, (Witneſs Serjeant *Kyte*) He's not excellent only in that, but a ſuperlative Mimick.

Mr. *Booth**, A Gentleman of liberal Education, of form Venuſt; of mellifluent Pronunciation, having proper Geſticulations, which are graceful Attendants of true Elocution: of his time a moſt compleat Tragedian.

Mr. *Johnſon*§, He's ſkilful in the Art of Painting‡, which is a great adjument, very Promovent to the Art of true Elocution, which is always requirable in him that bears the name of an Actor; he has the happineſs to gain applauſe from the Court and City: Witneſs, *Moroſe*, *Corbaccio*, Mr. *Hothead* and ſeveral others; he is a true Copy of Mr. *Underhill*, whom *Sir William Davenant* judg'd 40 Years ago, in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, the trueſt Comedian in the Company.

Mr.

† Mr. *Eſtcourt*, *Hiſtrio Natus*.] *Cibber* denies this, but *Sir Richard Steele* gives a very favourable character of him, not only as a moſt facetious Companion, but as an excellent Comedian, though he admits that the Actors would not allow his Theatrical Merit. D.

**Booth* was at this time kept under by the jealouſy of *Wilks*, who with a high hand put *Mills*, a very inferior Actor over his head. D.

§ *Johnſon* was a very correct and chaſte Comedian. He was the moſt exact copy of Nature I ever ſaw. But he wanted that warmth of Colouring which *Cibber* gave to his comic characters, and which Mr. *Garrick* has ſince carried ſtill higher. *Weſton* was another *Johnſon*. D.

‡ Painting] I apprehend this means the painting of the face, and marking it with dark lines to imitate the wrinkles of old age; a cuſtom formerly carried to exceſs on the ſtage, tho' now a good deal diſuſed: I have ſeen actors who were really older than the characters they were to repreſent, mark their faces with black lines of Indian ink, to ſuch a degree, that they appeared as if looking through a maſk of wire. Mr. Garrick's ſkill in the neceſſary preparation of his face for the aged and venerable *Lear* and *Luſignan*, was as remarkable, as his performance of thoſe characters was admirable. W.

Mr. *Dogget*, On the Stage he's very aſpectabund, wearing a Farce in his Face; his Thoughts deliberately framing his utterance congruous to his looks: He is the only Comic Original now extant; Witneſs, *Ben*, *Solon*, *Nikin*, The *Jew* of *Venice*, &c.

Mr. *Pinkethman*§, He's the darling of *Fortunatus*, he has gain'd more in Theatres and Fairs in Twelve Years, than thoſe that have tugg'd at the Oar of Acting theſe 50.

Next Mr. *Mills*, Mr. *Powel*, Mr. *Bullock*; the 2 firſt excel in Tragedy, the other in Comedy, &c.‡‡

I muſt not omit Praiſes due to Mr. *Betterton*, the firſt and now only remain of the old Stock, of the Company of *Sir William Davenant* in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*; he like an old ſtately ſpreading Oak now ſtands fixt, environ'd round with brave

§ *Pinkethman* died in 1725, or there abouts, he was not unlike *Shuter* in his manner, and took ſimilar liberties with the Audience, who pardon'd them for the ſake of his general power of pleaſing, as they afterwards did honeſt Ned. D.

‡‡ At the concluſion of "*A Compariſon, &c.*" P. 199, is the following Dialogue.

"*R.* Ay, but *Powel*.

C. Is an idle Fellow, that neither minds his Buſineſs, nor lives quietly in any Community.

R. And Mrs. *Bracegirdle*—

C. Is a haughty conceited Woman, that has got more Money by diſſembling her Lewdneſs, than others, by profeſſing it.

R. But prithee look o'this ſide; there's *Cibber*, a Poet, and a fine Actor.

C. And one that's always repining at the Succeſs of others, and upon the Stage makes all his fellow Actors uneaſy.

S. But *Penkethman*, the Flower of——

C. *Bartholomew*-Fair, and the Idol of the Rabble. A fellow that over-does every thing, and ſpoils many a part with his own ſtuff.

R. Then there's the Noble *Ben's* Nameſake——

C. Is or might be a good *Comedian*, but he has the Vice of all Actors, he's too fond of his own merit.

S. Oh, but *Bullock*———

C. Is the beſt Comedian that has trod the Stage ſince *Nokes* and *Lee*, [Leigh] and a fellow that has a very humble Opinion of himſelf.

R. There's Mrs *Rogers*, Mrs. *Oldfield*, Mrs. *Verbruggen*——

C. The laſt is a Miracle; but the others mere Rubbiſh, that ought to be ſwept off the Stage with the Filth and Duſt."

Mrs. *Verbruggen* was at this time in her zenith, as a comic actreſs; Mrs. *Oldfield* in her novitiate, which was not very promiſing. W.

brave young growing, flouriſhing Plants; there needs nothing to ſpeak his Fame more than the following Parts.

Pericles, Prince of *Tyre*.	*Hamlet*.
The Bondman.	*Macbeth*.
Cæſar Borgia.	*Timon* of *Athens*.
The Loyal Subject.	*Othello*.
The Mad Lover.	*Oedipus*.
Richard the Third.	*Jaffeir*.
King *Lear*.	King *Henry* the Eighth.
Solyman, the Magnificent.	*Sir* John *Falſtaff*.

Mr. *Dryden* a little before his Death in a Prologue, rendering him this Praiſe.

He like the ſetting Sun ſtill ſhoots a glimmery Ray,
Like Antient ROME *Majeſtic in decay.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 31. *Note*, line 7 and 8. To avoid the inelegant recurrence of a word, for *there is, however, no ſuch character, &c.* read tho' there is no ſuch character, &c.

P. 33. In conſequence of falſe pointing in the original, the three laſt lines of this page have been miſunderſtood; the Friend who, P. 17, corrected a miſtake in P. 13, having explained this paſſage alſo, the reader is requeſted to read as follows.

After this, my Lord *Orrery* writ two Comedies, the firſt call'd *Guſman*; the other, Mr. *Anthony*: *Guſman* took very well; the other but indifferent.

A very few typographical errors which may occur, it is unneceſſary to particularize.

HAVING at length gone through *Downes's* Hiſtorical Review of the Stage, I ſhall detain the Reader no longer than to requeſt his indulgence for whatever may appear amiſs in this edition; the original is in many reſpects ſo faulty, that to have endeavoured to amend it in any material degree, would have been to re-write, not re-print it: I have therefore made no alteration of the leaſt conſequence without appriſing the Reader by a note, or ſome other cuſtomary ſign.

The Ms. containing Mr. *Davies's* notes has been faithfully followed, the correction of two or three caſual inaccuracies, and the omiſſion of a trifling notice of one living Performer, excepted; it having been determined by me, not to mention throughout the tract any Actor or Actreſs now exiſting: this being a hiſtory of paſt, not preſent, times. I might have ſwell'd the book conſiderably by extracts from the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian (which contain a fund of Stage-Anecdote, and liberal criticiſm); various Stage-Tracts, Lives, Apologies; the Biographia Dramatica; the late editions of Shakeſpeare; Mr. *Malone's* Supplement; Beaumont and Fletcher, Maſſinger, Old-Plays, &c. but, excepting the tracts relating to *Milton*, and *Granger's* Biographical Hiſtory, I have been very ſparing of quotations from books in every body's hands. "A Compariſon between the Two Stages," being rather a ſcarce tract, and containing (tho' written in ſome places in too bold and rude a ſtile) much good ſenſe, juſt obſervation, and agreeable anecdote, I have made pretty free with.

Inaccuracies of ſpelling titles of, or names in, the various pieces mentioned, will, it is hoped, be pardon'd; exactneſs therein requiring more books of the kind than were in my poſſeſſion.

A critically-correct work was not intended by this republication; if it preſerve the original from extinction, and yield a harmleſs relaxation from matters of more moment, it will anſwer the end propoſed by

The Public's
Moſt Obedient Servant,
F. G. WALDRON.

March 26,
1789.

On His Majesty's Happy Recovery.

WHEN Phœbus sets we never mourn;
We know with Morning he'll return:
Of waning Phœbe ne'er complain;
Assured she'll shortly wax again:
The ebbing Tide we ne'er lament,
'Twill flow again, and yield content:
The yellow leaves no sorrow bring,
Of verdure certain in the Spring.
But when the Health of Man is flown,
Or Reason lost, we justly moan!
The body's sickness may remain,
Till Death relieve the sufferer's pain;
And mental malady we find
Too seldom quit a once-hurt mind!
How poignant was our anguish, when
"The best of husbands, fathers, men";
Or, if high rank addition brings
To a good man, the best of Kings;
Lay on the bed of racking pain,
And burn'd with fever of the brain!
Small is our joy when Day appears,
Or Night's pale Regent nature cheers;
When flowing Tides enrich the land,
Or young-eyed Spring comes, hand-in-hand
With Peace and Plenty, Smiles and Loves;
To that full bliss each Briton proves,
His King, so late by all deplored,
To Sanity by Heaven restored!
Restored to Reason, and his Crown!
While all true hearts their sorrows drown
In cheerful bowls; and gaily sing
Long live Great George! God save the King!

APPENDIX

TO

DOWNES's ROSCIUS ANGLICANUS.

Edition 1789.

Page 5. " the *Globe.*"

The Globe playhouſe, ſituate on the Bank-ſide, which was thatch'd with reeds, was burnt down in 1613.

The following are the names of other of our early playhouſes. *The Theatre*; *The Curtain*; *The Cockpit*, or *Phœnix*; *The Swan*; *The Roſe*; *The Hope.*

See Malone's *Shakſpere*, V. 1. pt. 2. p. 41 *ſeq.*

Ibid. " From *Rymer's M. S.* we learn that there were no leſs than 23 Theatres in the Metropolis."

See this idea exploded in *idem*, V. 1. pt. 2. p. 48, n. 6.

Ibid. " By the fall of the Play-Houſe in Black-Fryars 81 Perſons of Quality were killed.

Camden's Annals of James I."

See this refuted in *idem*, p. 50.

P. 9. Add to the exoneration of Milton the following memoranda; which, tho' *Caviare to the Million*, to the critical reader of his proſe-works may not be unacceptable.

A copy of Milton's EICONOCLASTES, "*publiſh'd now the ſecond time, and much enlarg'd,*" 4to. 1650, formerly in the collection of Edward Wynne, Eſq. lately in my poſſeſſion; at preſent in that of the learned and ingenious Dr. Farmer; was a preſentation-book from the author: in the title-page is written *G. Dury. 1650. Ex dono Authoris.* and in the margin of p. 217 are written the additions included between brackets in the following extract; which (however ſmall) ſhould, if Milton's, be preſerved.

"If God himſelf ſay to Kings, *Touch not mine anointed*, meaning his chos'n people, as is evident in that Pſalme, yet no man will argue thence, that he protects them from Civil Laws if they offend, then certainly, though *David* as a privat man, and in his own cauſe, feard to lift his hand againſt [*Saul becauſe outwardly*] the Lords Anointed, much leſs can (*dele* this) [*Davids privat reaſons*] forbidd the Law, or diſarm juſtice from having legal power againſt any King, [*Whenas the immediat word of God forbidding to touch his trueſt anointed wch are his Saints, ſhall be judged no forbidding to touch them legally, if they tranſgreſſe the Law.*] No other ſupreme Magiſtrate in what kind of Goverment ſoever laies claim to any ſuch enormous Privilege; wherfore then ſhould any King, who is but one kind of Magiſtrat, and ſet over the people for no other end then they?"

Milton, like Spenſer, was attached to peculiarities in ſpelling. In the table of "Faults eſcaped in the Print." annexed to the firſt edition of THE FAERIE QUEENE, 1590, *renowned* is corrected *renowmed*; ſo, in p. 89 of this copy of EICONOCLASTES, *overſpread* is (with a pen) corrected *overſpredd*: a convincing proof to me that the book had been reviſed, and all the MS. additions and corrections therein made by Milton himſelf; for, ſurely, none but the author could think ſuch a correction as *overſpredd* neceſſary.

In

In p. 173 *ſolicited* and *ſoliciting* are alſo (with a pen) corrected *ſollicited* and *ſolliciting*. In p. 82, l. 18, "Injuſtice to appeach them for ſo conſenting," (See Baron's edition, 8vo. 1770, p. 114, l. 19.) *conſenting* is (with a pen) altered to *proteſting*; which undoubtedly-right reading is neither in Toland's, Birch's, or Baron's edition. Various other MS. corrections occur in the book; but, as they are adopted, however acquired, by Toland, Birch, and Baron, it is needleſs to notice them. Baron's edition is a very valuable one; and the only one, the 2d edition 1650 excepted, which contains *the entire tract*.

In EICONOCLASTES, 4to. 1650, p. 214. l. 16; in Toland's edition thereof, folio, 1698, p. 521, l. 36; in Birch's, 4to. 1753, v. 1. p. 483, l. 10; and in Baron's, 8vo. 1770, p. 275, l. 4; ſhould not "who *accepts*," be who *excepts*? if ſo, a few lines preceding, for no *accepting* of perſons, we muſt read no *excepting* of perſons.

P. 19. To the note concerning Mrs. Marſhall, add the following extract from "*Memoirs of the Life of Count de Grammont*," tranſlated by Mr. Boyer, 8vo. 1714, p. 246 ſeq.

"The Earl of *Oxford* [Aubrey de Vere] fell in love with a handſome, graceful Player, belonging to the *Duke's Theatre**, who acted to perfection, particularly the part of *Roxana*, in the *Rival Queens*, inſomuch that ſhe afterwards was called by that name.

* "Le Comte d'Oxford devint amoureux d'une Comédienne § de la troupe du Duc," &c.

§ Mademoiſelle Barker.

Text and note in Memoires du Comte de Grammont, par Monſieur le Compte Antoine Hamilton. Nouvelle Edition, Augmentée de Notes & d'Eclairciſſemens neceſſaires, par M. Horace Walpole. A Londres: chez J. Dodſley, 1783. 4to. See p. 202:

This name *Barker* is undoubtedly a miſtake for *Marſhall*, there being no actreſs of that name at the period adverted to.

This creature being ſtrictly virtuous, (which is very rare in her calling *) or, if you pleaſe, wonderfully obſtinate, proudly rejected the addreſſes and preſents of the Earl of *Oxford*. This unexpected reſiſtance inflaming his paſſion, he had recourſe to invectives, and even to ſpells: and all in vain. He could neither eat nor drink upon it: which, however, was no great matter for him; but, what's more, his paſſion grew ſo violent, that he could neither play nor ſmoke. In this extremity *Love* had recourſe to *Hymen*. The Earl of *Oxford*, who is firſt peer of the realm, is, you know, a portly man, and his *Garter* does not a little heighten his noble air. In ſhort, to all outward appearance, one would take him to be ſomething: but, if you hear him talk, you'll find there's nothing in him. This paſſionate lover having offer'd her a promiſe of marriage ſign'd with his own hand, in due form, ſhe would not give into this expedient: but, the next morning, ſhe thought ſhe run no hazard, when he went to her lodgings attended with a parſon, and another man; in the preſence of whom, and of one of her fellow-players, they were marry'd, and ſo forth. Now, you think, perhaps, that the new Counteſs had nothing to do, but to appear at Court, according to her rank, and ſet up the Earl's coat of arms in her chariot? † Not at all. When

* This illiberal parentheſis is not in the original. See 4to edit. 1783, p. 202: it is, nevertheleſs, continued in an Engliſh edition, publiſhed by Payne, 1760, which I have been favoured with by the ingenious Mr. Ritſon.

† "And diſplay the Earl's coat of arms upon her chariot?" Payne's edition, 12mo. 1760.

As the tranſlations of Count Grammont's Memoirs are rather ſcarce, the reader may not be diſpleaſed to learn, that Boyer's, and the one publiſhed by Payne, differ only in a few corrections and variations ſimilar to the above. There is alſo, I am informed, an edition, publiſhed by Vaillant, in 1754; of which Payne's is an exact copy.

Beſides Mr. Walpole (now Earl of Orford)'s 4to edition of the original, quoted above, he had another moſt elegant one, printed at Strawberry-Hill,

it

it came to that, it was found that ſhe was not marry'd; that is, it appear'd that the pretended parſon was one of my Lord's trumpeters, and the witneſs his kettle-drummer, who vaniſhed out of ſight, as ſoon as the ceremony was over; and as for the other witneſs, ſhe was fac'd down, that Queen *Roxana* undoubtedly fancy'd ſhe was really marry'd in ſome part or other of a Play. 'Twas to no purpoſe the poor creature claim'd the protection of the laws of God and man, both which were violated and abus'd, as well as herſelf, by that cheat; ["" by ſo groſs an impoſition." edit. 1760.] in vain did ſhe throw herſelf at the King's feet, to demand juſtice: ſhe was fain to riſe up again without redreſs, and to be contented with an annuity of three hundred pounds for her dowry *, and to reſume the name of *Roxana*, inſtead of that of Counteſs of *Oxford*."

Mr. Malone conjectures that Mrs. Marſhall was the firſt Engliſh actreſs who appeared in any regular drama on a public ſtage. Deſdemona in Shakſpeare's *Othello* was the character then repreſented.

See Malone's *Shakſpere*, V. I. Pt. 2. p. 108 ſeq. where a Prologue on the occaſion is inſerted from *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poeſie*, by Tho. Jordan. no date, but printed, I believe, [ſays Mr. M.] in 1662. N. B. A copy of this ſcarce Miſcellany in my poſſeſſion is dated 1664.

I rather ſuppoſe Mrs. *Hughs* to have been the perſon, her name being annexed to the character of Deſdemona, in the earlieſt liſt we have of the performers in *Othello*. See *Roſcius Anglicanus*, 1708, p. 7, and edit. 1789, p. 15. According to which, this circumſtance did not take place until the year 1663; tho', from the arrangement of the prologue adverted to in Jordan's Miſcellany, it appears to

* "Une penſion de mille écus pour douaire," Edit. 4to. 1783. p. 203.

have

have been either in 1660 or 1661 : I incline to think it was in 1660.—Before the civil war of Charles I. Boys were trained to act Women's characters : during the ſuſpenſion of the Theatres, they had outlived and outgrown the proper age and ſize for female perſonification ; the introduction of women, therefore, on the ſtage (its greateſt beauty and ornament) ſeems to have reſulted from mere neceſſity.

In "*A Prologue to the King*," in Jordan's "*Royal Arbor*," p. 12, is the following paſſage,

"For doubting we ſhould never play agen,
"We have play'd all our *Women* into *Men*,
"That are of ſuch large ſize for fleſh and bones,
"They'l rather be taken for Amazons
"Then [than] tender Maids."

And, in the Prologue for Deſdemona, this :

"Our women are defective, and ſo ſiz'd
"You'd think they were ſome of the Guard diſguiz'd;
"For (to ſpeak truth) men act, that are between
"Forty and fifty, Wenches of fifteen;
"With bone ſo large, and nerve ſo incomplyant,
"When you call *Deſdemona*, enter Giant."

The anecdote of K. Charles II. waiting till the Heroine of a Play was ſhaved is well known.

"*The Parſon's Wedding* [By Thomas Kelligrew] met with the moſt general approbation. It is remarkable that no woman appeared upon the Stage before the Reſtoration, and that this comedy was acted by women only."

Granger's *Biog. Hiſt. of Eng.* V. 4. p. 45.

P. 21, at the bottom,

"F. Damport.
"Betty Damport."

In the Dramatis Perſonæ to Dryden's *Maiden Queen*, 1669, theſe females are ſtiled

"Mrs. Frances Davenport."
and
"Mrs. Eliz. Davenport."

P. 28.

P. 28. Add to the bottom note.

The earlieſt inſtance I recollect of the title of *Miſs*, or *Mis*, is in the following lines; the ſubject of which, I have no doubt, was *Miſs* or *Madam Davis*, the celebrated performer of *Celania*, in *The Rivals*.

" *To Mis:* Davies, *on her excellent dancing.*

" Dear *Mis:* delight of all the nobler ſort,
" Pride of the Stage and darling of the Court,
" Who wou'd not think to ſee thee dance ſo light,
" Thou wer't all air? or elſe all ſoul and ſpirit?
" Or who'd not ſay to ſee thee only tread,
" Thy feet were feathers! others feet but lead?
" *Athlanta* well cou'd run, and *Hermes* flee,
" But none e'er mov'd more gracefully than thee;
" And *Circe* charm'd with wand and magick lore,
" But none, like thee, e'er charm'd with Feet before.
" Thou Miracle! whom all men muſt admire
" To ſee thee move like air, and mount like fire.
" Whoe'er wou'd follow thee or come but nigh
" To thy perfection, muſt not dance but fly."

Epigrams of all Sorts. 1 Book. Written by Richard Flecknoe. London, Printed for the Author. 1669. P. 5.

P. 33. note. After Richmond, 1779, add the ſignature W.

P. 40. Add to the laſt note,

" *Rivals*, a Tragi-comedy in quarto, which at preſent I have not; but have heard Mr. *Cademan*, for whom (as I think) it was printed, ſay it was writ by Sir *Will. D'Avenant.*'

Langbaine's *Account of the Engliſh Dramatick Poets*, 1691, p. 547.

I think, from what we may gather from *Downes* and *Langbaine*, there can be no doubt of *D'Avenant* being the alterer of *The Rivals* from the *Two Noble Kinſmen*; though he did not think the alteration worth owning.

P. 43.

P. 43. In the ſecond note, for " the former, I believe, by *Smith*," read the former by *Smith*.

P. 44, line 22, for " all things perform'd," read all things were performed.

In the original it is, erroneouſly, all was things perform'd.

P. 45. Add to the laſt note this trifling anecdote.

" *Jevon*, the Comedian, coming into a Club of his acquaintance with dirty ſhoes, contentedly took a clean napkin from the table to wipe them; when the waiter deſiring him to ſtay till he could fetch him a coarſe cloth, *Jevon* gently replied, No! no! thank you, my good lad; this will ſerve me well enough."

The Egotiſt; or, Colley upon Cibber. 8vo. 1743, p. 44.

P. 51. To note * add,

" There was at Court [in Charles 2d's reign] a certain *Italian*, famous for the Guitar; he had a Genius for Muſic, and was the only Man who could make any thing of a Guitar. His Compoſitions were ſo full of Grace and Tenderneſs, that he would have given Harmony to the moſt ſtubborn of Inſtruments. The Truth is, nothing was more difficult than to ſucceed in his way of playing. The King's Reliſh for his Compoſitions had brought the Inſtrument ſo much in Vogue, that every body play'd on it, well or ill; and one was as ſure to ſee a Guitar on the Toilets of the Fair, as either Carmine or Patches. The Duke of *York* play'd upon it tolerably well, and the Earl of *Arran* like *Franciſco* himſelf. This *Franciſco* had lately compos'd a *Saraband*, which either charm'd or infatuated every body, for all the Guitar-players at Court fell to practiſing it."

Memoirs of Count de Grammont,
Payne's edition, 1760, p. 160.

P. 51, 2, note. It is obſerved that Granger uſes the epithet, " Moll Davies."

The

The following extract ſhews that he was not the firſt who ſpoke of this celebrated actreſs in ſuch coarſe terms. Mr. Boyer has made free to uſe this vulgariſm in his tranſlation of Count Grammont's Memoirs, for which the original gives him no authority; and in which he is followed by Payne's edition, 1760.

" Hereupon he [K. Charles 2d.] diſcarded all his other miſtreſſes of the ſecond rate, ſuch as the *Nell Gwins*, *Moll Davises*, and the merry and jolly train of Singers and Dancers in his Majeſty's Theatre." 8vo. edit. 1714, p. 344.

" Les Nell Gwyns, les Miſſes Davis, & la troupe joyeuſe des Chanteuſe & des Danſeuſes des menus plaiſirs de Sa Majeſté furent congediées." 4to. edit. 1783, p. 281.

P. 52. Inſtead of the paſſage between brackets near the bottom of the page, ſubſtitute the following:

[A remarkable inſtance is recorded of her, when, upon the " Bearers" preparing to carry her off the ſtage, after ſhe had died in the character of Valeria, in Dryden's *Tyrannick Love*; *or*, *The Royal Martyr*: ſhe ſtarted up, and exclaimed,

" Hold, are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog,
" I am to riſe, and ſpeak the Epilogue."

This very extravagant flight, however, Dryden is accountable for; the couplet being printed as the beginning of his Epilogue to that Play.]

P. 70. In the table of Errata, for P. 33, read P. 37.

Page following the advertiſement annexed to *Roſcius Anglicanus*. In the lines *On his Majeſty's Happy Recovery*, " The beſt of huſbands, fathers, men." is, I was informed, what *The Queen* ſaid of her beloved Conſort during His Illneſs.

Some of the ſubſequent extracts, &c. relate to *Roſcius Anglicanus* ſtill leſs, perhaps, than the forego-

ing ones; but, being of a congenial nature, it is presumed the addition of them will not be displeasing.

" he [the earl of Rochester] was forbid the court for the third time. He carry'd the disgrac'd Governess down with him to his Country-Seat; and used all his endeavours to cultivate in her Niece some Dispositions she had for the Stage; but tho' she did not improve so much that way, as by his other instructions, after he had entertain'd both the Niece and the Aunt for some Months in the Country, he got the first to be enter'd in the Company of the King's Comedians, the next Winter; and the publick was oblig'd to him for the prettiest, but at the same time the worst Player in the Kingdom."

Memoirs of Count Grammont, edition 1760, p. 243.

Who is meant by this *prettiest* but *worst* Player? In the original she is called " Miss Sara."—" la plus jolie mais la plus mauvaise Comédienne du Royaume."

4to. 1783.—P. 215 and 217.

" The Queen having sent for a Company of Comedians [to Tunbridge Wells] either to leave no gap in the diversions of the place, or perhaps, to give back to Mrs. *St——t**, by the presence of *Nell Gwin*, part of the uneasiness she received from hers; Prince *Rupert* found charms in the person of another Player, call'd *F——s* †, which brought to reason, and almost subdu'd his natural fierceness."

Memoirs of Count De Grammont, 1714, P. 294.

" Charles

* " Mademoiselle Stewart," 4to. 1783, P. 240. This lady was afterwards married to the duke of Richmond.

† A misprint for H——s, i. e. Hughes; supposed above to have been the first female performer of Desdemona.

" le Prince Robert trouva des charmes dans la figure d'une autre petite Comédienne, appellée Hughes, qui mirent à la raison tout ce que ses penchans naturels avoient de plus sauvage." 4to. 1783, P. 240.

! Mlle.

" Charles 2, was not offended at his [Dr. Thomas Kenn] religious intrepidity, on peremptorily refuſing to admit Nell Gwynn into his lodgings, when the court was at Wincheſter: on the contrary he ſoon after made him a biſhop."

Granger's *Biog. Hiſt.* V. 4. P. 290. Note.

" The good-natur'd King *Charles* 2d, began, by this time, to be ſomewhat peeviſh: nor was it altogether without reaſon; for he diſturb'd no body in their amours; and yet, ſome were often ſo preſuming, as to encroach upon his. My Lord *Dorſet*, firſt Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, had lately got from him the Player, *Nell Gwin*; &c.*"

Memoirs of Count De Grammont, 1714, P. 343.

" The Author of theſe *Memoirs* is ſomewhat miſtaken in this particular; for *Nell Gwin* was my Lord *Dorſet*'s Miſtreſs, before the King fell in Love with her: and I was told by the late Mr. *Dryden*, that the King having a mind to get her from his Lordſhip, ſent him upon a *ſleeveleſs errand* to France. However, it is not improbable, that *Nell* was afterwards kind to her firſt Lover."

Mr. Boyer (the Tranſlator)'s Note on the foregoing paſſage. *Ibid.*

" Charles Hart, who, I believe, was our poet [Shakſpere]'s great nephew, is ſaid to have been Nell Gwin's firſt lover, and was the moſt celebrated tragedian of his time."

Malone's *Shakſpere*. V. 1. Pt. 2. P. 278.

" Mlle. Marguerite Hughes eut du Prince Rupert, une fille, nommée Ruperta, qui epouſa M. Howe, & mourût fort agée à Somerſet-Houſe, vers l'année 1740."

Mr. Walpole's note. *Ibid.*

Miſtreſs (or Miſs) Margaret Hughes had a daughter by Prince Rupert, named Ruperta; who married Mr. Howe, and died very old at Somerſet-Houſe. about the year 1740.

Payne's edition, 1760, calls this favourite of Prince Rupert, *Willis*; a flagrant miſnomer.

* " Milord Dorſet, premier Gentilhomme de la Chambre, venoit de lui débaucher la Comédienne Nell Gwynn."—— 4to. edit. P. 280, 1.

The following Memoirs, publiſhed a few years ſince in a fugitive Miſcellany, are not unworthy of preſervation.

Memoirs of Nell Gwynn, *the celebrated Miſtreſs of* Charles II.

Ellen Gwynn, or Guyn, ſo far as appears to us from all accounts hitherto known, had no education at all. What we learn of her is, that ſhe was born in a night-cellar (State Poems) ſold fiſh about the ſtreets, rambled from tavern to tavern, entertaining the company after dinner and ſupper with ſongs (her voice being very agreeable); was next taken into the houſe of Madam Roſs, a noted courtezan; admitted afterwards into the theatre-royal as early as the year 1667; (ſee the drama of the Maiden Queen, and others of Dryden's plays for ten years ſucceſſively) was miſtreſs both to Hart and Lacey, two famous actors (State Poems) and kept by Buckhurſt (ſee a note in Boyer's tranſlation of Grammont's Memoirs, which Mr. Dryden told Boyer) if I miſtake not, whom Charles the Second ſent on a ſleeveleſs errand to France, in order to pave his approach to her. From that period ſhe began to be pretty well known, and is mentioned by Burnet and other hiſtorians. Memoirs may be found concerning her in the following books, and many others: Ant. Wood's Ath. Oxon. Memoirs de la Cour d'Angleterre par Madame Dumois, and Memoirs de la Vie du Compte Grammant, Engliſh tranſlation.

As this giddy and diſſipated creature gave riſe to a noble and moſt worthy family, one would have nothing deviſed againſt her by way of romance; ſhe had ſome very good qualities to contraſt againſt her bad education and vicious habits.

Without proofs and citations, one can pay but a proportionable regard to many facts reported of her in a late pamphlet, which is certainly well written; nevertheleſs, many aſſertions there claſh with accounts

accounts better known, and offend againſt probability.

As ſhe entered on the ſtage about the year 1667, I cannot well ſee how ſhe could apply to Betterton at that time, as a ſort of protector; ſince Betterton then, far from being a manager, or having any conſiderable intereſt in the play-houſe, had hardly paſſed his theatrical noviciate; having firſt played in the year 1659, when he was apprentice to Mr. Rhodes, bookſeller, at the ſign of the ſhip, Charing-croſs, and under his maſter's direction, who had a ſhare in the patent, accompanied by Mr. Kynaſton, his fellow-apprentice, who played the women's parts, and Mr. Betterton thoſe of the men. Sir William Davenant muſt have been the perſon applied to, who was then patentee at the King's houſe. Betterton was then a mere youth, and juſt making his fortune, under the actors of the old ſtock; ſuch as Angel, Cademan, and others, who were the remnants of Black-friars, and who vaniſhed almoſt entirely about the year 1665; whether through chagrin or accident, cannot now be aſcertained. What concludes ſtronger is, that Betterton left the theatre-royal, and acted at the Duke's before and at the time when Nelly appeared on the former ſtage.

Behold another ſeeming contradiction in theatrical chronology: Nelly's amiable lover is ſaid to be the perſon who acted Creon; which, by the way, was Sandford, a man of a remarkable hard viſage, deformed, and who had the air of an aſſaſſin. Moreover, this event is ſuppoſed to happen before Nelly came upon the ſtage, 1667; and Œdipus was not repreſented till about the year 1677, long after ſhe was the King's miſtreſs; nay, it may be queried if ſhe acted ſo late as the year 1677.

It no ways appears that Lord Rocheſter was ever enamoured of her. Mrs. Barry was his paſſion, and Mrs. Bowtel antecedently to Mrs. Barry, at the time when Mrs. Gwynn trod the ſtage; and as to the King's

King's never ſeeing her till at a certain nobleman's houſe, it is well known that he had ſeen her uninterruptedly on the ſtage from 1667 till about 1671, and fell in love with her on her ſpeaking the epilogue of Tyrannic Love, which ſeems to have been written by Dryden on purpoſe. 'Tis doubtful too if ſhe ever played at Dorſet-garden.

Nelly was highly favoured by Dryden. For many years he gave her the moſt ſhowy and fantaſtic parts in his comedies. It looks as if he played her at the Monarch for a conſiderable time; ſince, not to mention the epilogue laſt ſpoken of, he wrote on purpoſe for her an equally whimſical and ſpirited prologue, prefixed, I think, to Aureng-zebe. At the other houſe (viz. the Duke's, under Killegrew's patent) Nokes had appeared in a hat larger than Piſtol's, which gave the town wonderful delight, and ſupported a bad play by its pure effect (perhaps Mamamouchi; or, the Citizen turned Gentleman; a comedy, by Ravenſcroft.) Dryden, piqued at this, cauſed a hat to be made the circumference of a hinder coach-wheel, and as Nelly was low of ſtature, and what the French call *mignonne & piquante*, he made her ſpeak under the umbrella of that hat, the brims thereof being ſpread out horizontally to their full extenſion. The whole theatre was in a convulſion of applauſe; nay, the very actors giggled, a circumſtance none had obſerved before. Judge, therefore, what a condition the *merrieſt Prince alive* was in at ſuch a conjuncture. 'Twas beyond *odſo* and *odſfiſh*, for he wanted little of being ſuffocated with laughter.

In a word, Madam Ellen (as the drama often ſtyles her after ſhe was declared the King's miſtreſs) had no great turn for tragedy, nor do I recollect her in any part of moment but that of Valeria in Tyrannic Love, to which Dryden raiſed her partly through partiality, and partly as it was neceſſary for her to die in that play in order to riſe and ſpeak the epilogue. In comedy ſhe

was

was more excellent: nevertheleſs, ſhe muſt not be ranked as an actreſs with the Quins, Davenports, Marſhalls, Bowtels, Bettertons, and Lees, *du ſiecle d'or de Charles* II. which held in its high luſtre from 1665 to 1678. But of what the French call *enjoue*, ſhe was a complete miſtreſs; airy, fantaſtic, coquet, ſprightly, ſinging, dancing; made for ſlight ſhowy parts, and filling them up, as far as they went, moſt effectually; witneſs Florimel, in the Maiden Queen (to which ſhe ſpoke the epilogue) Jacinta, in the Mock Aſtrologer, &c.

It is highly probable that Madam Ellen might have made a more decent figure in life, had her birth been fortunate and her education good. A ſeminary like the ſtreets and cellars of London is infinitely worſe than crawling in woods and converſing with ſavages. We make this remark, becauſe ſhe poſſeſſed many good qualities, which no human diſadvantages could quite deſtroy. She had no avarice; when her power encreaſed, ſhe ſerved all her theatrical friends. She ſhewed particular gratitude to Dryden; and valued eminent writers, as Lee, Otway, &c. She was almoſt the only miſtreſs of the King who was guilty of no infidelity towards him; nor did ſhe relapſe after his deceaſe Endued with natural ſagacity and wit, ſhe made no ill uſe of them at court, paid no attention to miniſters, nor ever acted as their creature. Her charities were remarkable; and, what was ſingular, ſhe piqued herſelf on a regard for the church of England, contrary to the genius of the then court*.

Once as ſhe was driving up Ludgate-hill, in a ſuperb coach, ſome bailiffs were hurrying a clergyman to priſon, ſhe ſtopped, ſent for the perſons whom the

* When *Cromwell*'s tall Porter, *Daniel*, was in Bedlam, and had his library allowed him, it is ſaid that the moſt conſpicuous part of his books was a large bible, given him by Nell Gwynn.

clergyman

clergyman mentioned as atteſtators to his character, and finding the account a juſt ſubject for pity, paid his debt inſtantly, and procured him a preferment.

She was the moſt popular of all the King's miſtreſſes, and moſt acceptable to the nation. An eminent goldſmith, who died about fifteen years ago, in the ſeventy-ninth year of his age, aſſured me, that when he was an apprentice, his maſter made a moſt expenſive ſervice of plate (the King's preſent) for the Ducheſs of P———. He remembered well that an infinite concourſe of people crouded to the ſhop out of mere curioſity; that they threw out a thouſand ill wiſhes againſt the Ducheſs, and wiſhed the ſilver was melted and poured down her throat; but ſaid it was ten thouſand pities his Majeſty had not beſtowed this bounty on Madam Ellen.

Her picture, painted by Lely and others, pronounce her to be very handſome, though low in ſtature and red-haired: there is a buſt of her now to be ſeen at Bagnigge-wells, which, though coarſely executed, ſhews her to be what the French call *en bon point*. This place was formerly one of her country-houſes, where the King and Duke of York frequently viſited, and where ſhe often entertained them with concerts, breakfaſts, &c.

While the foregoing account of Nell Gwynn was at the preſs, the following one appeared in THE LONDON EVENING POST, Dec. 27, 1791; which, though it contains many circumſtances already related, is ſo different, and well-written, that I am perſuaded no one will be diſpleaſed with it being ſubjoined.

ANECDOTES OF NELL GWYN.

The origin of this celebrated woman was, without doubt, of the loweſt rank, and her employment in that City where one of her deſcendants enjoys the emoluments of the Prelacy, of the moſt inferior kind;—indeed, it is there, or in the neighbourhood, that the tradition

tradition of the place ſuppoſes her to have been born. From thence, by one of the many tranſitions which tranſplant individuals of the labouring claſs from one place to another, ſhe became an inhabitant of the Metropolis, and the ſervant to a fruiterer, who was, probably, one of thoſe who attended upon the Play-houſes, as it appears that in this character ſhe firſt obtained admiſſion into the Theatre in Drury-lane.

What favour of fortune advanced her from this humble ſituation to the Stage, whether from the general recommendation her natural humour and vivacity gave her, or a paſſion which Mr. Hart the Player had for her, is difficult to aſcertain. We find her, however, a few years afterwards, a great favourite of the public, as a Theatrical character, and that ſhe had no inconſiderable reputation in the parts of *Almahide*, in the *Conqueſt of Grenada*; *Florimel*, in the *Maiden Queen*; *Donna Jacintha*, in the *Mock Aſtrologer*; *Valeria*, in the *Royal Martyr*, &c. &c.

Dryden was her profeſſed patron, and, as he is known to have been a man of gallantry, was ſuppoſed to have been ſucceſsful in his addreſſes to her. However that may have been, it is a certain fact that he gave her the moſt ſhowy and alluring parts in his Comedies, and wrote ſeveral Prologues and Epilogues expreſsly for her. But the more immediate cauſe of her becoming an object of the Monarch's favour and affections was the following whimſical circumſtance, which, while it marks the diſſipation of Charles II. gives no indifferent picture of the ſtate of the Stage, and the taſte of the Audience of that day.

At the *Duke's Houſe*, under *Killigrew's* patent, the celebrated *Nokes* had appeared in a hat larger than *Piſtol's*, which pleaſed the audience ſo much, as to help off a bad play merely by the effect of it.—Mr. Dryden, whoſe neceſſities very often made him ſtoop to the whim of the times, cauſed a hat to be made of the circumference of a large coach-wheel; and as

Mrs. Gwyn was low in ſtature, made her ſpeak an Epilogue under the umbrella of this hat, with its brim ſtretched out in its utmoſt horizontal extenſion. No ſooner did ſhe appear in this ſtrange dreſs, than the houſe was in convulſions. Among the reſt, the King gave the fulleſt proof of his approbation of her, by going behind the ſcenes immediately after the Play, and taking her home in his own coach to ſupper with him.

After this elevation ſhe ſtill continued on the Stage; but being now at liberty to follow the bent of her original genius, ſhe never afterwards appeared in tragic characters. In general Comedy, ſhe certainly did not rate with *Betterton*, *Marſhall*, *Lee*, *Boutell*, &c. &c. but for the airy, fantaſtic, ſprightly exhibitions of the Comic Muſe, her genius was aptly calculated; and, according to the taſte of thoſe times, ſhe was conſidered as the beſt Prologue and Epilogue Speaker on either Theatre.

She muſt now, however, be no longer conſidered in the light of a Player, but as the *Miſtreſs* of a King, and here ſhe nobly belied the baſeneſs of her origin, and that ſeminary of vice in which ſhe was bred. Mrs. Gwyn met and bore good fortune as if ſhe had been bred to it;—ſhe diſcovered neither avarice, pride, or oſtentation; ſhe remembered all her Theatrical Friends, and did them ſervice;—ſhe generouſly paid off her debt of gratitude to Mr. Dryden, and was the patroneſs of thoſe eminent writers, Otway and Lee.

When ſhe became more immediately connected with the King, that gay Monarch was already ſurrounded with miſtreſſes;—the Ducheſſes of Portſmouth and Plymouth, with Miſs Davis, and others, were conſidered to be in that capacity; but theſe were known to be unreſtrained in their conduct. Mrs. Gwyn preſerved her character of fidelity to the laſt; and being once ſolicited by Sir John Germain, to whom ſhe had loſt a conſiderable ſum of money at play, to exchange

exchange the debt for other favours, ſhe no leſs honeſtly than wittily replied,—" No, Sir John, I am " too good a ſportſwoman to lay the *dog* where the " *deer* ſhould lie."

She was not only the favourite of the Monarch, but of the people; and though that age abounded with ſatires and lampoons againſt all the reſt of the King's miſtreſſes, as the cauſe of political diſaſters, Mrs. Gwyn, except in the inſtance of a few lines written by Lord Rocheſter, not only eſcaped, but met with their approbation, as ſhe never troubled herſelf with politics, but was contented with private pleaſures and amuſements. She was no leſs munificent in her charities; ſociable with her friends, and, what was very ſingular, piqued herſelf on a regard for the Church of England, contrary to the genius and diſpoſition of the Court.

As a proof how much ſhe was in the favour of the people, an eminent goldſmith who died about twenty-five years ago, in the 79th year of his age, has often been heard to relate, that, when he was an apprentice, his maſter made a moſt expenſive ſervice of plate, as a preſent from the King to the Ducheſs of P———, and that great numbers of people uſed to crowd the ſhop to gratify their curioſity, and throw out curſes againſt the Ducheſs, but that all were unanimous in wiſhing the preſent had been for Mrs. Gwyn.

In her perſon, according to her picture by *Lely*, ſhe was low in ſtature, red hair, and what the French call *en bon point*. There is a buſt now to be ſeen of her at *Bagnigge Wells*, formerly her country-houſe, which, though badly executed, confirms the likeneſs of *Lely's* pencil. She had remarkable lively eyes, but ſo ſmall that they became almoſt inviſible when ſhe laughed. Her foot was of the moſt diminutive ſize, and uſed to be the ſubject of much mirth to her merry paramour.

As to her underſtanding, the whole of her conduct, but particularly in the latter part of her life, evidently illuſtrates it. She was humourous, witty, and poſſeſſed the talents ſo neceſſary to enliven converſation in an eminent degree; and generally kept her place at table with the King, the Lords Rocheſter, Shaftſbury, &c. till they left the bounds of decency, when ſhe never failed to retire.

She lived long enough to ſee, and, without doubt, to lament the decline of that family which had raiſed her to rank and fortune; having the good ſenſe to avoid intermeddling with the politics of the times. After the King's death, ſhe purchaſed a houſe in Pall-mall, where ſhe lived many years with a moſt unblemiſhed reputation. Here ſhe died in the year 1691, and was buried with great funeral ſolemnity in the pariſh church of St. Martin's in the Fields; to the ringers of which, among many valuable donations to others, ſhe left a ſum of money, to ſupply them with weekly entertainment, which they enjoy to this day. Dr. Tenniſon, afterwards Archbiſhop of Canterbury, preached her funeral ſermon, or, according to the malice and prejudices of ſome envious and ill-natured perſons, a fulſome panegyric upon her and her profeſſion; nay, this circumſtance was urged as an objection to Dr. Tenniſon's promotion; but Queen Mary defended his conduct and merit, by replying—"that it was a ſign this unfortunate woman died a penitent: for, had ſhe not made a truly pious and chriſtian end, the Doctor could never have been induced to ſpeak ſo well of her."

In ſhort, this celebrated actreſs, and no leſs celebrated woman, had the peculiar merit of turning the original ſtream of her fortune from poverty and vice to rank and character; a merit which few, very few, are capable of practiſing; ſo it is but juſtice to theſe few to have that merit recorded.

In

In "*An Account of the modern Roſcius*," firſt publiſhed in THE HERALD, and reprinted in THE LITERARY MAGAZINE; or, *Univerſal Review*; 1758, v. 3. p. 20; is the following paſſage. "His [*Garrick*'s] powers often fail him in the flow of elocution; inſomuch that he is forced to make reſtings in utterance where no ſtops are to be found in his authors."

See the whole criticiſm on him (filling nearly ſix pages), as actor, author, and manager; in which he is ſeverely handled: and a reply to it, in *idem*, p. 69, ſeq. See alſo a "*Critical Examen of Mr.* GARRICK's *Abilities as an* ACTOR," in "THE THEATRICAL REVIEW; *or, Annals of the Drama*," 8vo. 1763, p. 74, ſeq. in which, through careleſſneſs or accident, a paſſage is printed in a deranged ſtate, that would, I conceive, if regulated, read thus:

"The voice of this performer is clear, impreſſive, and affecting; agreeable, though not harmonious; ſharp, though not diſſonant; ſtrong, though not extenſive. In declamation, it is uncommonly forcible; in narrative, unaffectedly ſimple. Wanting power at the top, it ſometimes ſinks where the paſſions meet with any violent agitation; yet, in general, Mr. Garrick has ſo peculiar a method of adapting it, that we ſcarcely perceive it ſhould riſe where it is unhappily limited: and we are almoſt induced to believe, that it ought to riſe no farther than the particular key to which he has the power of extending it."

This "*Examen*," which is neither rude ſatire, nor fulſome adulation, contains alſo the following obſervations. "A great objection has been raiſed by the critics to the propriety of Mr. Garrick's pauſes—'There are,' ſays Aaron Hill, 'reſts and pauſes, as well as breaks, both in ſpeech and action, which are not only natural and proper in themſelves, but infinitely beautiful in the ſpectator's eye.'

"That the generality of this great performer's pauſes come within this deſcription is moſt certainly true; however we muſt admit that we have ſeen him make uſe

of

of them where judgment could not warrant the adoption; ſometimes as a trap for applauſe where he could reaſonably expect none; ſometimes indeed they have been occaſioned by the too great length of a period, where he would have rendered himſelf abſolutely inarticulate, had he endeavoured implicitly to conform to exact propriety; though thus much may be ſaid, that, in this caſe, ſome degree of knowledge is required in a ſpeaker, in pauſing where the ſenſe is leaſt affected, and that as ſeldom as his breath will permit."

Perfection is not the lot of human nature! and it is praiſe enough for even a GARRICK, to ſay that, as an actor, "take him for all in all," he approached as nearly to it as, perhaps, it is poſſible: the following (I believe hitherto-unprinted) letter from him to a friendly critic, (the original of which, in Mr. Garrick's hand-writing, is in the editor's poſſeſſion) is ſo modeſt an extenuation of ſome of the faults and defects imputed to him, [Many ſimilar ones are particularized in ſome letters to the Craftſman, reprinted in "*An Enquiry into the real merit of a certain Popular Performer.*"] that the ſevereſt cenſor could not but have been ſatisfied with.

It is hoped that this publication of ſo ingenuous an apology, will preſerve it from the oblivion into which it had nearly fallen; it having been written many years ſince to, and lain-by forgotten among the papers of my reſpected and lamented friend, the late Rev. P. Whalley*, the learned editor of *Ben Jonſon*.

Sir, Tueſday, March 15th.

I ſhould have anſwer'd your obliging Letter ſooner; but your directing it to the Bedford

* Peter Whalley, L. L. B. Vicar of Horley, in Surrey; and Rector of the United Pariſhes of St. Margaret Pattens, Rood-Lane, and St. Gabriel, Fenchurch-Street, London; died June 12, 1791, aged 69 years. Under the Portrait of this Gentleman, publiſhed ſince his death by my ingenious friend, Mr. Sylveſter Harding, among the other Commentators on Shakſpeare, he is erroneouſly ſtyled A. M. The above was his proper addition.

Coffee-

Coffee-houſe kept it from me two Days.—I aſſure you, Sir, it is no ſmall Pleaſure to me, that I am thought worthy of your Advice; the candid Remarks of a true Critick are to me the greateſt Favours; my Ears are always open to Conviction; I willingly kiſs the Rod, and would ſhake the Hand that adminiſters ſuch wholeſome Correction as yours has done. The Faults you mention I am afraid I have been guilty of; becauſe the Bye-ſtander will always be a better Judge of the Game than the Party concern'd—but I am ſurpriz'd that I ſhould be thought to regard the Meaſure of Verſes ſo injudiciouſly as to diſjoin the Members of the Sentence, when at my firſt ſetting out in the Buſineſs of an Actor, I endeavour'd to ſhake off the Fetters of Numbers, and have been often accus'd of neglecting the Harmony of the Verſification, from a too cloſe Regard to the Paſſion, and the Meaning of the Author.

I am ſenſible (notwithſtanding what I have ſaid) that the Inſtances you have given from Hamlet are juſt, and the manner of ſpeaking them (acquir'd at firſt by Inadvertency) is confirm'd by Habit; but it ſhall be alter'd, and I hope for the future my Friends will not be offended again at the ſame Paſſages. I cannot but think you have miſtook me in the Prologue to Henry the 5th—ſurely the little Pauſe was made at *Fire!* and I connected the ſubſequent Relative, Verb, and Accuſative Caſe *(that would aſcend the brighteſt Heav'n, &c.)* in one Breath? I know in the general I ſpeak it ſo, but may have fail'd the Night you heard me. Your Remark from Venice Preſerv'd is likewiſe true—*When in your Brigantine, &c.* but I am in Hopes the other Slips you ſpeak of in the ſame Play, were owing to my Illneſs on Mrs. Cibber's Benefit Night; I could ſcarce bring my Words out, and all the Time did not know whether I ſtood on my Head or Heels—the Part of Jaffier is a moſt difficult, laborious Character,

ter, and will take me up much Time, before I have attain'd what I imagine may be done with it. I muſt now beg leave to mention a Circumſtance, which may in ſome Meaſure be my Excuſe for thoſe many ſeeming Errors of Judgment; I am often troubled with Pains in my Breaſt, ariſing from Colds; and at ſuch Times I have it not in my Power to ſpeak as I would; my Breath often fails me, and I am oblig'd to ſtop in wrong Places, to enable me to finiſh the Sentence—this has the Air of an Excuſe for my Failings; ſuppoſe it ſo, it is a very natural one; and Nobody can blame me for trying all Means to appear well in the Eyes of One, whoſe Opinion I regard; this is my preſent Situation with you; and if you think I have Merit enough to deſerve your future Animadverſions, you will honour and oblige me.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedt.

humble ſervant,

D. G.

P. S. If you favour me with more Thoughts on the ſame Subject, as I hope you will, pray direct for me in King's Street, Covent-Garden. Once more I thank you.

An elegant eulogy on One who followed Mr. Garrick, "*non paſſibus æquis*", written in a copy of Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition of Shakeſpear, 4to. *Ox.* 1770, in Mr. Henderſon's collection, may be not improperly preſerved here.

"Sir Walden Hanmer preſents his compliments to Mr. Henderſon, deſires his acceptance of his Relation's Edition of Shakeſpear. Mr. Henderſon will find the text pure, with a moſt excellent gloſſary for the words ſuppoſed to be obſolete; but Sr. Thos. Hanmer has proved they are expreſſive and proper.

Mr.

Mr. Henderſon's character, taſte, and abilities, do great honor and credit to Shakeſpear.

It is no ſmall pleaſure to Sr. Wn. to ſee ſo much juſtice done to the Favourite Author of his Relation.

Upper Groſvenor Street, Feb. 16, 1779."

Whatever degree of merit may have been allowed to Mr. Henderſon as an actor*, his character as a man reflected the higheſt luſtre on his profeſſion. If there be any whoſe miſconduct has given reaſon for derogatory ideas of the profeſſion of a Player, I could wiſh them to conſider and remember this excellent obſervation: "In proportion to the ſmallneſs of its numbers, the character of ſociety may be affected by the virtues and vices of the perſons who compoſe it; and every member is engaged to watch with the moſt vigilant attention over his own behaviour, and over that of his brethren: ſince, as he muſt expect to incur a part of the common diſgrace, he may hope to enjoy a ſhare of the common reputation."

Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

To actors and their cenſurers the following extract from *Heywood*'s "Apology for Actors," 4to. 1612, is ſubmitted.

* Tho' Henderſon fell infinitely ſhort of the admirable model on which he formed himſelf, in Hamlet, Richard, Macbeth, Lear, Benedict, Don John, Bayes, &c. yet was he truly excellent in ſome characters never exhibited by Garrick; Falſtaff was his *chef d'ouvres:* Dominick, the Spaniſh Fryar, he was alſo very capital in; nor was he without great merit in Iago, Shylock, and Sir Giles Overreach. One ſtriking trait of the goodneſs of his diſpoſition ought not to be forgotten; that, poſſeſſing the powers of mimickry in a ſuperlative degree, he never diſplayed them on the ſtage: diſdaining ſo illiberal a practice, which has embittered the life of many a worthy man; driven ſome performers of conſiderable abilities from the theatre; and, as in the caſe of *Delane*, eventually killed one of the greateſt ornaments of the Drama!

"I alſo

" I alſo could wiſh, that ſuch [actors] as are condemned for their licentiouſneſſe, might by a generall conſent bee quite excluded our ſociety: for as we are men that ſtand in the broad eye of the world, ſo ſhould our manners, geſtures, and behaviours, ſavour of ſuch government and modeſty, to deſerve the good thoughts and reports of all men, and to abide the ſharpeſt cenſures even of thoſe that are the greateſt oppoſites to the quality. [i. e. the profeſſion of an actor. So in *Hamlet*, " give us a taſte of your quality."] Many amongſt us, I know to be of ſubſtance, of government, of ſober lives, and temperate carriages, houſe-keepers, and contributary to all duties enjoyned them, equally with them that are rank't with the moſt bountifull; and if amongſt ſo many of ſort, there be any few degenerate from the reſt in that good demeanor, which is both requiſite & expected at their hands, let me entreat you not to cenſure hardly of all for the miſdeeds of ſome, but rather to excuſe us, as *Ovid* doth the generality of women.

Parcite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes,
Spectetur meritis quæq; puella ſuis.

For ſome offenders (that perhaps are few)
Spare in your thoughts to cenſure all the crew,
Since every breaſt containes a ſundry ſpirit,
Let every one be cenſur'd as they merit."

On a Shower of Rain falling in the Vicinity of London on the Morning of April 23, 1789, being the Day appointed for the General Thankſgiving for His Majeſty's Happy Recovery.

Nature in tears on this glad Day,
When every face throughout the Iſle,
For *George's* Health reſtored, doth ſmile?
Thy ſorrow's cauſe, I pr'ythee, ſay!

Alas! upon this hapleſs day,
Yearly I've on it wept and ſigh'd!
And ever ſhall this tribute pay;
My darling Son, ſweet *Shakeſpeare*, died!

No longer mourn, dejected Dame!
Tho' *Shakeſpeare's* gone, thy favorite Boy!
Thou ſtill may'ſt feel a Mother's joy
In Bards yet all-unknown to Fame:
Painting and Muſic *George* has cheriſh'd long;
Now Reaſon reigns He'll cheer the Poet's Song.

Theſe lines were firſt printed on the wrapper of No. 1. of the intended new edition of Ben Jonſon, May 1, 1789, being the Specimen contained in this Miſcellany; a few copies of which were ſold ſeparately: they are here reprinted, as in ſome degree connected with the other three eſſays on the Royal Indiſpoſition, &c. The ſubject being now, happily, not a recent one, they have not even the charm of novelty to recommend them; yet, however trifling, and unworthy of preſervation they all may be, the editor, who ſeldom attempts verſification, preſumes that they may be permitted to remain; as memorials of his loyalty, reſpect, and duty, tho' not of his taſte, or genius for Poetry.

1792. F. G. W.